The Saturday Evening
POST
October 29, 1960 – 15¢

WITH CANDIDATE KENNEDY ON CAMPAIGN

HOW TO CATCH A FALLING SPACE CAPSULE

WILL MEXICO TAKE THE "CASTRO" WAY?

EILEEN FARRELL: OFFBEAT PRIMA DONNA

Norman Rockwell

1895CAUL 02 P MAR 62
MRS J ROSENCREN
18952 CAULT ST
RESEDA CALIF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the clean look of action!

NOW! IN THE GREAT STYLING TRADITION OF GENERAL MOTORS, BUICK INTRODUCES THE TASTE-SETTER FOR '61!

Buick's Clean Look of action is getting a great reaction – and no wonder! Nothing drops, nothing dips, nothing bends, nothing bulges. Every line flows through from front to back. Buick looks so long and low and clean that only when you park it do you realize it's actually been trimmed down in size.

And, though trimmer outside, Buick is roomier inside with more space for heads, shoulders and legs. A new Safety-X frame lowers the sills. Door openings are wider; the dog-leg has been smoothed away. A new Hide-Away drive shaft gives far more flat floor space. And all of this leaves room for extra padding, extra softness in the seats.

But, this stretch-out room is only part of the story behind Buick's Comfort Zone. New Control Arm suspension gives you flatter cornering, irons out bumps. Metal connections are cushioned with rubber "donuts" to soak up vibration. And a new twist gives Buick's new Turbine Drive (standard on *all* full-size Buicks) more go on less gas.

Why not take a drive and let your Buick Dealer show you why '61 is Buick's year? Buick Motor Division – General Motors Corporation.

FULL-SIZE

'61 BUICK

LE SABRE INVICTA ELECTRA

AS FINE, AS NEW, AS YOU CAN GO

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

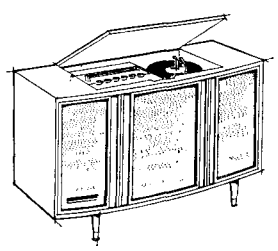
New Motorola Stereo Hi-Fi has the *difference you can hear!*

THE SECRET OF SUPERIOR SOUND: 3 separate push-pull amplifiers (not just 2); 3 separate speaker systems (not just 2).

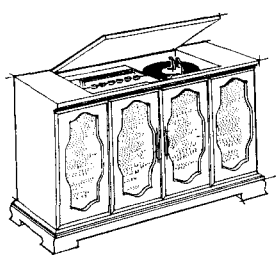
The difference is in the Motorola system. It's the only stereo with Golden Duplitron, first ceramic cartridge to achieve faithful reproduction of all the real high fidelity sounds. And only Motorola has the Golden Audio Separator. This electronic advance channels all stereo-producing high and mid-range notes, plus the sensitive overtones of the bass, through the left and right amplifiers and speaker systems. The low, non-directional, non-stereo bass notes are channeled through the *third* amplifier and speaker system.

Result: Bass never limits the stereo effect, or muddies the quality of the music. And you *hear* the difference: Unmatched tonal purity . . . increased stereo effect . . . absolute positioning of instruments . . . plus a vigorous new bass.

New Vibrasonic System creates new stereo realism by introducing the rich reverberation of the concert hall to the living room. Motorola's exclusive Vibrasonic System has its own separate power amplifier and speaker to provide this stirring effect even at *lowest* volume. We invite you to listen to—and compare—Motorola® Stereo Hi-Fi.



Model SK47. Handsome bow-front cabinet in Mahogany, Blond or Walnut grained finishes on genuine hardwood veneers.

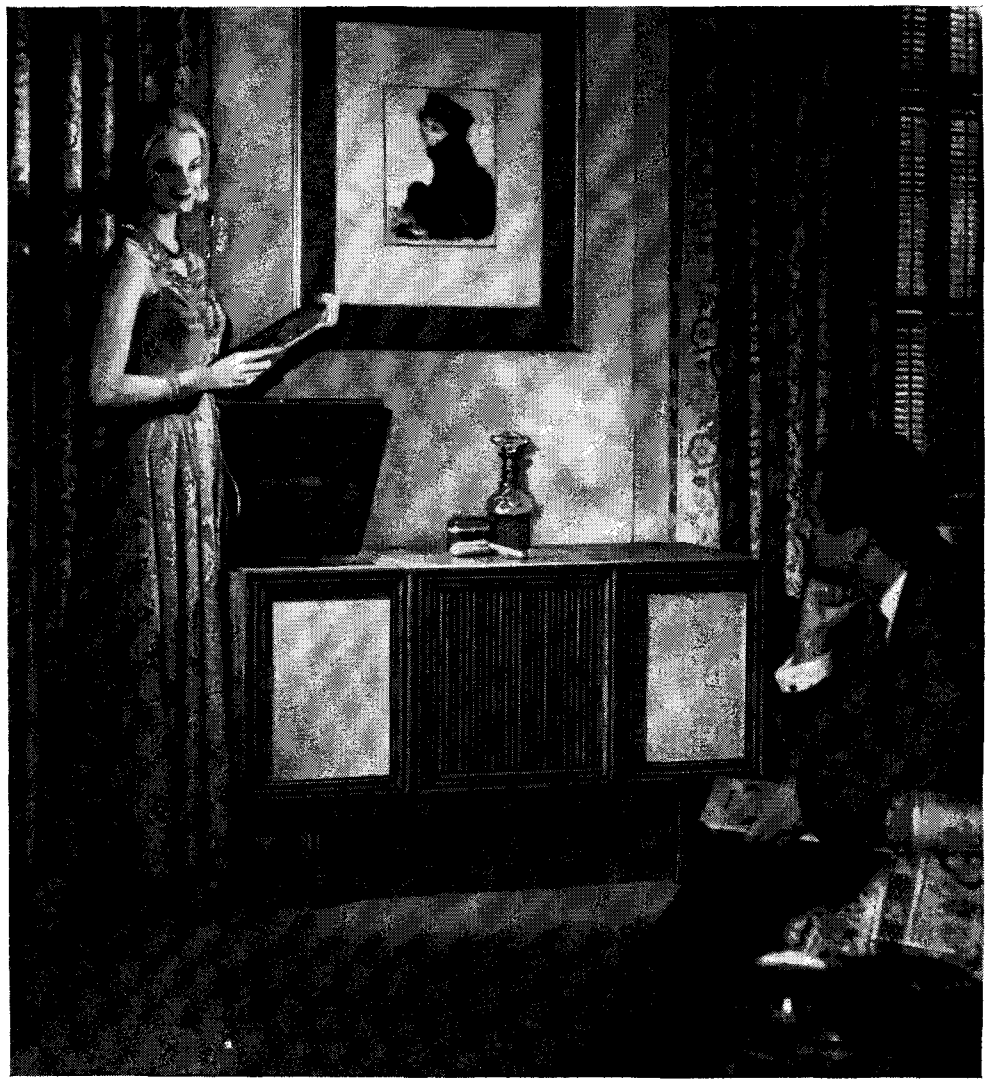


Model SK51. Early American beauty in Cherrywood grained finish on genuine hardwood veneers.

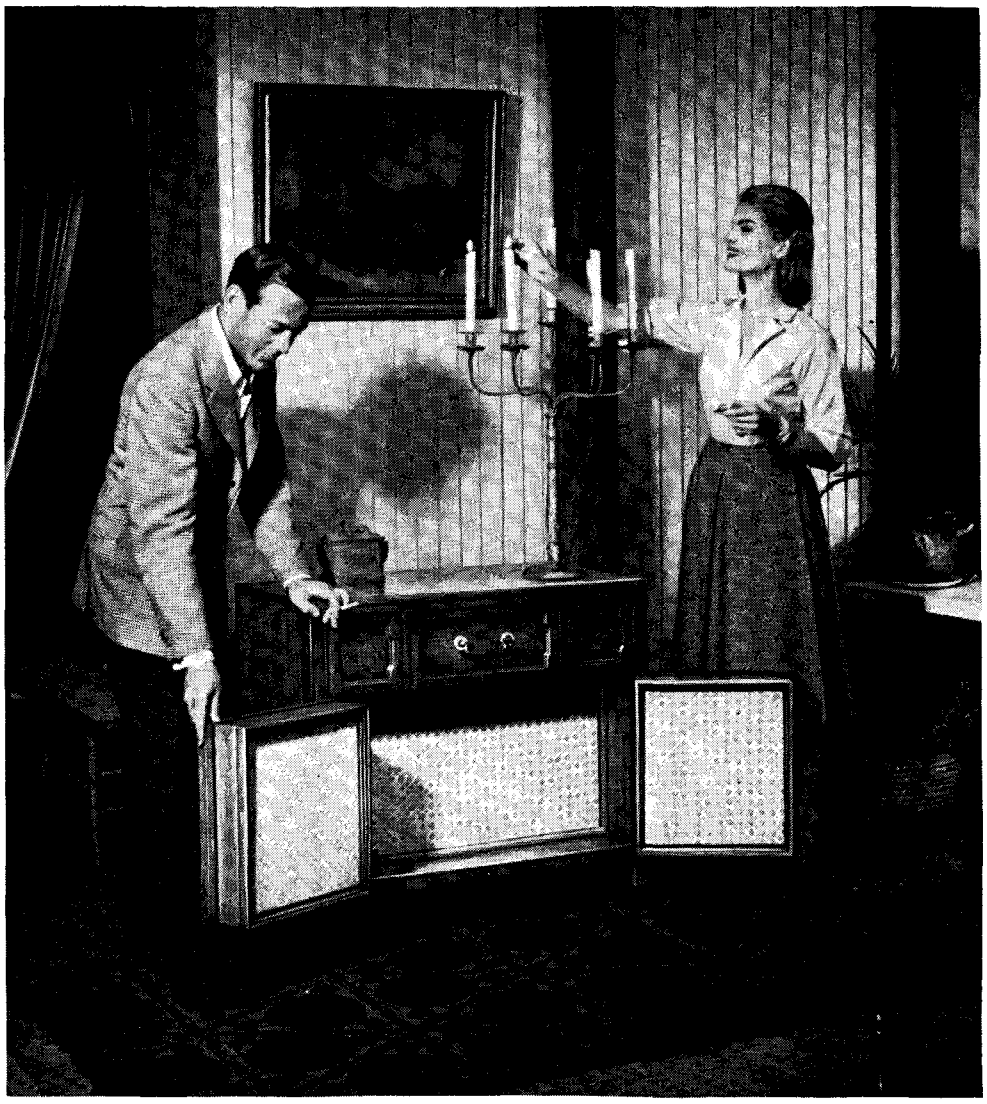
CHOSEN BY MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER STEREO HI-FI

MOTOROLA

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.



Declaration cabinet by Drexel. 5 speakers for stereo system . . . with a separate 2-speaker Vibrasonic System. FM/AM radio included. Cabinet has all exposed solids and veneers made of genuine Walnut. Model SK52.

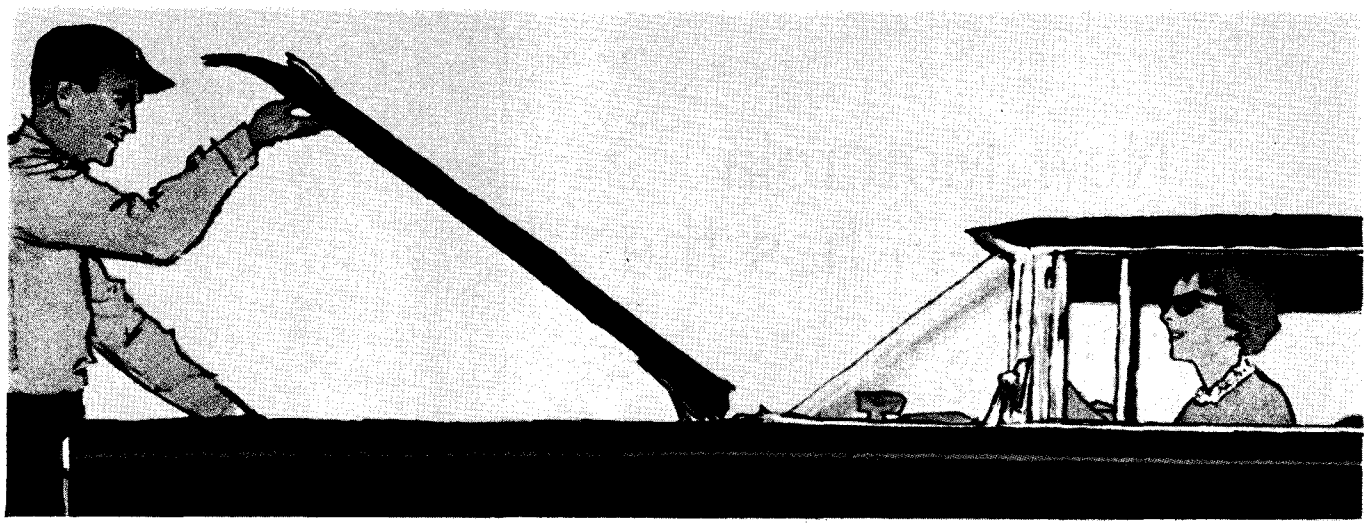


Beautiful *Triune* cabinetry by Drexel. 5 speakers for stereo system plus one 6-inch Vibrasonic speaker. FM/AM radio. Cabinet has all exposed solids and veneers made of genuine Mahogany. Model SK54.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

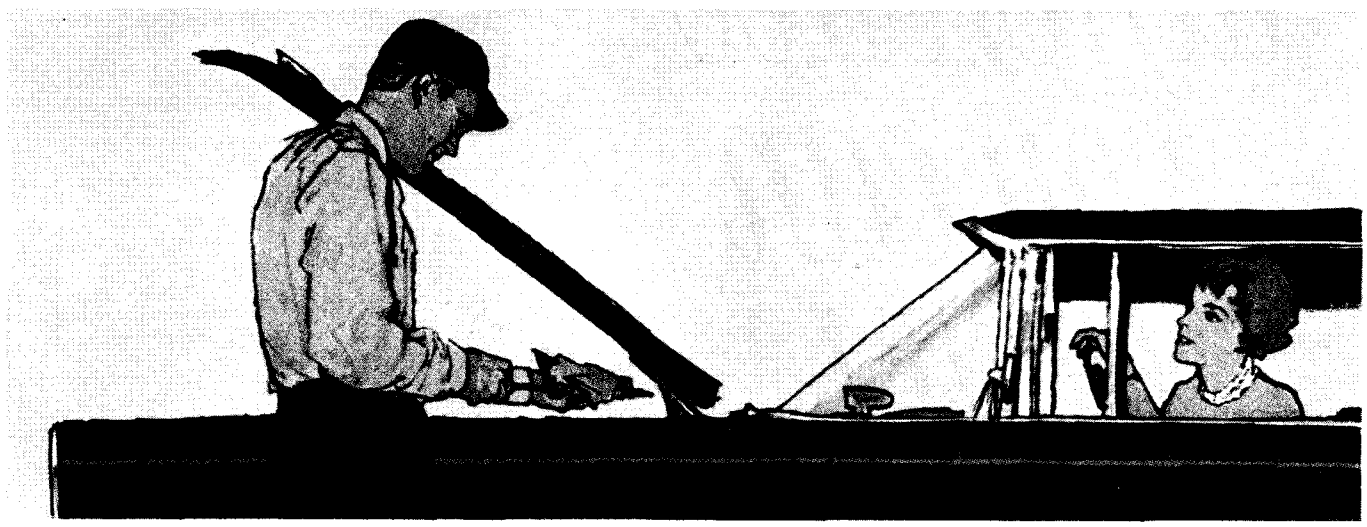
10

...in 10 seconds, your Shell Dealer lifts the hood and removes the dip stick



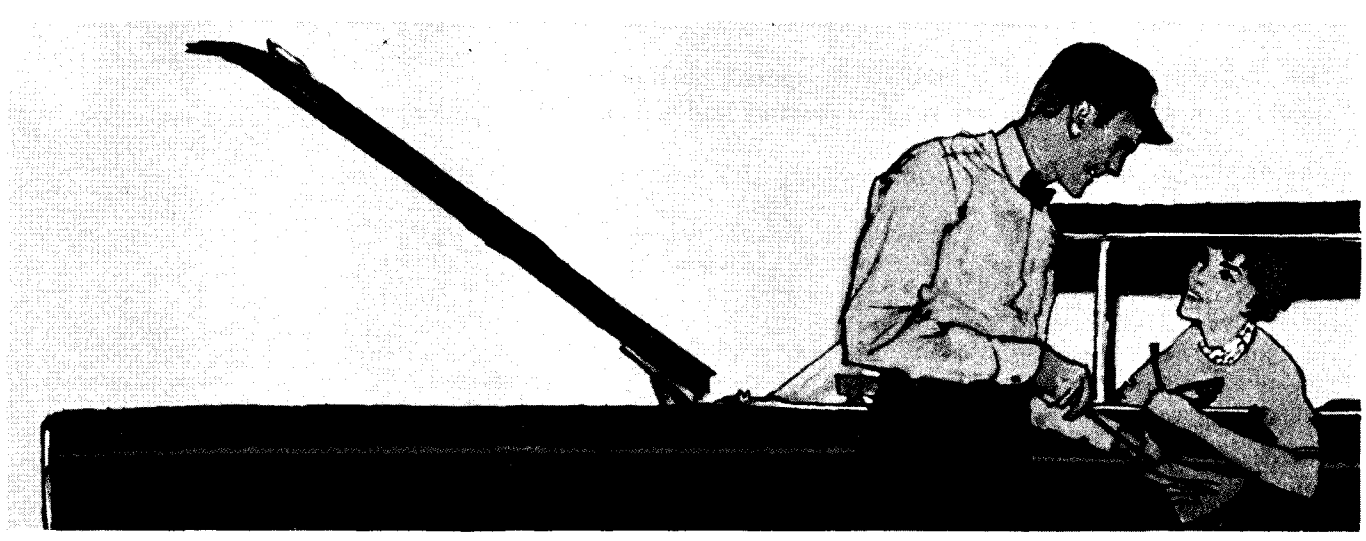
20

...only 10 seconds more to check the oil level



30

...and another 10 to ask "When did you last change your oil?"



The most important 30 seconds in the life of your car!

In just 30 seconds your Shell Dealer can make this vital check. Remember, even if your engine has a safe level of oil there's a good chance you need an oil change. That's because your oil has become contaminated with sludge, metal particles, carbon.

New Shell X-100 Premium—
the first ash-free multigrade motor oil!

This new motor oil can mean a cleaner, more efficient engine to every car on the road. It contains unique *non-metallic, non-ash* additives developed by Shell Research to greatly improve motor oil performance.

New Shell X-100 Premium keeps new engines cleaner than ever before possible. In older cars it actually helps regain lost power and improve fuel economy.

See your Shell Dealer now for *New Shell X-100® Premium Motor Oil.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, John Bird.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, Ashley Halsey Jr., Robert L. Johnson Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair Jr., Richard L. Lehman, Bill Breisky, Peter Wyden, Morton D. Hull, Robert N. Taylor, Irv Goodman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon Jr., Katharine Britton Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Barbara Graybeal Kremer, Benton R. Patterson, Sherwood Harris, Vivian Croake Ward, Daniel Knapp, Mary Duncan Wright, Dick Pryce, Homer Grosvenor.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 29, 1960 *Vol. 233, No. 18*

4 Short Stories

Fresh From the Sticks . . . . . *George Sumner Albee* 24
Second-String Star . . . . . *Nancy Burrage Owen* 28
The Old Man Who Told Tales . . . . . *Hobert Skidmore* 31
Creature of the Snows . . . . . *William Sambrot* 34

7 Articles

Mamma's at the Met . . . . . *Stanley Frank* 19
How To Catch a Space Capsule
Capt. Harold E. Mitchell, USAF, as told to Robert Cahn 22
Will Mexico Go "Castro"? . . . . . *Milton MacKaye* 25
Campaigning With Kennedy . . . . . *Beverly Smith Jr.* 26
Football's Absent-Minded Professor . . . . . *Mal Mallette* 30
The Face of America: First Look at the Sea . . . *Photographs by Jack Fields* 32
Adventures of the Mind: Has Our Free Press Failed Us? . . . *Harry Ashmore* 36

1 Serial

Something Light (Conclusion) . . . . . *Margery Sharp* 38

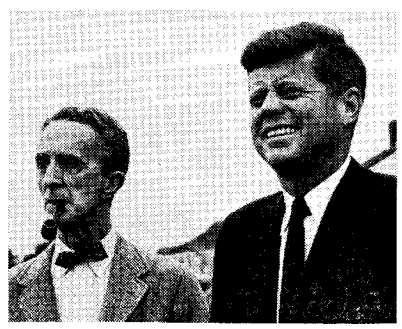
Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 40
Verse 51, 66, 79, 82, 94
Hazel 102
Keeping Posted 104

THE COVER

Once again Norman Rockwell has painted for *The Post* portraits of the Presidential candidates. Rockwell arrived at Kennedy's Hyannis Port home early on June eleventh—a month before the senator was nominated. Kennedy, still in pajamas, called to Rockwell to make himself comfortable. "The pajamas were rumpled, but he was wonderful," says Rockwell.

Next week: The portrait of Nixon.



The Saturday Evening Post, © 1960 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

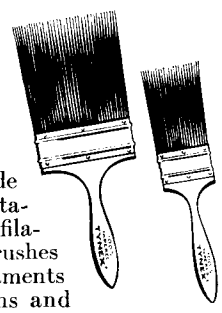
The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; E. Huber Ulrich, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Ford F. Robinson, Sr. Vice Pres. and Manager, Business Department; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

VARNISHING THE DEN

OR BABY'S PLAY PEN

You can apply any finish using brushes made **100%** with **Du Pont tapered TYNEX®**



You can have a better job, done more easily, when you paint with higher-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament. High-quality brushes have a full head of filaments with varying lengths and properly finished tips. To do a *good job,* you need a *good* brush . . . so ask your dealer for an assortment of high-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush, paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. For your copy, write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Advertising Department, TYNEX, Rm. 2524-S.E.P.10-29, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

TYNEX®
NYLON FILAMENT

TYNEX is the registered trademark for Du Pont nylon filament

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAY IT IN A BIG WAY BY TELEGRAM!

You can make it an especially Happy Birthday when you remember by telegram . . . the quick, important way of expressing your nicest thoughts. Convenient, too. Just call Western Union and charge it!

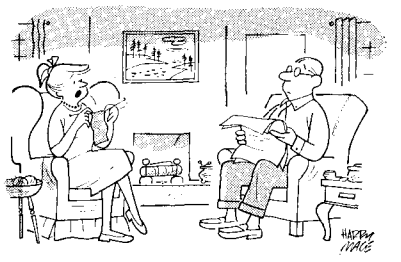
P.S. Send cash anywhere, any time—in minutes—with a Telegraphic Money Order.

Letters

Her Ideal Candidate

Dear Sirs:

Referring to Sidney Shalett's article in the Sept. 17 *Post*, Is THERE A "WOMEN'S VOTE"?, I think that the enclosed cartoon



"Oh, I'm sure they're both fine men, but what I'd really like to see, for a change, is a President with a mustache."

[above] by Harry Mace on page 63 of the same issue sort of answers the question.

WALT FLEMING, aged 15
Detroit, Mich.

No "Good" Candidate?

Dear Sirs:

I liked Stewart Alsop's poll [NIXON OR KENNEDY? WHAT THE VOTERS ARE SAYING, Sept. 24]. There's been so much underdoggery in campaigns of the past that I'm relieved to know that Nixon is "under" at this point! I like him, and when Alsop says he is still waiting to hear people call either candidate a "good man," as they did F.D.R. and Ike, I say this: I call Nixon a good man, and I have heard others say it!

NANCY B. JOHNSON
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I have asked, just out of curiosity, about fifty people what they thought of the Presidential candidates. Mentioning Kennedy, almost all of them said, "He certainly looks to be a *good* man."

MRS. A. SKREBENS
Bordentown, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Alsop was astonished to discover that in some places in the South it is "apparently considered unladylike" for a woman to vote. I could have told him about this.

When the Nineteenth Amendment was made into law my Aunt Lucy Sutton of Clay Courthouse, W. Va., got up on her gentlewomanly high horse and declared, "There are two things that no lady will ever do. One is vote, and the other is ride astride."

FELIX M. SUTTON
Wilton, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I cannot let Stewart Alsop's slip concerning the voting of the ladies of Virginia pass unnoticed. Unladylike to vote? . . . In the Richmond area ladies are the backbone of every political campaign.

Not only do they go to the polls in great numbers, but neither political party could conduct a campaign without the long hours of devoted labor which they give to the cause of good government.

R. E. CABELL JR.
Republican Headquarters
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

What concerns me most about the Alsop Presidential poll is the lack of concern with real domestic issues. . . .

If the people were as Mr. Alsop pictured them, I wonder if we are not breeding a race of folk who never read a book or turn to the editorial page. The consequences of it frighten me.

ED MULFORD
Monroe, Conn.

For Ted Williams Fans

Dear Sirs:

Your ad in the Boston *Herald-Traveler* led me to believe I was in for some very interesting reading about Ted Williams in your Sept. 24 article, I AM A DUGOUT DOCTOR [by Ed Froelich as told to Charles Dexter]. . . . Upon finishing the article it dawned on me that Ted Williams' name had not been mentioned.

Now I am wondering who is kidding who?

P. B. PITMAN
Melrose, Mass.

● *We should be kidded. At the last minute Froelich decided to cut his Williams observations out of the galley proofs, but no one here noticed in time to change the ads in the Boston papers. For our Boston readers, "dugout doctor" Froelich discloses that Williams in a slump was "one of the world's worst insomniacs," who whiled away the sleepless hours tying fishing flies—"the most beautiful I've ever seen."*
—ED.

Fresh Slant on Teen-Agers

Dear Sirs:

Edward T. Hall's article, WHY DO THEY MISBEHAVE? [Sept. 10] is a revealing analysis of the "teen-age problem". . . . His article has certainly given me a new approach to teen-agers in my ministry.

THE REV. W. E. PIERCE
Marlinton Presbyterian Church
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sirs:

In Mr. Hall's fine article about teen-agers he says, "I read news stories about . . . teen-agers in Connecticut who have taken over a church for purposes of holding what seems to be called a 'jazz mass.'"

It may be that this actually happened, but I doubt it. The incident in Connecticut which was widely publicized was something altogether different. In an Episcopal church a service was held by an ordained priest, in accordance with the Prayer Book, in which the choir sang for the choral parts of the service a setting which was unconventional in that its rhythms were in the style of popular music. The theory behind this experiment is

(Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Romney talks to students on the Wausau Campus of the University of Wisconsin's Extension Division

HERE AN ACHIEVEMENT IS A CHALLENGE...

Wausau Story

by **GEORGE ROMNEY**

President of American Motors Corporation

"I think I shocked the group of students I talked to in Wausau recently when I told them that *success could be dangerous.*

"Success is dangerous if we become overconfident that only what has worked in the past will work in the future. Instead of advancing, we tend to carry the same thing too far, extending superficialities but overlooking fundamentals.

"*The danger of entrenched success can be avoided by a return to basic principles.*

"Right now, when we're all concerned about the election, let's keep in mind the basic principles that make citizenship more important than partisanship. Let's remember that the issues of the election are more important than the candidates. And let's find those issues and understand them so we can go to the polls as *informed* voters.

"Being an informed voter is an individual responsibility. But it is true that some communities have a way of living that encourages and develops responsibility. Wausau is that kind of community.

"Wausau people make it their responsibility to see that past achievements don't mark the end of their progress. I can give specific examples:

The excellence of Wausau's school system is recognized . . . but a continuing study of the school system is the special project of Wausau's League of Women Voters this year.

At the last presidential election 99.1% of Wausau's eligible voters registered and 95.5% went to the polls . . . but again this year Wausau's Jaycees and other civic groups are working to keep Wausau one of the 'votingest cities in the country.' And, even more important, worked to make that participation count by sponsoring projects and programs to make Wausau voters informed voters.

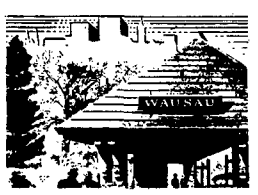
"These things make Wausau people good people to know—and good people to do business with."

Mr. Romney visits the League of Women Voters Information Center at the Wisconsin Valley Fair in Wausau's Marathon Park. "This is the kind of effort needed to create an informed electorate," he says.

★ ★ ★

Wausau is the home town of Employers Mutuals of Wausau, but we have 109 offices throughout the United States to serve industry in the "Wausau Way." We write all forms of Fire, Group Health and Accident, and Casualty Insurance (including Automobile). In the field of Workmen's Compensation, we are one of the largest. Consult your telephone directory for your nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



"Good people to do business with"

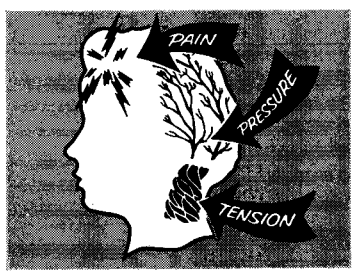
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT DO DOCTORS DO FOR TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients in ANACIN® for headache pain

When *you* suffer pain from headache, neuritis or neuralgia, why not take what most doctors recommend — the ingredients in Anacin for fast relief! Here is *why* Anacin gives such superior pain-relief. Mere aspirin or even aspirin with buffering contains *only one* pain reliever. They *have no* special medication to relax your nervous tension. Anacin contains a *number* of medically proven ingredients, including special medication that not only relieves pain incredibly fast, but also relaxes tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. Anacin Tablets are safer, too. They have a smoother action and do not irritate or upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

Why ANACIN gives more complete PAIN-RELIEF



Most headaches are caused by tension that presses on nerves. Anacin contains *special* medication (*not* found in aspirin or any buffered aspirin) that relaxes tension, releases pressure and relieves pain fast. That's why Anacin gives more complete pain-relief.

FOR FAST, FAST, *FAST* RELIEF!

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

that church music should be in tune with the times and, of course, the appeal to teen-agers is stressed by the advocates of the idea.

I am not writing either pro or con, but I would dispel the notion that teen-agers take over churches for irreverent burlesquing of the service. This "jazz mass" has been tried with widely varying reactions in many Anglican churches in both England and America.

THE REV. FRANK DAMROSCH
Rector Emeritus, St. Paul's Church
Doylestown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

One thing we noticed was a neglect to mention the influence of motor vehicles on youngsters. One strong factor, we believe, which has encouraged delinquency and crime is the placing of vehicles in the hands of youngsters at a time when maturity and responsibility have not developed.

JOAN MARIE VICKIES
Pedestrian League of America
New York, N.Y.

Too Much Mush?

Dear Sirs:

My mother subscribes to *The Post* and I think it is a very good magazine except I wish you would print more stories for a thirteen-year-old that didn't have so much mush in it.

SHERYLE BOUNDS
Eglin, Fla.

In Between the Middle

Dear Sirs:

In the Sept. 17 article, THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS UNWIND HERE, Robert and Patricia Cahn have the sentence: "A cupboard full of blue-and-white Lowestoft china . . . was neatly stacked, with pieces of felt between each plate." That would be a good trick if it could be done!

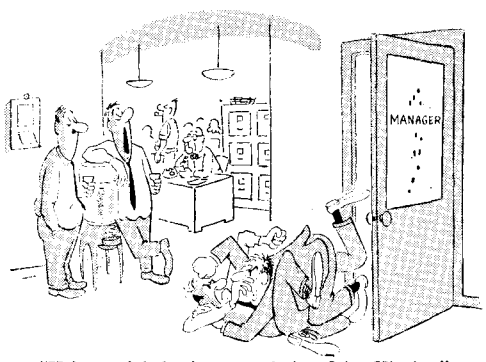
Should it not be "with felt between the plates"?

MAURICE L. MARLING
Marietta, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

I am intrigued by the ingenuity of the engineers constructing Camp Century, under the Greenland icecap, who, according to the article LIFE INSIDE A GLACIER [by Walter Wager] in the Sept. 10 issue, were able to put "an inch of insulating water between each layer" of a shield tank to protect against radiation. Wouldn't it usually go between layers?

W. W. WARD
Beaumont, Tex.



"He's certainly having a tough time firing Higgins."

"I'd like a word with you, Higgins."

THE UBIQUITOUS HIGGINS

Dear Sirs:

In your Apr. 16 cartoon [top] Higgins' future looked dim. Glad to see he's still around in the Aug. 6 issue [bottom]. Wonder for how long?

ANNE POEPKE
Reseda, Calif.

● *Higgins, like Kilroy, is ever with us (see the letter below).* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

In Robert Murphy's story THE LAST TWO [Sept. 10] the old man's name is Jenkins. But under the illustration he is called "Higgins." Who is Higgins?

STEPHANIE SCOTT
Gaithersburg, Md.

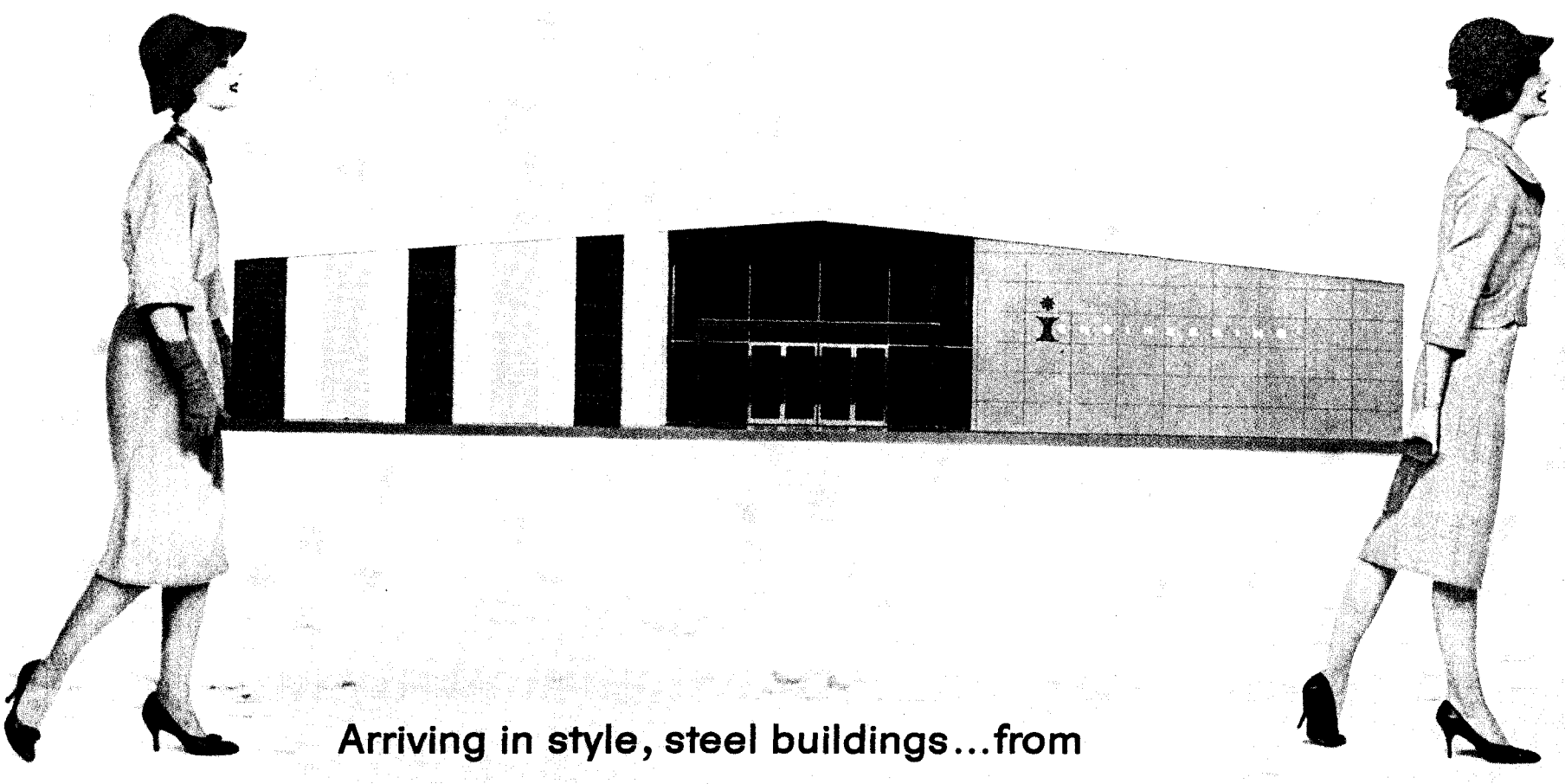
● *A typist looked at the word "Jenkins" and typed "Higgins"—heaven knows why.* —*ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

3–Clemens Kalischer. • 19–Columbia Records. • 20–Hans Knopf; Bill Cogan from San Francisco Opera Ass'n.; Wide World; two by Hans Knopf. • 21–Courtesy New York Philharmonic; CBS TV. • 22–Paul E. Zellers. • 23–Lockheed; United Press International; three from U.S. Air Force. • 24–Robert Jones. • 25–Wide World. 26, 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28, 29–Walter Skor. • 30–Wide World; Jim Burns. • 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32, 33–Jack Fields. • 34, 35–Stan Galli. • 37–Jacob Lofman. • 38, 39–Lynn Buckham. • 60–Paul E. Zellers. • 104–Two from Independent Television Corp.; Keichi Nakamoto; Jim Keith.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arriving in style, steel buildings...from

NATIONAL STEEL

Something new has been added to the steel buildings now joining their hundreds of thousands of Stran-Steel predecessors at work in business, in industry and on farms.

The new addition: pre-engineered *design* and *styling*. For these are the Stran-Styles—the first to offer contemporary styling in a variety of architectural materials. The first conceived by internationally famous industrial designers, Harley Earl Associates. And the latest of many industry firsts (among them buildings in color) by National Steel's Stran-Steel division.

Packaged good looks, a crisp modern image for your firm . . . and cost-lowering mass production economies. With any of the new Stran-Style buildings you can have all that and more—today. The more: behind-the-scenes practicality that Stran-Steel is equally famous for. Features like rapid construction; heating, cooling and maintenance economies; spacious column-free interiors and enduring weather protection.

We at National Steel view the Stran-Styles as a sparkling new contribution to the most complete and distinctive line of pre-engineered steel buildings made. And Stran-Steel will continue to lead the way—proving again and again that there's always more arriving in style from National Steel. For complete literature write Stran-Steel Corporation, Detroit 29, Michigan.

This STEELMARK of the American steel industry tells you a product is steel-made, steel-modern and steel-strong. Look for it when you buy.

Steel

NATIONAL STEEL

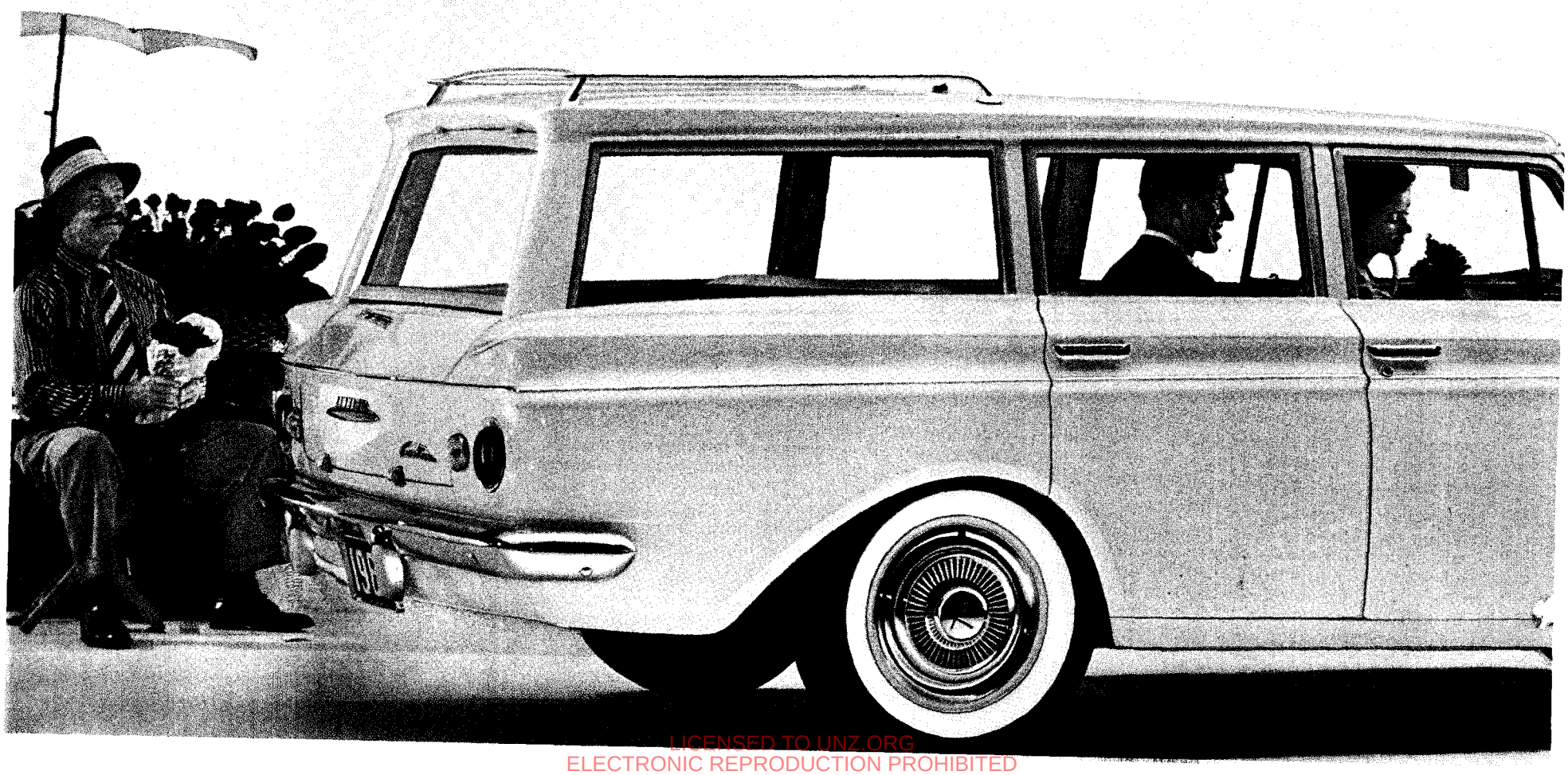
NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION, GRANT BUILDING, PITTSBURGH, PA. Major divisions: Great Lakes Steel Corporation • Weirton Steel Company
Midwest Steel Corporation • Stran-Steel Corporation • Enamelstrip Corporation • The Hanna Furnace Corporation • National Steel Products Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW RAMBLER AMERICAN Custom Two-Door

New From AMERICAN MOTORS, the 1961 American Beauty . . . with the Strongest

Announcing the Comple



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dan, 125 horsepower. See the New Four-Door Sedan, too.

New Styling—Lower Costs

Your biggest costs in car ownership today are depreciation and service. Our 1961 Rambler American will greatly reduce these costs. As you can see, its clean modern lines will stay in fashion for years to come.

To slash high depreciation costs we will not change their appearance annually. This policy of styling stability will avoid making your 1961 model look obsolete in a few years.

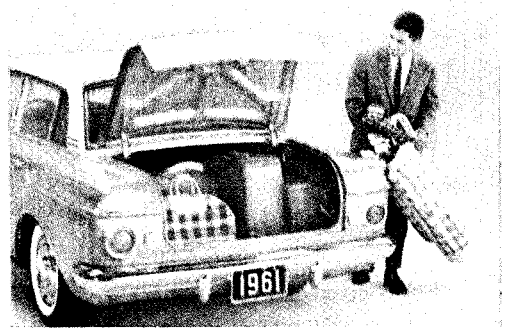
Our Rambler Americans already are widely recognized for their service-free operation. On our new models, the world's first Ceramic-Armored Mufflers and Tailpipes are guaranteed against defect as long as the original purchaser owns his Rambler —one of 46 basic improvements that mean more service-free usefulness to the user.

But that's not all! The warranty on all '61 Ramblers is extended to 12 months or 12,000 miles, whichever occurs first.

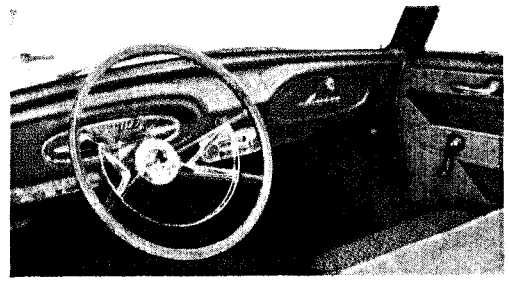
In addition, the new design gives interior room for six adults, 50% more luggage space, more glass area, yet is more compact, easier to park and garage.

George Romney

President, American Motors Corporation



50% MORE TRUNK ROOM. Another benefit to you of the 1961 Rambler American's modern, functional styling—more usable luggage space.



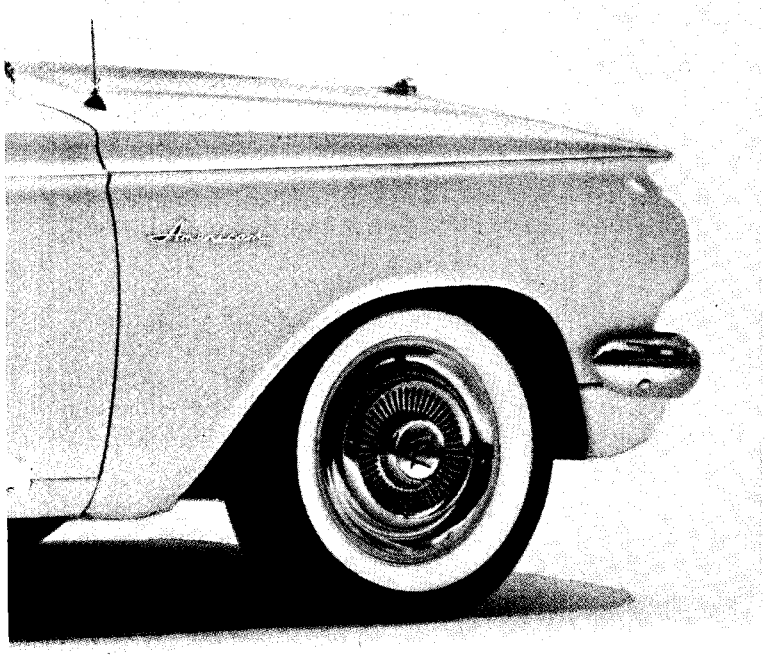
ALL-NEW! The beautiful new instrument panel, new appointments and new interiors complement the most tasteful color schemes ever in an economy car.

AIRLINER RECLINING SEATS*. Both front seat backs now adjust to five positions, make Travel Beds. Individually adjustable sectional sofa front seats*, too.

ɟuarantee in Auto History!

ely New Rambler American !

NEW THIS YEAR! Rambler American Four-Door Station Wagons. See the New Two-Door Wagon, too.

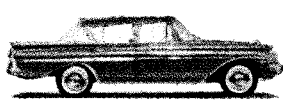


COMING SOON! Watch for the Rambler American Convertible . . . most agile of them all . . . and the quietest! *Only* compact convertible with rattleproof Single-Unit† construction.

Rambler Offers 3 Distinct Sizes of Compact Cars • World's Widest Choice of Models

1 **RAMBLER AMERICAN**— the Leading Economy Compact Car. 173.1" long. Top quality, top economy. 90 or 125 HP Six.

2 **RAMBLER CLASSIC 6 and V-8**— the All-Purpose Compact Car. 189.8" long. 127 or 138 HP Six. 200 or 215 HP V-8. Room for six 6-footers.



3 **AMBASSADOR V-8**— by **RAMBLER** — the High-Performance Luxury Compact. 199" long. 250 or 270 HP V-8.

Owner-Proved by 11 Years and 35 Billion Miles

**Optional at extra cost* *†Pioneered by American Motors*

'61 Rambler

THE NEW WORLD STANDARD OF BASIC EXCELLENCE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Should a Man Vote If He Can't Read?

The 1960 Democratic platform contains one pledge that should raise the eyebrows of every thinking American regardless of party. It says, "We will support whatever action is necessary to eliminate literacy tests . . . as requirements for voting." If this pledge were carried out to the letter, it would mean an amendment to the Constitution, for it is doubtful that any mere act of Congress decreeing that illiterates be allowed to vote everywhere would stand up in court.

Two issues are involved. The first is the question of states' rights. For 170 years the states have set voting qualifications, as provided by the Constitution. Their power to do so has been abridged twice—in 1870, with the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, and in 1920, with the adoption of the Nineteenth Amendment. The first forbade any restriction on the right of Negroes to vote, and the second gave the vote to women.

These two instances were concerned with protecting the rights of two large and general groups of Americans who were being denied the prerogatives of full citizenship. But an amendment—or act of Congress—aimed at barring literacy tests would be something else. A person unable to read in this complicated day and age can hardly be said to possess one of the abilities necessary for informed decision at the ballot box.

The Democratic plank is, of course, aimed at those Southern states which use the literacy test to keep Negroes off the voting lists. This practice is certainly regrettable. But it is the abuse of literacy tests which should be attacked, not the principle itself.

Literacy tests are required not only by most Southern states but also by Massachusetts, Washington, California, Connecticut, Alaska and eight other states far away from Dixie. If the people of Massachusetts believe that literacy is a reasonable qualification for voting, it is hard to see why the Federal Government should deny their right to insist on it. Some state voting laws, notably those concerning residence requirements, are certainly a hodgepodge and should be straightened out. But the literacy requirement cannot be considered unreasonable—unless it is assumed that reading is a lost "skill" unnecessary for the intelligent citizen.

The Monroe Doctrine Still Bars Despots From Our Shores

In 1823, a time of our national danger, when the Czar of Russia was beginning to threaten us in the Pacific, and when he and other European monarchs were planning an invasion of Latin America, this country proclaimed the Monroe Doctrine. And now in a time of much greater danger that doctrine is challenged by the new czar, Khrushchev, who asserts bullyingly that it is dead. The United States has promptly answered that it is far from dead.

It has been mistakenly reported in some newspapers that the State Department, in answering Khrushchev, said the principles of the Monroe Doctrine are still valid "because" they have been built into "the inter-American security system through the Organization of American States." The State Department did not say that. The Monroe Doctrine is solely a United States self-protective policy. If we had to fight alone to defend this hemisphere, we would do so; and that is what the State Department told Khrushchev.

But the department also said that the organization of American States supports "the Monroe Doctrine's purpose of preventing any extension to this hemisphere of a despotic political system." In short, we have neighbors with whom we will make common cause against aggression.

President Woodrow Wilson said plainly, "The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It always has been maintained, and always will be maintained, upon her own responsibility."

Self-protection is its purpose; but it also fosters peace and freedom for all the world. President Theodore Roosevelt in 1901 called it "a step, and a long step, toward assuring the universal peace of the world by securing the possibility of permanent peace on this hemisphere."

When this country was less than fifty years old, Czar Alexander I, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had formed the Holy Alliance, to enforce the divine right of kings (today there is the divine right of Communist dictators). King Louis XVIII of France later became their colleague, and in 1823 sent an army into neighboring Spain and restored Ferdinand VII to the throne there. Next, the united monarchs planned to put Spain back in control of the Latin-American countries. It seemed that they might afterward attack the United States.

Secretary of State John Quincy Adams, who later became President, was the chief author of the Monroe Doctrine. It consisted of two paragraphs in President James Monroe's annual message to Congress on December 2, 1823.

The first paragraph was a warning. It said "that the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers."

The second paragraph warned the Holy Alliance (including Russia and the French and Spanish kings) that we would "consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." We would not interfere with existing colonies, but would prevent any European power from getting control of any country that had gained its freedom.

Today we say the same thing to any government outside the Americas. Now, as the State Department says, Khrushchev is trying "to establish a 'Bolshevik Doctrine' providing for the use of Soviet military power in support of Communist movements anywhere in the world." He has threatened to use rockets against the United States in behalf of dictator Castro of Cuba.

President Eisenhower warns that the United States, in conformity with its inter-American treaty obligations, "will not . . . permit the establishment of a regime dominated by international Communism in the Western Hemisphere." But besides our treaty obligations, we are bound by our own Monroe Doctrine—the law of self-preservation for this country.

The Kremlin Picks a Top Smearer as its Anti-Nixon Expert

As might be expected, the Moscow radio is telling the world in many languages that Vice President Nixon is the candidate of the warmongers, the advocate of aggression and the man who, if elected President, will lead the way into global conflict. To carry out the assignment, the Kremlin has picked a real expert, one whose experience in the United States qualifies him for any smear operation that Moscow indicates as necessary.

The man whose voice has been recorded by United States monitoring agencies as delivering these diatribes in the English language is Vladimir Rogoff, one of the Kremlin's top hatchetmen, with considerable experience in the U.S.A. Rogoff first came to the attention of United States experts on Russian affairs in August, 1943, as the author of *War and the Working Class*, which signaled a major change of Communist tactics on China. The next year he came to New York in the guise of a Tass correspondent.

The McCarran Committee's probe into the doings of the Institute of Pacific Relations revealed that Soviet agent Rogoff made contacts with important politicians and influential journalists through the good offices of I.P.R. officials. He was touted as a double-domed authority on Soviet policy in the Pacific and was therefore a soft touch for American "liberals." He next showed up in Shanghai after the end of World War II, still in the role of a Tass correspondent. But it was not long before Chinese and American intelligence agents learned that Rogoff was the over-all director of Soviet espionage and subversive activities for the entire mainland of China. He rated two bodyguards wherever he went.

Now this trusted Kremlin stooge is warning the Communist world against Nixon! Of course, Khrushchev has no idea that Rogoff can influence the American voter. But if he can set up in other parts of the world a horrible image of the man who might be the next President of the United States, that would be a useful propaganda job for the Red conspirators.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spot grain spoilage before it happens

AE CAN DO

Imagine a device that spots "fever" in 50 million bushels of grain by continually taking its temperature at 34,500 points. It's successfully preventing grain spoilage today, thanks to a helping hand from Automatic Electric.

How? Flexible cables, containing thermocouples that detect critical temperatures electrically, are suspended from top to bottom of each grain elevator. Fast-acting AE switches, of the same sort used in dial telephone exchanges, then relay the temperature readings to a central alarm board. Should a "hot spot" occur, its location is registered in time to "turn" the grain and prevent damage.

Making machines act automatically is a natural outgrowth of AE's years of pioneering in automatic telephone switching.

In fact, *most devices or systems that are operated automatically use the type of switching and relay units originated or manufactured by Automatic Electric.*

If you have a problem in communications or control, AE can give you a hand in its solution. Whether you need basic components, a control package, or a complete system, we're anxious to help. Just write the Director, Industrial Products Engineering, Automatic Electric, Northlake, Illinois.

MAKING
IDEAS
WORK
AUTOMATICALLY

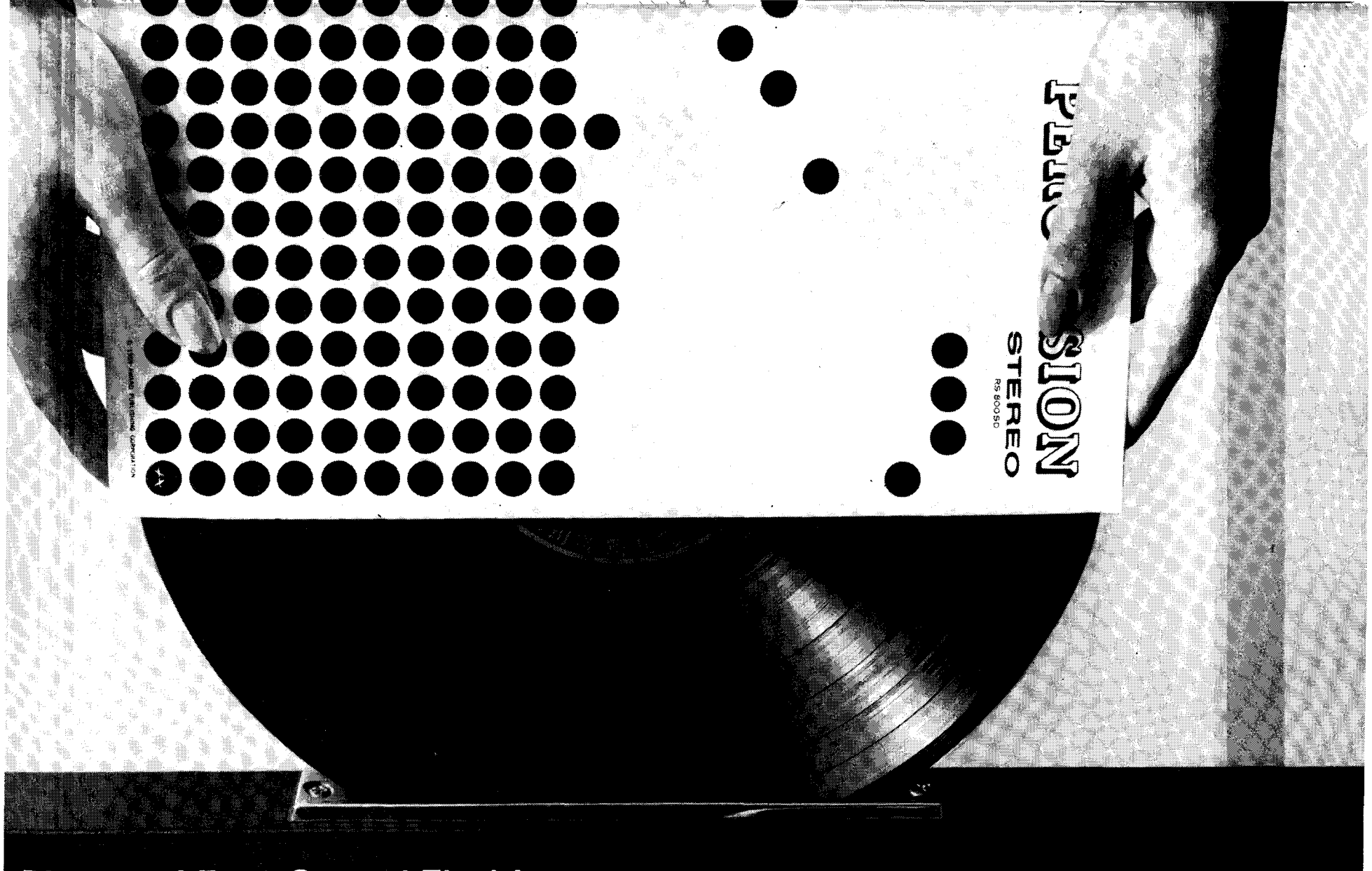
AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

Subsidiary of

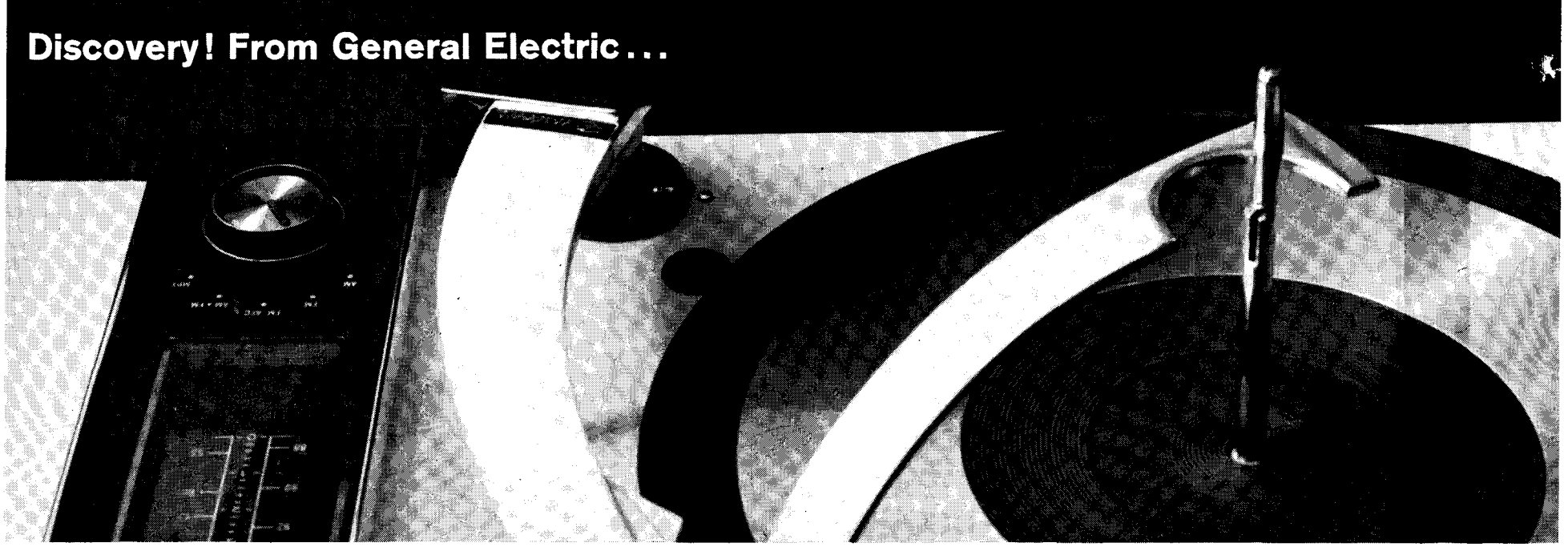
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

GENERAL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Discovery! From General Electric...



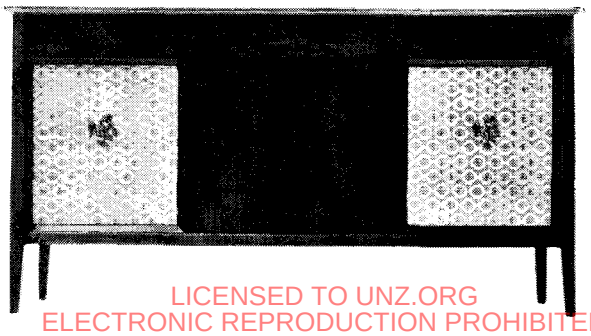
Stereo with Resonance...and your fingers never smudge the sound!

Finger marks on records attract dust which can cause distortion in reproduction. Back when music reproduction was somewhat less than perfect at best, perhaps this didn't matter too much to you.

But now, with the discovery of "Resonant Stereo," even the *slightest* distortion is too much. That's why General Electric has developed the "Record Saver," demonstrated above. This is one of those "why-didn't-someone-think-of-this-before" ideas. It lets you remove the record from its jacket, play it, and replace it without touching delicate playing surfaces. Only General Electric has it.

And only General Electric has the "Vacu-Magic," a tiny vacuum cleaner on the tone arm to sweep up dust from the record grooves.

We suggest you hear General Electric's Resonance with either stereo or non-stereo records (even old 78's.). When you experience the thrill of hearing recorded music that no longer *sounds* recorded, you'll realize why the exclusive "Record-Saver" and "Vacu-Magic" are so important.



RESONANT STEREO

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Section • General Electric Company • Decatur, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEE THE GREATEST SHOW ON WORTH

Now at your Chevrolet dealer's...

CHEVROLET

Impala Sport Coupe: one of 20 measurably new, immeasurably nice '61 Chevrolets.

just turn the page for all the star-studded attractions!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nomad 6-Passenger 4-Door Station Wagon: hard-working utility with a glamorous flair.

Here!
A new measure of
your money's worth...

NEW 1961 CHEVROLET!

Here's clean-as-a-whistle style that'll never cramp yours. No needless bulk or ornamentation on this '61 Chevy. And inside you'll find a full measure of roominess and comfort. Getting in and out is a breeze, thanks to doors that are up to 6 inches wider. And sitting in this new Chevy is pure solid comfort because those new seats are the closest thing you could want to easy-chair height and accommodation. There's more leg room in front, more foot room in back and a new kind of deep-well trunk (you can stack baggage 15% higher) for hauling odd-ball objects you used to have to leave home. These are improvements you can see, feel and sit upon—improvements that make Chevy America's Number One new-car investment.

. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

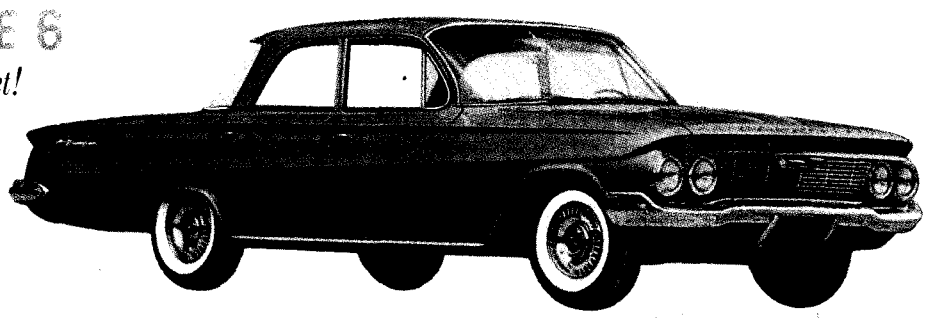
Bel Air 4-Door Sedan: with contemporary-contoured rear deck and canopied roof line.

Now... big car comfort at small car prices

NEW '61 CHEVY BISCAYNE 6

the lowest-priced full-sized Chevrolet!

Here's the Chevrolet that gives you everything that makes a big car worthwhile, at a price you'd expect to pay for shaved-down cars that give you a lot less. These new Biscaynes combine all of Chevy's 1961 improvements with the traditional Chevy pluses of solid Body by Fisher, tried and true V8 or six-cylinder dependability, and smooth, sure Full Coil ride. Try a '61 Chevy Biscayne, your budget will love you for it!



Biscayne 4-Door Sedan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Corvair 700 4-Door Sedan has heating ducts built right into its Body by Fisher.

More happy ideas from the new

more spunk, savings and travel space!

'61 CHEVY CORVAIR!

Wasn't easy, but we managed to make Corvair even more desirable in '61: we boosted the displacement of that air-cooled rear engine to 145 cubic inches for spunkier performance. Made Corvair even thriftier to run: you get more miles per gallon plus quicker cold-start warmup to get you saving sooner. (There's a new heater* that warms everyone evenly, and a longer range fuel tank.) Added space inside for you, up front for your luggage. (Sedans and Coupes give you nearly 12% more space under the hood.) You'll like Corvair's smoother, smarter styling, too, the minute you lay eyes on it. But that's not the half of Corvair's good news for '61. Now Corvair has family-lovin' wagons for you!

*optional at extra cost

The Lakewood 700 Station Wagon—4 doors and up to 68 cubic feet of cargo area.

Coming your way—the nimble Greenbrier Sports Wagon.

The Lakewood Station Wagon does a man-sized job with cargo, yet handles like a charm. Our Greenbrier Sports Wagon—unlike anything ever built in America before—has space for up to 175.5 cubic feet of people and things on a maneuverable 95" wheelbase. Check that against the wagons you're used to. Same rear-engine traction, same parkability that have become a Corvair trademark. See the whole sensible lineup soon—at your Chevrolet dealer's.

greatest show on worth continued on next page ➤

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

'61 CHEVY *You've never had a choice like*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

REAR-ENGINE CORVAIR 95's

High capacity—light-handed maneuverability—a totally new kind of truck!

There isn't another truck in the land like this one. The driver's up front, the engine's in the rear and all the rest is load space—a cavernous 191 cubic feet of it in the Corvan! All three Corvair 95's (the panel plus two pickups) have more load space than a conventional half-tonner. Up to 1,900 pounds on a light handling, beautifully balanced 95-inch wheelbase. You haul more and you do it for less with a fuel-saving air-cooled rear engine that never needs water or antifreeze or radiator repairs. Check out a Corvair 95 at your dealer's for cab comfort and load accessibility. Drive one to feel the lightness of its steering and the stability of its 4-wheel independent suspension. You'll wonder why someone didn't think of this one a long time ago.

RAMPSIDE—makes loading or unloading a cinch!

★ ★

CORVAN—side doors open wide, only 14" from the ground.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

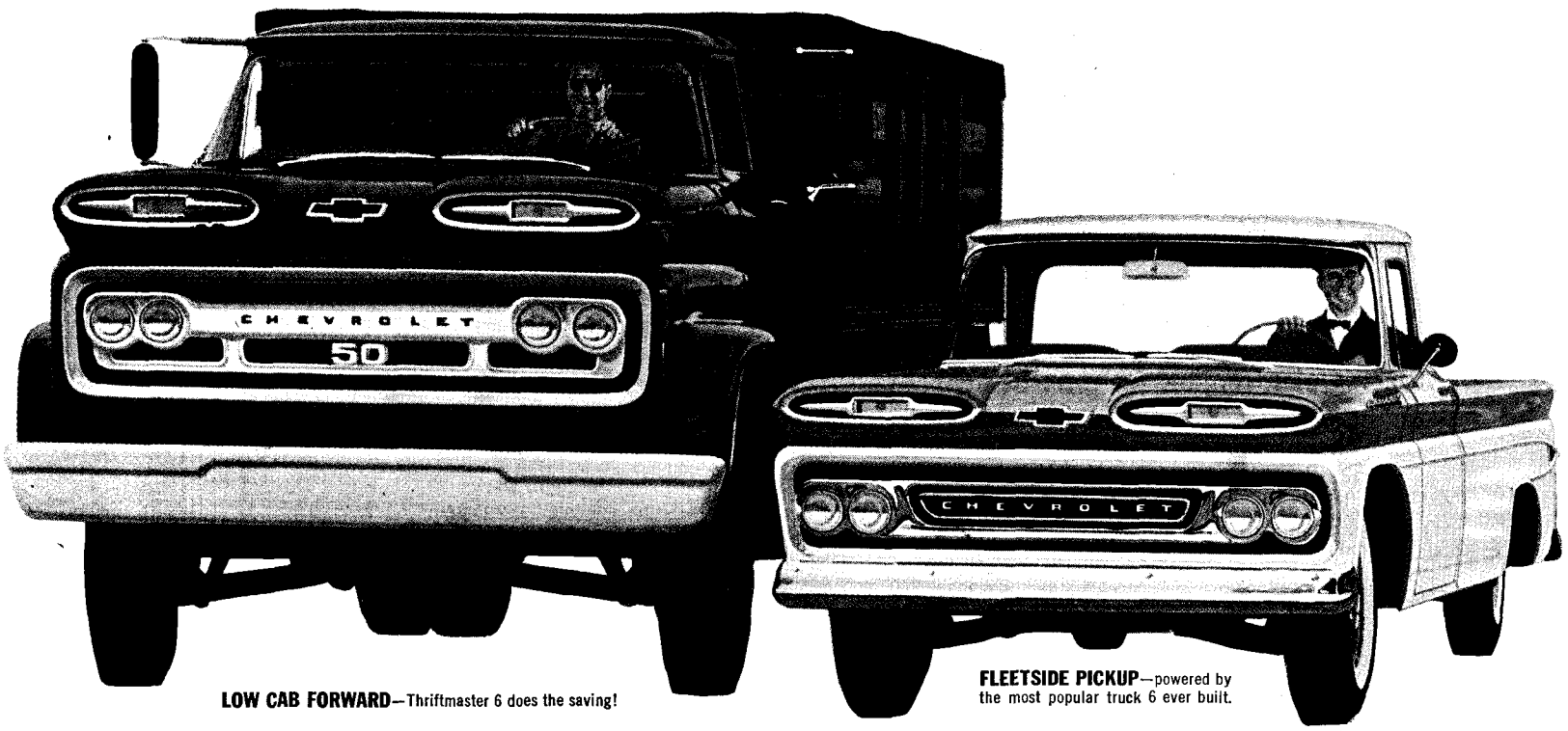
his because there have never been trucks like these–

★ ★

TORSION-SPRING CHEVROLETS

They cruise over roads that make front-axle trucks creep!

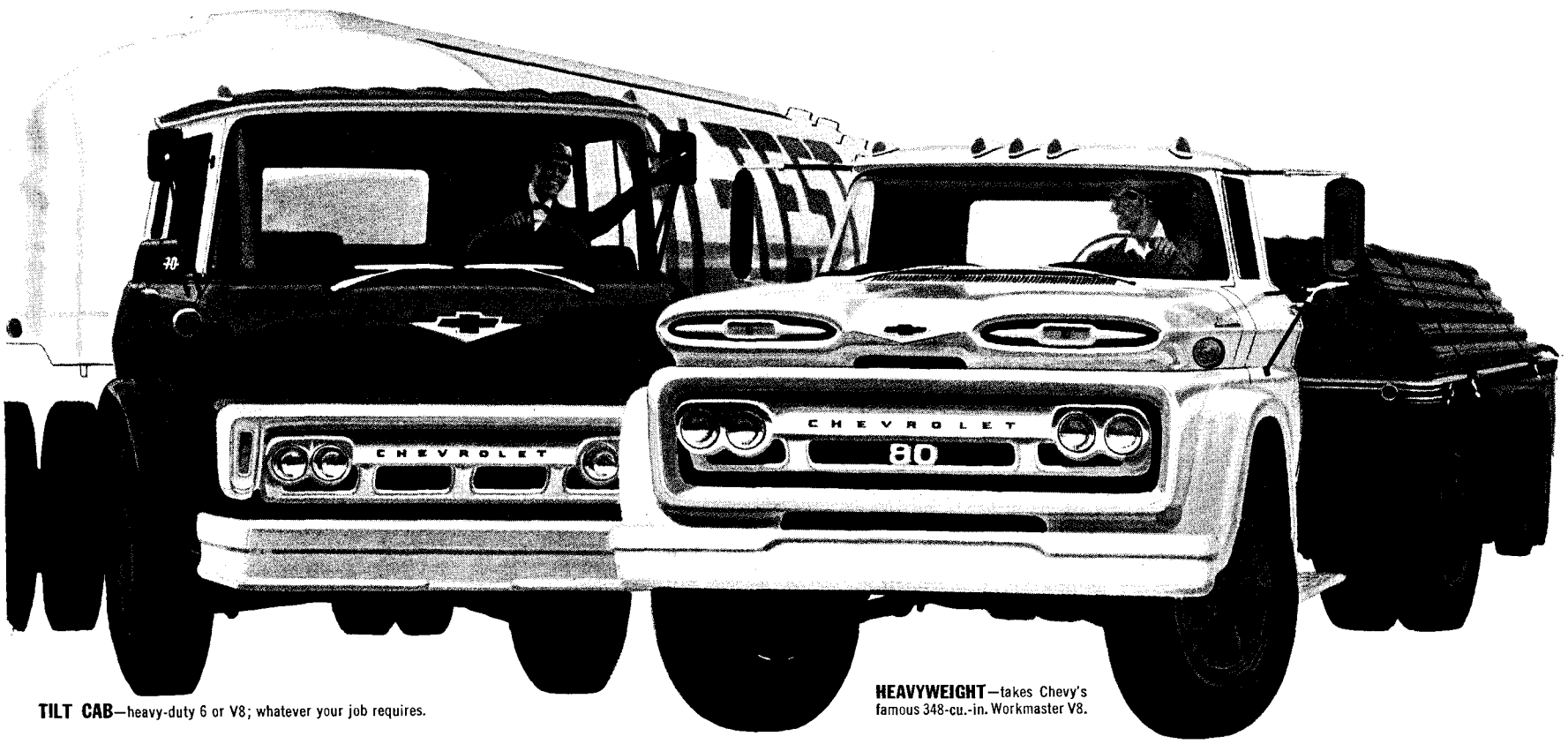
The advantages of Chevy's Torsion-Spring Ride are as obvious in tilt cabs and tandems as they are in light-duty models. Just pick one and take the wheel. You'll never be satisfied with a front-axle truck again. Not just because Chevrolet's ride is smoother and more comfortable. But because you come to realize the truck itself is taking less of a beating, the tires less abuse, and of course the load is better protected. You also see you can maintain faster safe speeds off the road and over rough, rutted trails. You get more done in a day. Make more money. Check the complete specs at your dealer's and see what the most advanced trucks money can buy are made of. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



LOW CAB FORWARD—Thriftmaster 6 does the saving!

FLEETSIDE PICKUP—powered by the most popular truck 6 ever built.

★ ★



TILT CAB—heavy-duty 6 or V8; whatever your job requires.

HEAVYWEIGHT—takes Chevy's famous 348-cu.-in. Workmaster V8.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Makes Winter Driving Worry-Free

GENERAL

Winter Cleat

Study the deep-bite track of the General Winter Cleat.
It takes all the work and worry out of Winter driving.
You start and stop safely in deep snow.

Until you've driven a car with a pair on the rear wheels,
you can't imagine how safe and effortless
Winter driving can be. Quiet, too, on dry pavements.

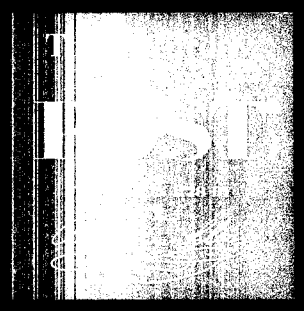
BUY A PAIR NOW!

Don't wait for the first storm
to bog you down. See
your General Tire Dealer now.

You Go in Snow or We Pay the Tow!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mamma's at the Met



Eileen Farrell, offbeat prima donna of grand opera, thinks long-hair musicians are a bore. She loves to sing, but she puts her family ahead of fame.

By Stanley Frank

When Eileen Farrell makes her long-awaited debut at the Metropolitan Opera on December sixth after a decade of lofty triumphs in every other major showcase, a new scale of values will be introduced on both sides of the footlights. Miss Farrell, an ebullient woman with an infectious laugh only a few decibels below her soaring cadenzas, will be dismayed to learn that opera buffs regard her as a kill-joy for ruining their favorite pastime of arguing about the designation of top billing among reigning prima donnas. They suspect the issue will be settled abruptly when she hits her first *E* above high *C* and confirms the opinions of critics who consider her the most accomplished soprano in the world today.

The event also will involve a readjustment by Miss Farrell, for it finally will give art equal status with domesticity in her private life. Although it has been obvious for years that the Met was her destination, the reason she is just arriving at the age of forty can be summed up quickly. Her career was secondary to her two children and her husband, a recently retired New York City policeman.

In a field where temperament often is mistaken for talent, Miss Farrell's perfectly normal attitudes, which reflect her New England background, and her contempt for the precious nonsense of classical music verge on eccentricities. A thorough professional, she will

Her voice has been called "a miracle." She will make her Metropolitan debut December 6.

LICENSED TO UNI-ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm a good cook, and I pick at everything I make," says the hefty soprano. "I'm still a truck horse, but you should have seen me before I took off 35 pounds."

In 1955 she wowed the critics with her performance of *Medea*, an opera so demanding that few sopranos even attempt it.

Fiery Maria Callas, who is rarely generous to rivals, once scorned the Met with the cry, "They don't have any big names. They haven't got Farrell."

Eileen with her husband, retired policeman Robert Reagan, in front of their house on Staten Island, N.Y. With them are their children, Kathi, 7, and Robbie, 13.

Eleanor McLellan, her voice coach since 1944, is responsible for much of her success. Mrs. McLellan is now nearly 80 and still gives Eileen three lessons a week.

sing medieval oratorios, Dixieland jazz or esoteric modern compositions at the drop of a baton. She averages sixty performances a year—forty engagements are a heavy schedule for most artists—and never has canceled an appearance for such common occupational ailments as a bruised ego or a severe attack of the sulks. The quirk that convinces people in the business she is a "kook" of the first water, however, is her attachment to her family.

Five years ago, when she was still struggling for recognition, the Bach Aria Group, of which she is a member, was invited by Pablo Casals, the eminent Spanish cellist, to perform at the Prades Festival in southern France. The exciting news was relayed to Miss Farrell by Jan Peerce, the veteran Met star who is the tenor of the quartet.

"How long will we be gone?" she asked.

"About a month," Peerce replied. "This is your big break."

"I can't go," Miss Farrell said. "I can't leave my kids that long. Besides, who will iron Bob's shirts?"

Bob is her husband, Robert Reagan, who was a cop pounding a beat in Staten Island at the time.

"It's almost impossible to get mad at Eileen," Peerce says, "but I could've strangled her when she gave me that routine about the hubby and the kiddies. God forbid I should knock motherhood. My wife would kill me." (The Peerces have three children.) "There are fifty million mothers in America, but none can sing like Eileen. When a man of Casals's stature says, 'You're good enough for me,' you've got to drop everything and run. Only Eileen would've thought of her family at a time like that."

Miss Farrell remained at home, up to her ample hips in household chores and Bob's shirts, while the Met's Eleanor Steber took her place at Prades. In the summer of 1959, when she felt she could leave her children for two weeks, she accepted an invitation to the Spoleto Festival in Italy and returned with a characteristic reaction to her rave notices. ("We found ourselves witnessing a miracle," the critic of Rome's *Il Messaggero* rhapsodized after hearing her two recitals.) But the highlight of the trip for her was an impromptu jam session with Louis Armstrong's band.

The band was in Spoleto for the festival's jazz program when Satchmo was stricken with pneumonia, leaving the combo without a vocalist for the numbers it was to tape for Ed Sullivan's TV show. Sullivan recalled that Miss Farrell had sung a good deal of pop music on radio in the 1940's, but he hesitated to approach her while she was preparing for more exalted commitments. Unable to find a substitute for Armstrong, he finally asked her to run through a number with the band to plug the hole in his show.

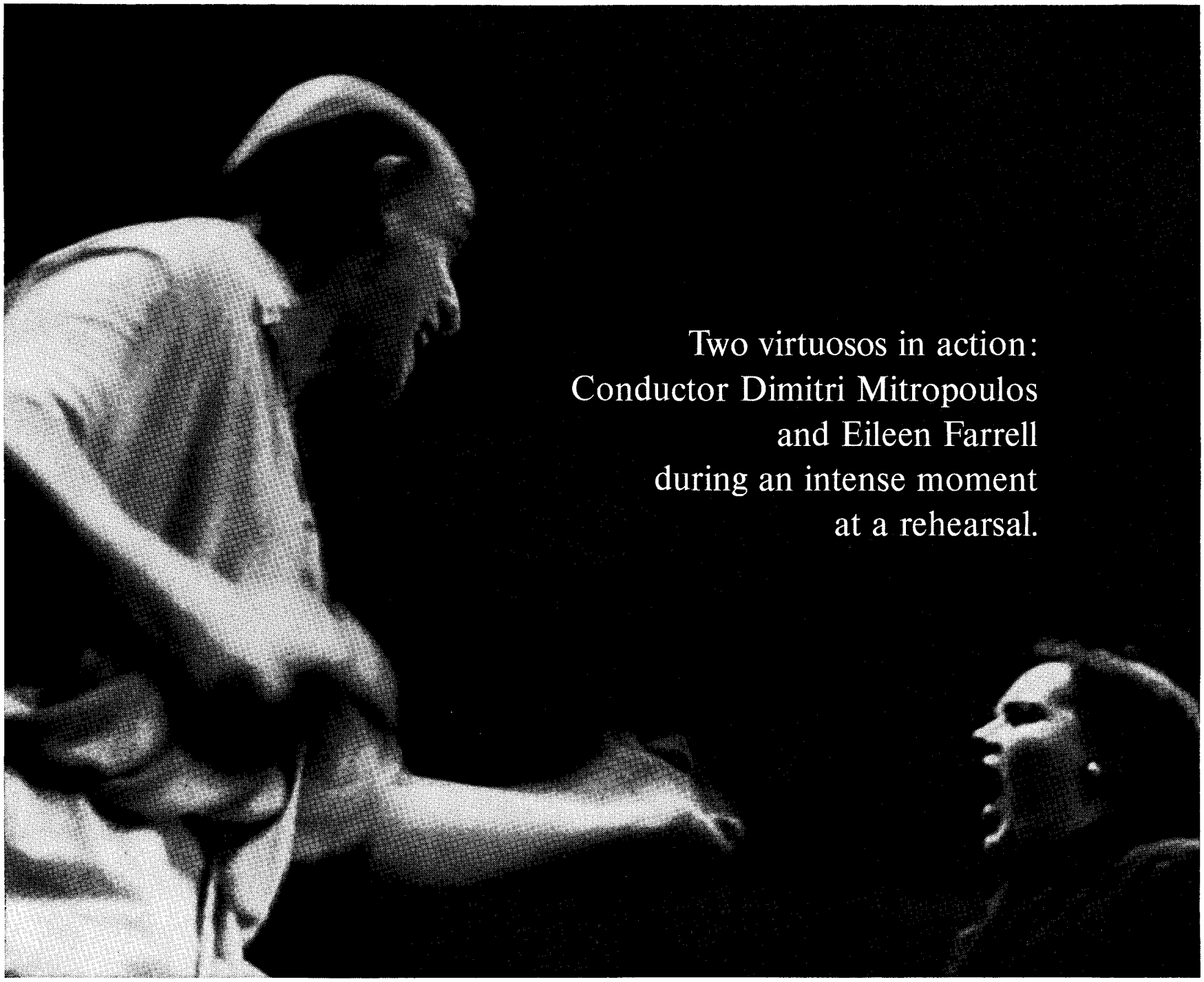
"Tell them to give me the beat," she said, "then stand back. You'll get trampled in the rush." She rehearsed *The Sunny Side of the Street* with the band for ten minutes, then proceeded to tape it.

"I had a ball," she burbles. "I'm a frustrated blues singer, and it was a treat working with a bunch that really can belt out a tune."

Musicians always are impressed by Miss Farrell's unique combination of versatility and virtuosity. "Eileen can do anything," Leonard Bernstein says. "I've never heard Beethoven or my songs in *West Side Story* sung better. She has every attribute of a great prima donna except prima donna-ishness." The late Arturo Toscanini chose her as a soloist to record Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and declared her rendition was the nearest thing to perfection in his experience. Alfred Frankenstein, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, described her voice as a "phenomenon of nature."

The rarest compliment came from Maria Callas, who is not noted for her graciousness toward rivals. Two years ago, when Miss Callas was dropped by the Met after a hassle with Rudolf Bing, the general manager, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two virtuosos in action: Conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos and Eileen Farrell during an intense moment at a rehearsal.

reporter suggested she might regret losing the plush setting for her talents. Miss Callas curled her lip in cold disdain. "Who needs the Met?" she cried. "They don't have any big names. They haven't got Farrell."

Although it may be boorish to broach the point, the chances are that the crack was designed to embarrass Bing rather than boost Farrell. The cold shoulder that Bing gave Miss Farrell, despite her glowing reviews on the concert circuit, was a mystery—and a small scandal—in musical circles until he invited her to join the Met a year ago.

Bing tries to gloss over the sticky situation by saying, "Of course, I knew Miss Farrell was a great singer, but an opera company cannot have every fine soprano on its roster at the same time. Each artist's repertoire must be considered in presenting a varied program for the season."

Actually Bing took an unfair beating like a gentleman while he was denounced for ignoring Miss Farrell. She did not sing in grand opera until 1956 and as (Continued on Page 69)

"Most opera singers don't have a feeling for jazz," she says. "Me, I get the message loud and clear." Last year, when Louis Armstrong became ill before a TV show filmed in Italy, she sang with his band as substitute star.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain Mitchell (right) was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, and his crew received Air Medals for their historic feat.

How to Catch a Space Capsule

Problem: Grab a space capsule—falling at 1600 feet per minute—out of mid-air somewhere in an 8000-square-mile "outfield" over the Pacific. A man who has done it tells how.

By Capt. Harold E. Mitchell, USAF,
as told to Robert Cahn

The day before the launching of the Discoverer XIV satellite a few months ago, our squadron at Hickam Air Force Base in Honolulu was put on an alert. From the Vandenberg launching site in California, the Air Force was once again planning to boost a satellite into orbit several hundred miles above the earth. Approximately twenty-seven hours after launch, toward the end of its seventeenth trip around the globe, the 18,000-mile-an-hour satellite—if it worked as programed—would eject a 300-pound capsule over Alaska. The job of our squadron was to pluck this falling star out of the sky before it hit the ocean near Hawaii.

For two years the 6593rd Test Squadron (Special) of the 6594th Recovery Control Group had been developing aerial-recovery techniques, and had achieved an accuracy of 95 per cent in practice runs. On five previous Discoverer satellite orbitings, our nine C-119 Fairchild "Flying Boxcars" had covered a preselected area, hoping to make the first successful satellite capsule aerial recovery. But each time something had gone wrong.

When the squadron was organized at Edwards Air Force Base two years ago, it was difficult to conceive of being able to catch an earthbound satellite in one of our poky twin-engine Flying Boxcars. I had been flying C-119's ever since the Korean War and had a soft spot in my heart for this twin-tailed bird which looked like a pregnant P-38 and had been described as a big packing crate hung on a wing. It saved many lives in the evacuation from Changjin Reservoir. And in the years since then it has been a work horse for air delivery of personnel and equipment.

It should be explained here that our seat-of-the-pants aerial recovery operation in 270-mile-an-hour airplanes is only a kissing cousin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOT JUST A STUNT

The pioneer accomplishment of Capt. Harold E. Mitchell, USAF, and his crew in the Air Force's Discoverer program (a prelude of the so-called Midas and Samos series still to come) is far more than just a stunt. It is a big step forward in man's efforts to solve all the mysteries of space. But it has even more practical significance.

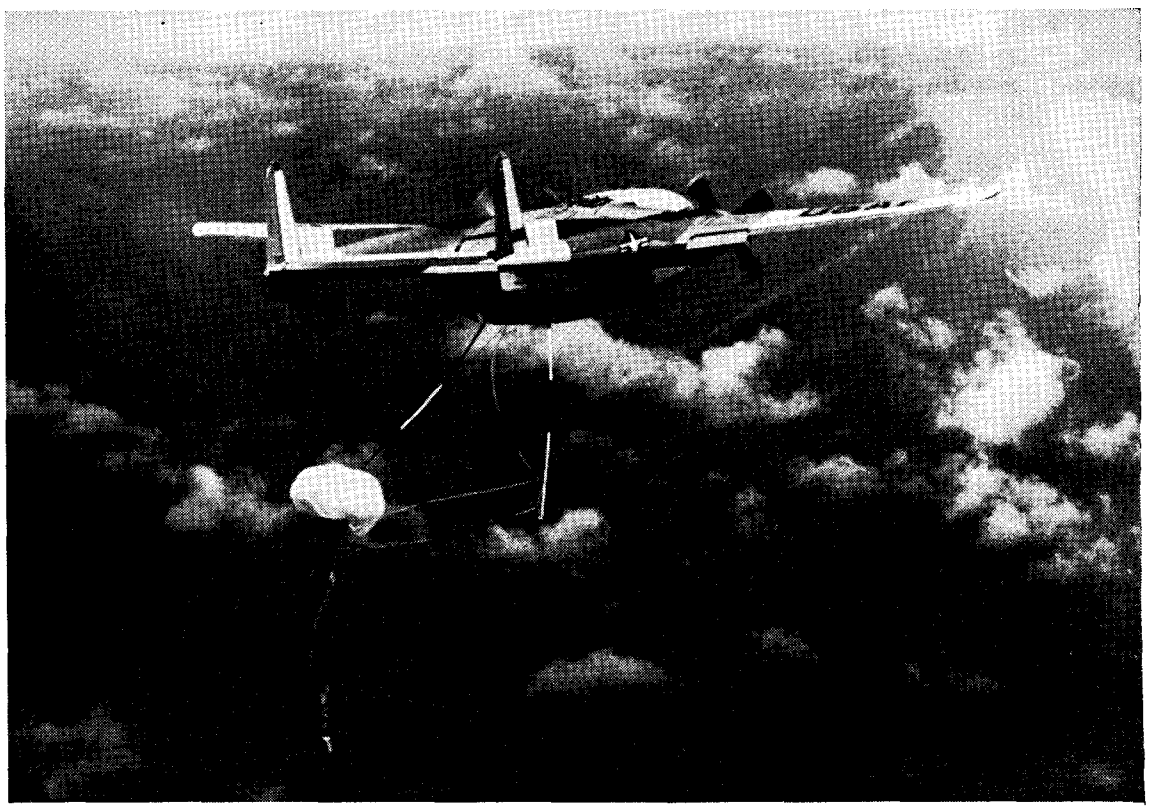
The military importance of the feat is that the door has been opened to orbiting reconnaissance satellites *and* then reclaiming the pictures they take from the watchtower heights of space. It is believed that this eventually will permit the blanket photographing of the terrain of potential enemies, thus detecting their missile launching pads and reporting what goes on around them. The value of such military intelligence can scarcely be exaggerated.

—THE EDITORS.

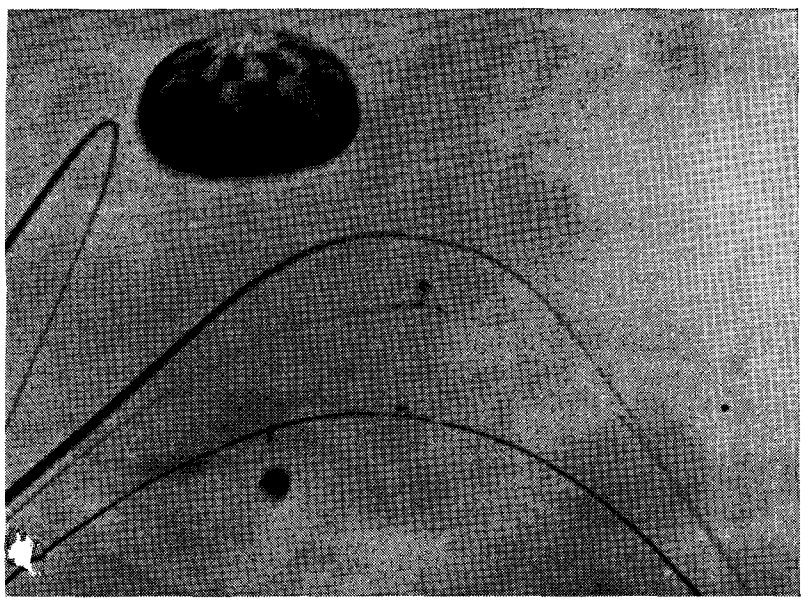
The Discoverer capsule: The author (second from right); Lt. Robert Counts (right); and T/Sgt. Louis Bannick (left), who was in charge of the recovery gear, hear a civilian satellite expert explain the capsule's operation.

of the highly scientific Discoverer project. The purpose of the Discoverer series is to develop and perfect orbital and recovery techniques so that satellites can become dependable for a variety of vital military uses. To me, the miraculous part of the program is that the scientists have found a way to detach a capsule from an orbiting satellite and bring it back into the small patch of sky patrolled by our squadron, and at a speed slow enough for us to catch it. This has been compared to batting a baseball from a jet over Cleveland and having it fielded in Yankee Stadium. However, the brains of the missile industry have not yet developed a machine to catch their space packages. So until a better system comes along, the job of aerial recovery is up to our squadron.

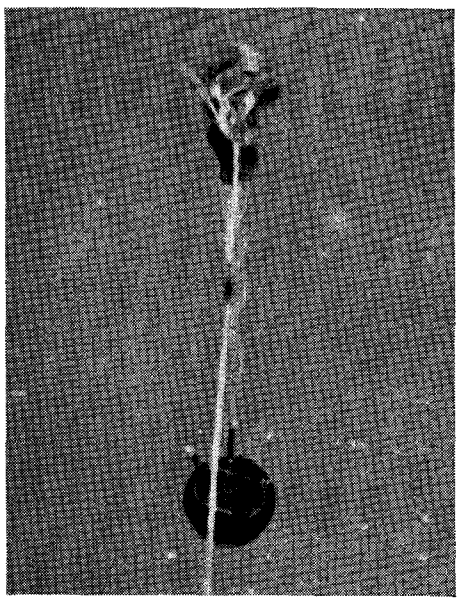
The system that Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, All American Engineering and the Air Force have devised to catch the capsules from space is basically simple, although it has taken a lot of engineering know-how to make it workable. At the end (Continued on Page 56)



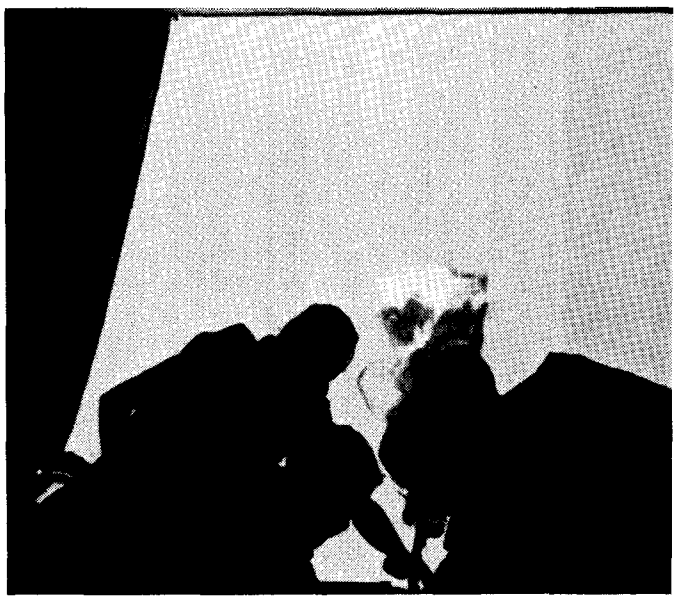
The technique used to grab a space capsule: A C-119, in practice, shows how the "trapeze" rigging, made of nylon ropes and two 38-foot metal poles, hooks the parachute. The capsule is pulled into the plane by a power winch.



A near miss: The grappling hooks swung over the parachute on Mitchell's second unsuccessful pass at the Discoverer capsule.



Success: On the plane's third pass the chute was caught; the capsule hangs below.



Crew members, in the hatchway, reel in the capsule after its 450,000-mile space journey.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"New York is such a wonderful town for restaurants," he said. "It would be a crime if you went home to Buck Falls without sampling some of them."

In her own unaffected way she took New York City by storm.

FRESH FROM THE STICKS

By GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE

Now that Greenwich Village has grown fashionable and expensive, girls like Arabella who come to New York have to live on Lutitia Street. Lutitia is one block long, as narrow as an alley and inhabited by hundreds of New Yorkers who don't speak English. It has two fire hydrants, religious processions on saints' days and a grocery store of which the best that can be said is that it is cheaper than the groceries on 9th or 11th Street.

It was at the grocery store, while she was buying the rice that formed her principal item of diet, that Arabella was accosted by the tall, thin, villainous young man with the bony jaw. He accosted her three times. Once he said, "Good afternoon." Once he asked, "May I carry that for you?" And once he remarked, "I believe we're neighbors, Miss Ah."

In each instance Arabella answered not a word, averting her face in a ladylike manner and gazing into a bin of lentils, which were known on Lutitia Street as *fríjoles negros*. Not only her family but also her friends back home in Buck Falls had warned her of the dangers inherent in New York men, young and old. Many of these creatures, her fiancé, Mandrel, had added, were white slavers. Arabella did not know exactly what white slavers were, but she did not like the sound of them one little bit.

However, early one morning when she had breakfasted on rice with sugar and cinnamon, dusted her couch, lamp and chair, put the *Nutcracker Suite* on her portable record player and was standing tiptoe in her soft practice slippers, a clenched fist came plunging through her window. (Continued on Page 72)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Will Mexico Go "Castro"?

A report from south of the border, where many ominous signs point to a growing enthusiasm to adopt Fidel Castro's brand of totalitarianism.

By Milton MacKaye

MEXICO, D.F.

These are uneasy days. News continues to be made around the globe and around the clock, not much of it good. A once cohesive and predictable world seems to have splintered like a walnut shell and fallen apart—riots in Tokyo, anarchy in the Congo, Castro and Communism in Cuba and hell to pay all over.

These things happened in Mexico recently: (1) an attempt to burn the American flag was made during a student demonstration; (2) President Adolfo López Mateos announced that his government was "extreme left within the constitution"; (3) an important Mexican congressional leader took sides in the Cuban situation by accusing the United States of closing "the doors of friendship and understanding."

These events and disturbing rumors caused repercussions in the United States. Tourist reservations were canceled by some. American business corporations planning to establish new plants south of the border abandoned their plans or postponed action. Abundant capital for investment in prosperous Mexico became less abundant.

Could it be true that our friends south of the border down this way might be drifting toward Castroism? *The Saturday Evening Post* sent me here to find out.

The very first thing I found out was that the reaction in the United States to what was going on here took Mexican officialdom by surprise. The statements of President López Mateos and Congressman Sanchez Piedras were intended for internal political consumption, and the size of the student demonstration—which violated police rules by parading past the American embassy—seems to have been exaggerated. Participants, I am reliably informed, numbered nearer 500 than the 5000 reported in some newspapers. The flag was not burned—police wrestled a law student to the street from the back of a truck before he could set the flag afire.

Another student demonstration three days later, on July fifteenth, had more significance. It was a Communist-directed test of strength against Mexico City's police. On this occasion between 3000 and 3500 paraded. No efforts were made to picket the embassy. The crowd formed at the Revolutionary Monument, only a few blocks away, and followed the usual route of licensed demonstrations to the Paseo de la Reforma and down through the Avenida Juárez and Avenida (Continued on Page 76)

Summer, 1960: Anti-U.S. student demonstrators in Mexico City. They almost burned this American flag before police intervened. The sign says the students are on the side of Cuba and the Mexican Revolutionary Movement.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dallas, Texas: Kennedy and his running mate, Lyndon Johnson. Crowds and confusion made motorcades the worst part of the tour, says the author.

A *Post* editor reports on one of the most exhausting shows on the road:

Campaigning With Kennedy

By BEVERLY SMITH Jr.
Washington Editor of
The Saturday Evening Post

The Post's Smith interviews Kennedy over coffee aboard the campaign train, *The New Frontier Special*.

In five weeks of traveling with Senator Kennedy on his hard-driving campaign, I have found this the most exciting Presidential contest within my fairly extensive experience. It has drama, comedy, danger, exhaustion, triumph and colorfully clashing personalities. Its changes of atmosphere are as unpredictable as the weather surrounding a thunderstorm.

Beneath all the drama there remains the stark knowledge that the survival of America and of much of the human race—in this new age of intercontinental hydrogen weapons—may depend upon the brains, judgment and character of the next President of the United States.

During the weeks I was with him, Senator Kennedy averaged from two to four hours of sleep a night, except on Sunday. That is his day of rest, disturbed only by a few-dozen importunate local statesmen, ranging from governor to dogcatcher, who after plying him with conflicting advice, beg him to schedule just one more speech in Los Angeles or Squattsville. Often, to the despair of his schedule makers, he obliges.

On each of his six working days a week he puts in eighteen or twenty hours of tiring toil. His hardest days are when he travels by motorcade through densely populated areas. Surging crowds block the streets, deaf to the shouted warnings of motor police. Frenzied admirers, young and old, dash between moving cars and buses to get near the candidate, to shake his hand, to touch him, to shower him with confetti or flowers. The motorcade falls behind schedule. Police and drivers try to speed it up,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flint, Michigan: Each outstretched hand means another handshake. During the harrowing five-week tour Kennedy suffered from the traditional occupational hazard of politicians: His fingers became blistered and strained.

Portland, Oregon: A quiet moment with his sister Pat (Mrs. Peter Lawford) after a hard day's politicking. Pat went along for part of the tour.

Gerber, California: No smart politician neglects children. Most of them have two voting parents.

with resulting sudden stops to spare lives and limbs among the frantic multitude. On such jolting stops, Kennedy, perched precariously on the top of an open convertible's back seat, often saves himself from injury only by the quick reflexes of an athlete. Each time it happens, aides and reporters, peering anxiously from the car or bus behind, catch their breaths.

"Whew! That was a close one." And, "Did you see that big boozer two blocks back? When he grabbed Kennedy's hand, he damn near yanked him headfirst onto the concrete."

By comparison, the 4560-mile jet flight from Washington, D.C., to Anchorage, Alaska, was easygoing. Rising at 5:45 A.M., Eastern Daylight Time, we took off from Friendship Airport, near Baltimore, at eight A.M. We stopped in San Francisco, where Kennedy made an extemporaneous speech to the waiting crowd, conferred with California's Gov. Pat Brown and other dignitaries and held a press conference for Western reporters. Then off for Anchorage, another 2200 miles away.

As we neared Alaska, Pierre Salinger, Kennedy's press secretary, made a deadpan announcement, "There's a six-hour time difference between Washington and Anchorage. So when you get to bed at midnight in Anchorage, it will be six A.M. in D.C. This means that those of you who were on our trip to Maine yesterday [that included B. Smith] will have had three hours' sleep in the last forty-eight hours."

Hoarse cries of protest from sleepy reporters sounded like the cawing of crows. Kennedy, who was jotting down (Continued on Page 78)

Photographs by Ollie Atkins

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How does a quarterback prove he's got what it takes when his coach won't let him play?

Second-String Star

By NANCY BURRAGE OWEN

This is the real story, not the one on the sports pages, about the game between Mountain University and Northeastern College—the wackiest football game ever played, the game that couldn't happen, but did. I guess I'm the one to tell it because I alone know all the complications—besides which, I study people pretty darn deeply. I'm a psychology major, and you'd better believe there was psychology involved.

My name's Corky Corcoran. I'm the team manager for Mountain University, which is not what I had in mind when I was ten years old and decided to be a great football player. I was a strong kid and worked with bar bells. I had the speed of a gazelle and the heart of a tiger. The trouble was my parents; they're just darn near pygmies. I ended up nineteen years old, five foot four and a hundred and thirty pounds wearing my topcoat. So, I count sweat socks and rolls of tape and get to travel with the team. I sit on the bench, but believe me, I play every game. This particular game darn near killed me.

Man, the stuff that went into this game that had nothing to do with football! There were two guys growing up in the same small town, a beautiful dead woman, a course in military history, a horseshoe that didn't get lost and, most important, a perky little gray-haired lady who wears red shoes.

The opposing coaches grew up together. Ham Hartnagle is Mountain U.'s coach, and of course you've heard of Bobby Nielsen—who hasn't? They started playing together in the seventh grade—Bobby the quarterback, Ham an end. Their little Pennsylvania town had a sensational high-school team because of Hartnagle and Nielsen, who were like Damon and Pythias—real buddies. High school ended; then came the parting of the ways. Bobby was a Big Ten All-American, and the sports writers knocked themselves out with adjectives describing his feats. He went right to Northeastern as an assistant coach, and it didn't take him long to be the big wheel. Ham went to a small college, and the sports writers didn't bother with him—but the pros did. He played four seasons of pro ball before he came to Mountain U.

You'd think Ham might resent the glory heaped on Bobby. You'd be wrong. According to Ham, they were still buddies. Ham was Bobby's No. One fan. Bobby had been best man at Ham's wedding, and this game was scheduled then.

A man's got no judgment at his wedding. Mountain U. is a swell school, enrollment about two thousand and growing, but it's got no business playing a football power like Northeastern. Well, you can see how it happened—the great Bobby being Santa Claus, offering his old buddy a crack at the big time and Ham accepting, with his mind not entirely on football. (They say his wife was sure beautiful.) The game was five years away, and Ham probably figured anything could happen by then.

Doc Preston, our trainer, is always telling me how Ham was then—a ball of fire, he says, full of pep, but an easy man, always kidding. He had a ten-year contract and he used to go around bragging he'd have ten sons and ten conference winners. But Ham didn't have any sons, and a year after their marriage his wife died.

Now, I can't imagine the way he used to be. He's a real student and teacher of football; a surprising number of his players turn out to be pros. Everybody admires Ham and looks up to him, but from a great distance. And grinning or kidding? Never. He's all business.

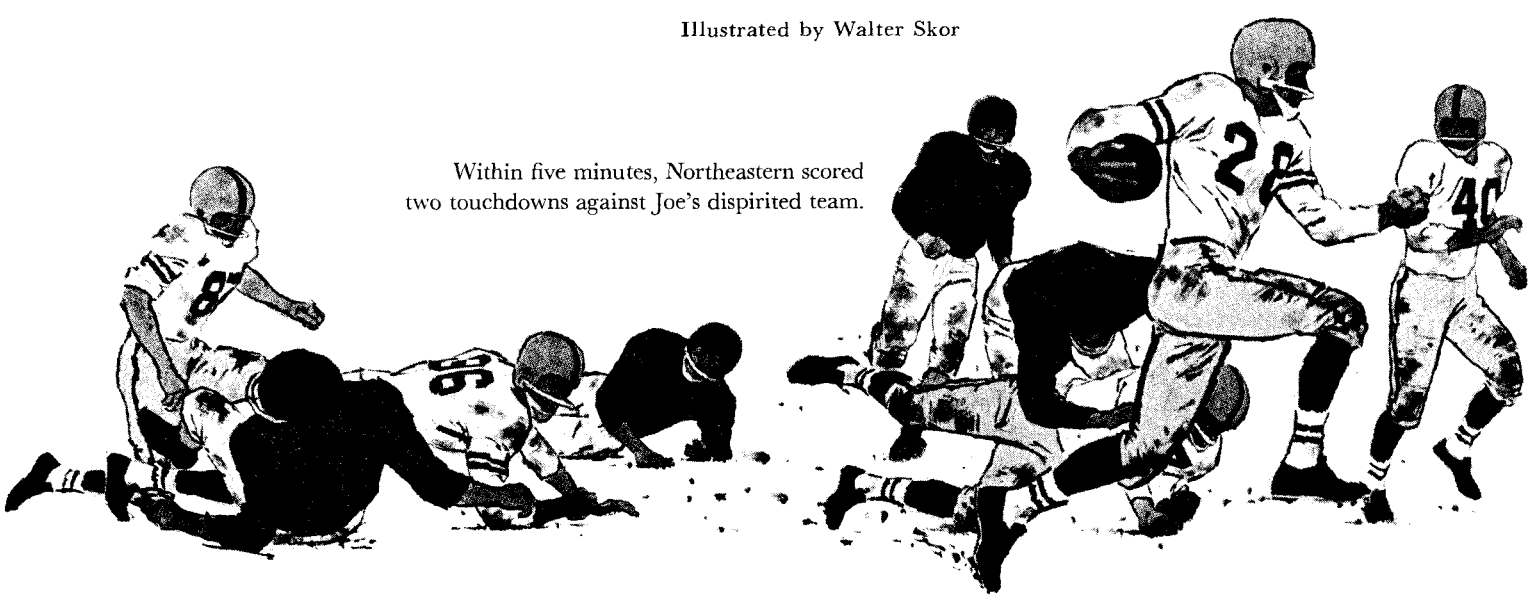
The Monday before the Northeastern game, things looked grim—especially Ham. It wasn't bad enough that we had just four days to get ready for a team ranked among the top ten in the nation; the Saturday after that we had to play our biggest regional rival, the team we had to beat to win the conference. We'd squeaked out two wins over teams supposed to be pushovers, and last Saturday Clay Brewster, the first-string quarterback, got his ankle broken on the final play of the game.

I hate to see anyone hurt, but now my buddy Joe Christian might get a crack at running the team, and I knew Joe was the greatest. I sure wished Ham knew it.

Ham knows Joe's a good passer, he knows he's fast. The trouble is, Joe's a quiet, amiable guy with a great big grin, and you can't get him mad. Ham's got this idea a quarterback's got to be aggressive and mean. He thinks Joe lacks leadership.

I guess right then there were only two people in the world who appreciated the leadership hidden behind Joe's modest manner—me and Mother Bee. Mother Bee's the housemother at the Chi Lambda house, where Joe and I room together. She's a (Continued on Page 43)

Illustrated by Walter Skor



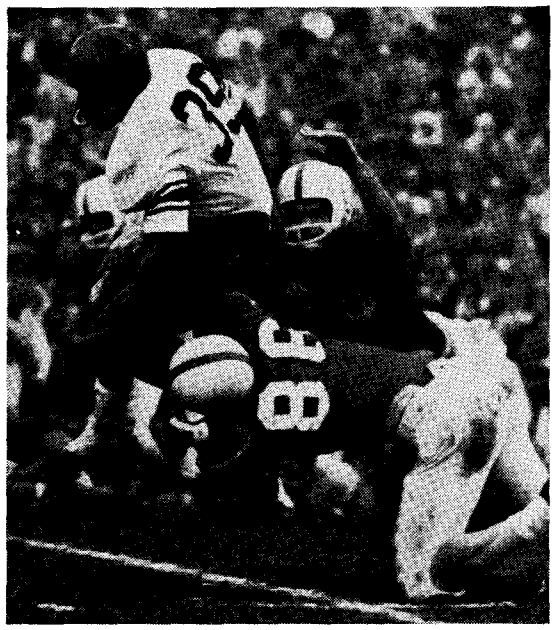
Within five minutes, Northeastern scored two touchdowns against Joe's dispirited team.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

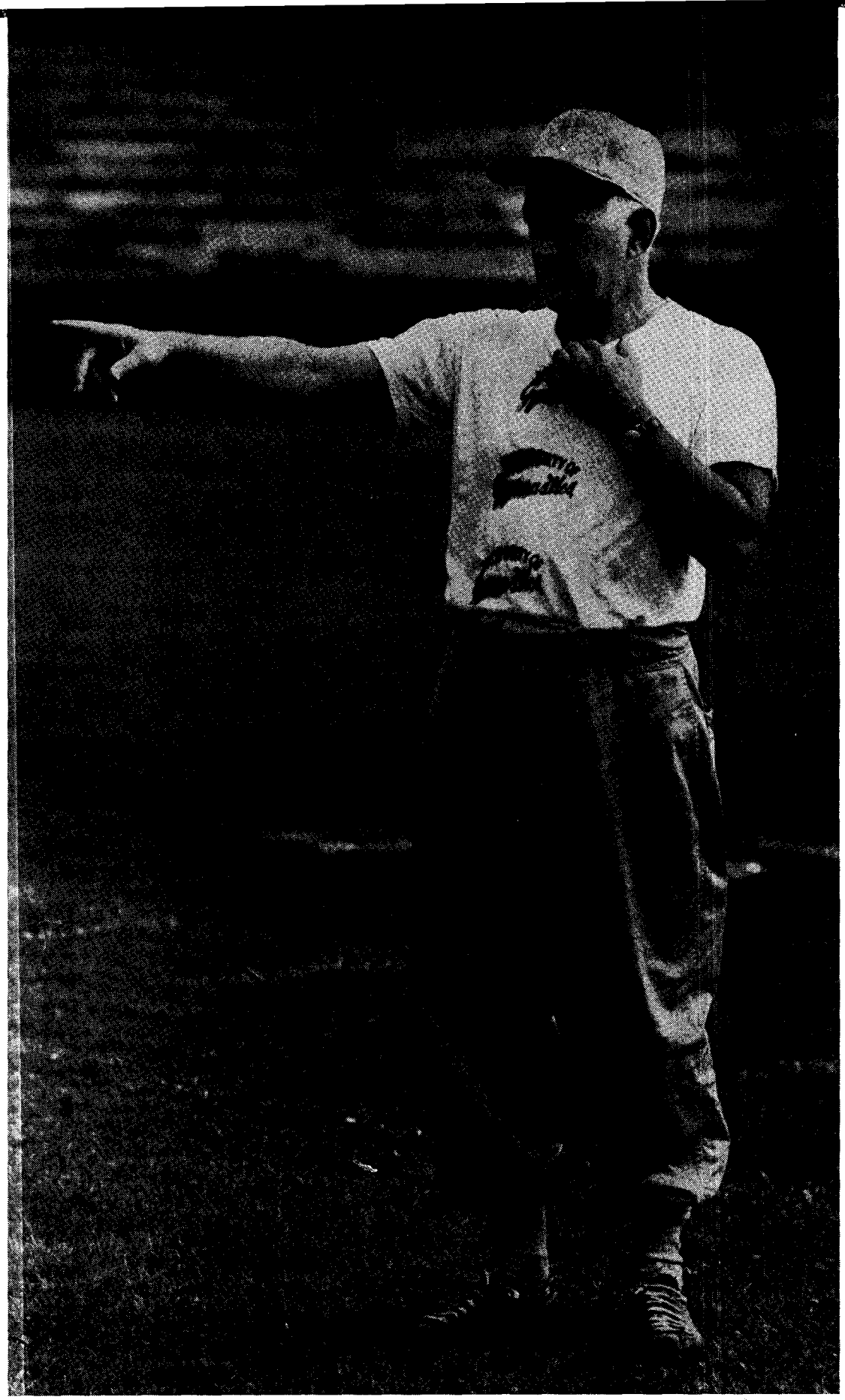
Football's Absent-Minded Professor

By MAL MALLETTE

How coach Ben Schwartzwalder, a calm, absent-minded ex-paratrooper, put Syracuse into the big time and brought powerhouse tactics back to Eastern football.



Cotton Bowl, 1960: Texas tacklers stop Syracuse fullback Art Baker on a kickoff return. Orangemen won, 23–14.



"I'd rather play the best and beat a few than play poor teams and beat them all." In his eleven years at Syracuse, Schwartzwalder has won 66 and lost 34.

In a day when many college football coaches resemble the man in the gray flannel suit, Ben Schwartzwalder, coach of Syracuse University's defending national champions, sticks out like an old shoe. His appearance alone is enough to set this stumpy, fifty-one-year-old ex-paratroop officer apart from the modern young-executive type of coach. He dresses just as informally for the stadium on Saturday as he does for the practice field during the week—baggy pants, T shirt, warm-up jacket and baseball cap.

Schwartzwalder's unconcern about how he looks to the paying customers has distressed some of the followers of this eastern institution. Ben says with typical candor, "I've had hundreds of letters from alumni asking why I don't pick off the hayseeds and get dressed up a little. People always feel justified, you know, in finding fault with anything a coach does. My answer is to ask why other coaches don't wear business suits to practice. Anyway, after a game my assistants and I shower and change clothes, and that evening we smell like people should smell."

By now Schwartzwalder has convinced almost everybody that clothes don't make the man in football. He was a runaway winner last season in the annual Coach of the Year balloting by the nation's college coaches. They picked him after his team had swept every game on its schedule. This was the culmination of an eleven-year building job by Schwartzwalder, who had been summoned to Syracuse from little Muhlenberg College after the 1948 Orangemen won only one game.

Working at first under the same recruiting limitations that had hampered his predecessors, Ben nevertheless hoisted Syracuse back to football respectability. Then in two stages he obtained major concessions on athletic scholarships, and the Orange quickly vaulted into the big time. The enlarged recruiting program has been at the heart of the Syracuse upswing, but important also has (Continued on Page 99)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Old Man Who Told Tales

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

Why were mothers suddenly afraid to have him around their children?

It was a lark of a day that was coming down from the sky. The old man waited on the corner. His coat, left over from a once-rakish suit, was soiled and did not match his sagging trousers. Beneath the uneven brim of his hat, a shapeless battered covering which had taken on the jaunty air of an adornment, his blue eyes twinkled with anticipation. Shuffling impatiently, Shayne O'Connor jingled a small fortune in his hand; eight pennies and two nickels.

It wasn't an outlandish fortune, hardly enough to fend off the chill of winter, but plenty for bubble gum and lollipops behind which a child could mask his fears. They would be coming soon, pretty and clean as flowers, and trembling, too, he knew, for what could frighten a child so woefully as the first day of school? What could be so terrifying as to be informed of how much you did not know?

Faced with the job of learning, a child wanted a bit of reality to hold onto, and Shayne couldn't understand how he had forgotten school was starting and bright coins would be needed. What a thing to slip the mind, he thought, knowing that lately time went quicker and quicker, whirly-whirly, turn your back and the snows are on you. Only the brambles stand where the roses bloomed, and who's to tell of the fragrance like a joy in the night and petals falling so gently that the air seemed to cherish them? But coins were needed, too, and he hadn't many.

Improvident, that I am, aye, and shiftless, too, he thought, smiling, remembering how many times his wife, his darling Mary, rest her thrifty soul, had flung the words at him. He wondered if she understood now why shrouds had no need for pockets and why misers had no voices fit for songs.

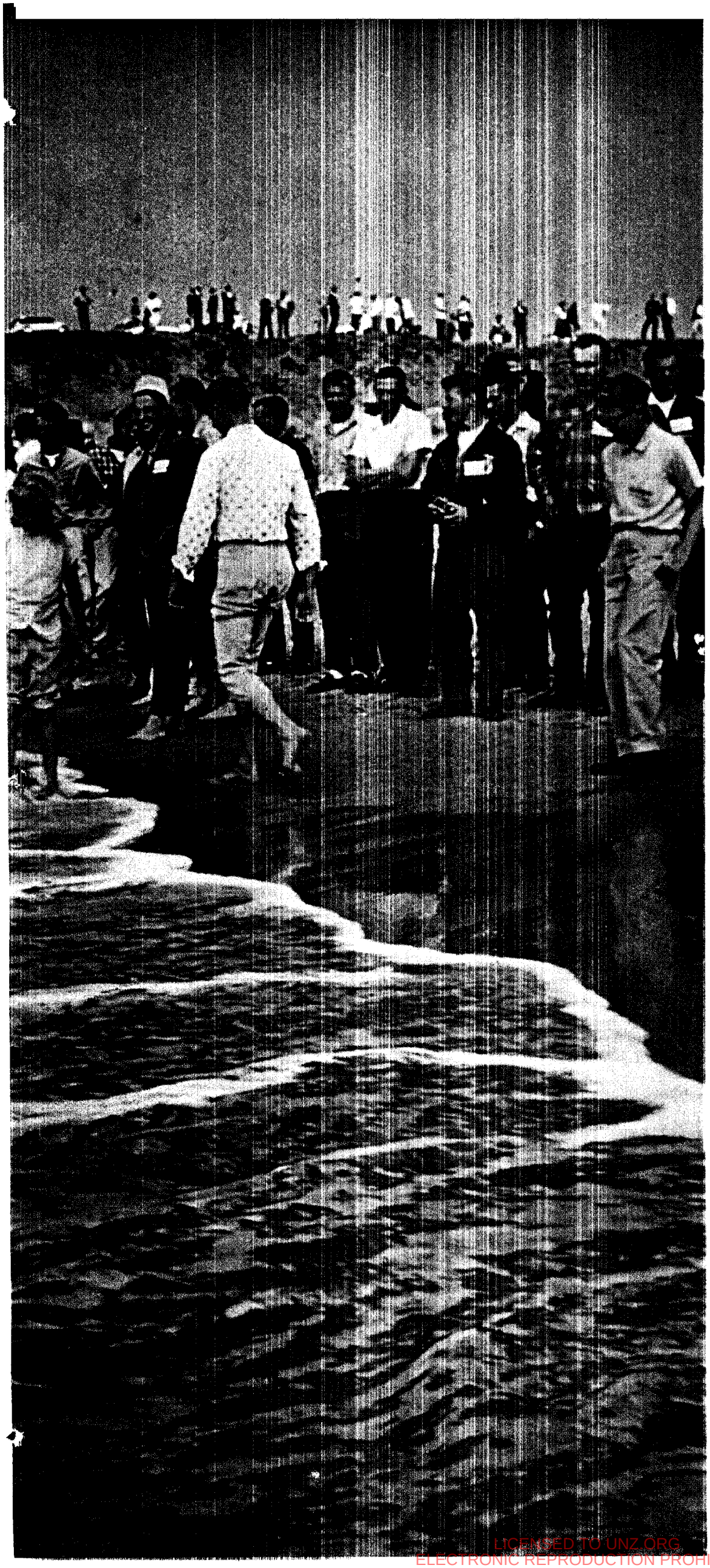
Though it was only an hour after daylight, he looked up and down the street, wishing someone would come along. All night he had lain half-awake, tormented with visions. He had tried to comfort himself, saying it was only loneliness or fear or hunger, but he knew the tales left in his head had to be told quickly, for he had the awful feeling a book was going to be closed and there would be no one to hear its sound.

He saw the young woman coming down the street, the one who worked at the telephone office. Miss Russell, he thought her name was, but he called her Hustle-bustle. It was close enough, and described her. Besides he had no knack for names (Continued on Page 64)

"That's him! That's him!" she cried, pointing at the old man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



First Look at the Sea

The call of the sea is often strongest for people of the soil. These farm youngsters found it irresistible. Many of them are from landlocked states and on this occasion saw the ocean for the first time. For them, the view of a glittering stretch of California beach from a bluff wasn't enough. They surged down to wade into the white foam and feel the gentle swirl of played-out waves, or to stand at the water's edge and stare at endless reaches of sky and water. These 1200 members of 4-H clubs and Future Farmers of America from all parts of the country assembled for a conference on farm co-operatives at the University of California in Berkeley. A day's recess from meetings was reserved for a bus tour of the San Francisco Bay area to observe farms and co-ops. Thirty-five miles south of San Francisco the kids spotted the Pacific near San Gregorio—and took to the beach. Who knows how far a farm boy—or girl—can see in a first look at an ocean horizon (below)? Perhaps all the way to the Orient.

• Photographs by Jack Fields

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one had ever climbed to this remote spot in the Himalayas—until this terrifying moment.

CREATURE OF THE SNOWS

By WILLIAM SAMBROT

Illustrated by Stan Galli

Ed McKale straightened up under his load of cameras and equipment, squinting against the blasting wind, peering, staring, sweeping the jagged, unending expanse of snow and wind-scoured rock. Looking, searching, as he'd been doing now for two months, cameras at the ready.

Nothing. Nothing but the towering Himalayas, thrusting miles high on all sides, stretching in awesome grandeur from horizon to horizon, each pinnacle tipped with immense banners of snow plumes, streaming out in the wind, vivid against the darkly blue sky. The vista was one of surpassing beauty; viewing it, Ed automatically thought of light settings, focal length, color filters—then just as automatically rejected the thought. He was here, on top of the world, to photograph something infinitely more newsworthy—if only he could find it.

The expedition paused, strung out along a ridge of blue snow, with shadows falling away to the right and left into terrifying abysses, and Ed sucked for air. Twenty thousand feet is really quite high, although many of the peaks beyond rose nearly ten thousand feet above him.

Up ahead, the Sherpa porters—each a marvelous shot, gap-toothed, ebullient grins, seamed faces, leathery brown—bowed under stupendous loads for this altitude, leaning on their coolie crutches, waiting for Doctor Schenk to make up his mind. Schenk, the expedition leader, was arguing with the guides again, his breath spurting little puffs of vapor, waving his arms, pointing—down.

Obviously Schenk was calling it quits. He was within his rights, Ed knew; two months was all Schenk had contracted for. Two months of probing snow and ice; scrambling over crevasses, up rotten rock cliffs, wind-ravaged, bleak, stretching endlessly toward Tibet and the never-never lands beyond. Two months of searching for footprints where none should be. Searching for odors, for droppings, anything to disclose the presence of creatures other than themselves. Without success.

Two months of nothing. Big, fat nothing.

The expedition was a bust. The goofiest assignment of this or any other century, as Ed felt it would be from the moment he'd sat across a desk from the big boss in the picture-magazine's New York office, two months ago, looking at the blurred photograph, while the boss filled him in on the weird details:

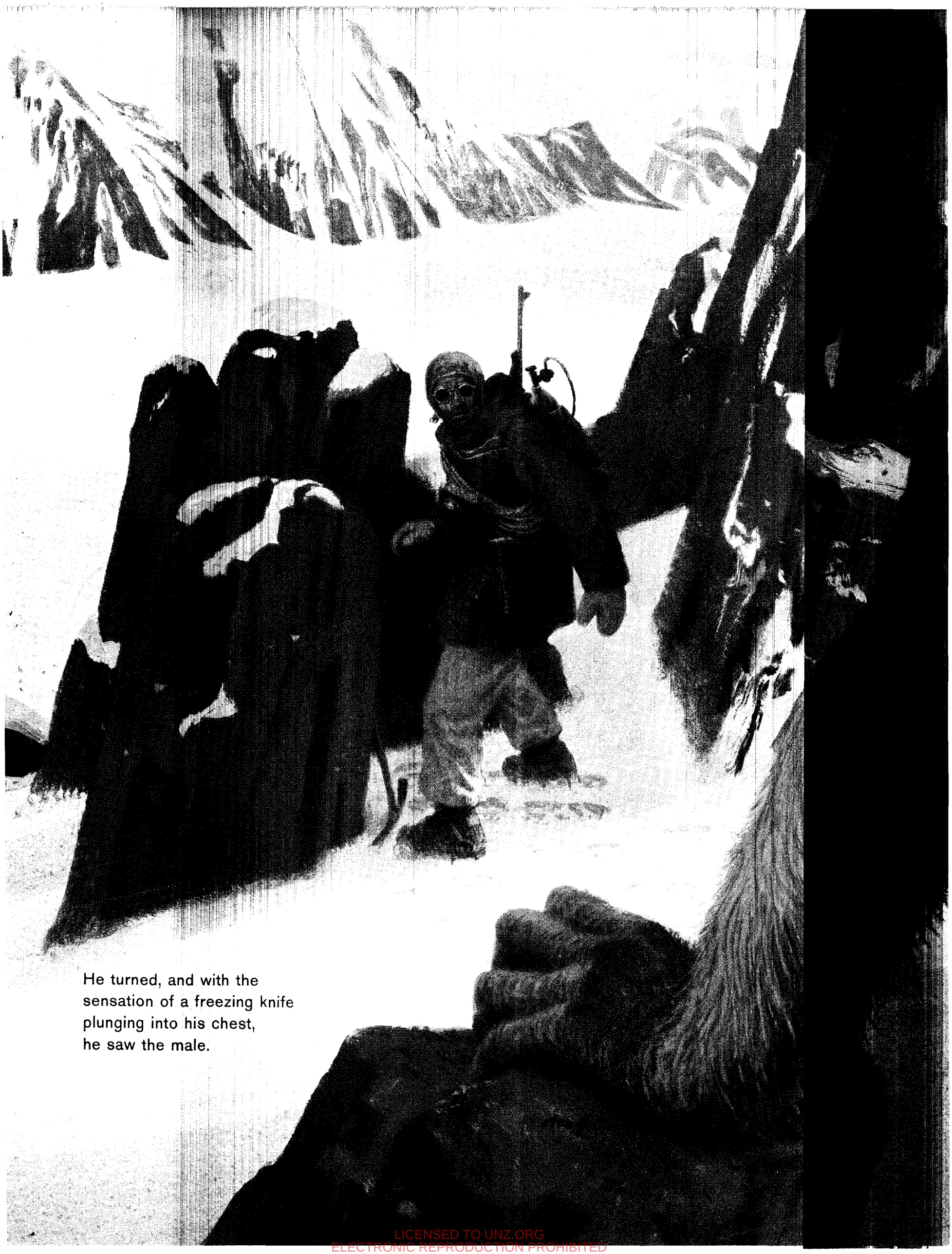
The photograph, his boss had told him gravely, had been taken in the Himalayan mountains, at an altitude of twenty-one thousand feet, by a man soaring overhead in a motorless glider.

"A glider," Ed had said noncommittally, staring at the fuzzy enlarged snapshot of a great expanse of snow and rocky ledges, full of harsh light and shadows, a sort of roughly bowl-shaped plateau apparently, and in the middle of it a group of indistinct figures, tiny, lost against the immensity of great ice pinnacles. Ed looked closer. Were the figures people? If so—what had happened to their clothes?

"A glider," his boss reiterated firmly. The glider pilot, the boss said, was maneuvering in an updraft, attempting to do the incredible—soar over Mount Everest in a homemade glider. The wide-winged glider had been unable to achieve the flight over Everest, but, flitting silently about seeking updrafts, it cleared a jagged pinnacle and there, less than a thousand feet below, the pilot saw movement where none should have been. And dropping lower, startled, he'd seen, the boss said dryly, "creatures—creatures that looked exactly like a group of naked men and women and kids, playing in the snow, at an altitude of twenty thousand five hundred feet." He'd had the presence of mind to take a few hasty snapshots before the group disappeared. Only one of the pictures had developed.

(Continued on Page 82)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He turned, and with the sensation of a freezing knife plunging into his chest, he saw the male.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Has Our Free Press Failed Us?

In February of 1815, reflecting upon the scars he had earned as second president of the United States, John Adams wrote:

"If there is ever to be an amelioration of the condition of mankind, philosophers, theologians, legislators, politicians and moralists will find that the regulation of the press is the most difficult, dangerous and important problem they have to resolve. Mankind cannot now be governed without it, nor at present with it."

In February of 1960 Dr. Frank Stanton, of the Columbia Broadcasting System, told a committee of Congress that regulation of the press is not only difficult and dangerous, but unnecessary. So saying, he expressed the view held by virtually the whole of the communications industry.

It could be, of course, that over these 145 years the condition of mankind somehow has been ameliorated sufficiently to sustain Doctor Stanton's view. But the fact that the doctor and his associates in television found it necessary to raise the point at all indicates that there are those who, with John Adams, still wonder if they can get along with the press they recognize they can't do without.

It is significant, too, that the latest defense of the newest entry into the field of communications has relied almost exclusively upon the special charter, the First Amendment, issued to the oldest—the same charter that gave John Adams pause and pain.

There is a considerable distance in time and technology between the founding fathers and Charles Van Doren. I suspect, however, that in the end Doctor Stanton and his colleagues will be able to demonstrate to the satisfaction of the beleaguered FCC and the agitated congressmen that the First Amendment spans the gap between early journalism and TV.

Although I served my time in the older trade, I would not undertake to curl a lip at the upstart television in its hour of peril. The uninitiated may find it shocking to see the ghost of that early American martyr to the cause of freedom of the press, John Peter Zenger, marching in defense of the people's right to see *Gunsmoke*, whether they want to or not. But I can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the press—newspapers, magazines, radio and television—fulfilling its historic obligation to guard our democratic institutions?

By HARRY ASHMORE

About the Author

Harry S. Ashmore, author and formerly executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, won a Pulitzer prize in 1958 for his editorials during the integration crisis at Little Rock. Because of his courageous opposition to the tactics of the white extremists in the fall of 1957, he was denounced by Little Rock's Capital Citizens' Council as "Public Enemy No. 1." Born in Greenville, South Carolina, Ashmore has had a lifelong interest in the problems of the Negro. He began his newspaper career after graduation from Clemson in 1937, subsequently spent a year at Harvard as a Nieman Fellow in Journalism, and saw combat with the Army in World War II. He is currently associated with the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, at Santa Barbara, California. His books are: *The Negro and the Schools*, *An Epitaph for Dixie*, and *The Other Side of Jordan*, a study of the Negro in the big city which was published last month by W. W. Norton.

remember too much that occurred within the glass house of printed journalism—the time, for example, when publishers took the First to justify exempting newspaper carriers from wages-and-hours laws.

The current stern accusations and stout defenses are in fact no more than an echo in the hall. It has all been said before; the circumstances change, but the problem doesn't. And all of those, from John Adams forward, who have addressed themselves to it have come away baffled. I am, in a sense, here engaged in joining their company.

The beginning fact is that after almost 200 years of cataclysmic change we still don't know what to do about the press. We don't, as a matter of fact, even know precisely *what* the press is. If it weren't so firmly imbedded in old and sometimes practically useful documents, the very term might well have been discarded by now. The word is neither precise nor welcome when applied to the media that employ the electronic tube—and quite likely communicate these days to more people than are effectively reached by the printed page. But this is more than a problem in semantics. We don't know, and haven't known for a long time, where journalism ends and entertainment begins. We never could figure out a way to draw a line between that part of the press which claims the rights and immunities of a public institution and that part which is a private, profit-making enterprise. We have simply rested on the proposition that we couldn't have one without the other—that to be free the press must be self-supporting. I do not myself dissent from the theory. Yet we cannot blink the fact that in practice the proposition has never been entirely satisfactory, and often has been downright alarming—and not only to those philosophers, theologians, legislators, politicians and moralists of whom John Adams spoke.

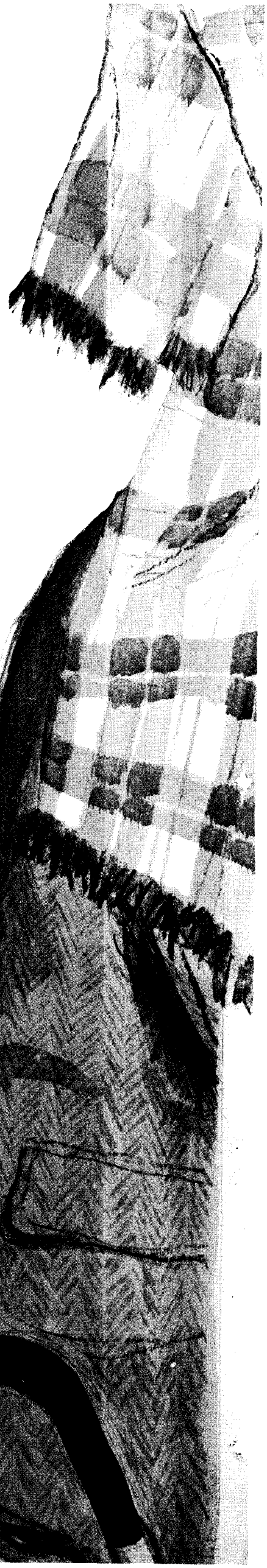
The press, in truth, has not even been satisfactory to its proprietors and practitioners. The public stance, as enunciated by Doctor Stanton, is that such minor sins as may exist can be cured on a do-it-yourself basis. I have seen the same defensiveness seize *CONTINUED ON PAGE 50*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOMETHING LIGHT

By MARGERY SHARP

The only man who would marry Louisa was the one she loathed most.



Louisa Datchett, photographer of dogs, was tired of "self-sufficiency" and wanted to get married. But it wasn't so easy. She considered two men, but neither turned out to be right for her.

Then she met Mr. Clark, a widower, and a proper gentleman, who needed a special woman to take care of his three children. He thought Louisa just the person he wanted, and she thought he might be the end of her search for a husband. So she agreed to stay with the Clarks for a week's tryout.

Everything seemed to go well, and it became obvious that Mr. Clark was thinking seriously about proposing marriage. Louisa decided that before he popped the question she should find out how the children felt.

One night as she and the children made ready for bed, she called the oldest child. "Catherine," said Louisa nervously, "come in a minute, will you?"

CONCLUSION

If Louisa was nervous, Catherine wasn't—or didn't appear to be. Where the children were concerned, Louisa found herself thus perpetually hedging. Catherine, in a blue woolly dressing gown, made straight for the foot of the bed and curled herself thereon as readily as if by nightly habit, while Louisa at the other end unnecessarily plumped pillows.

"Is it anything in particular," inquired Catherine amiably, "or just a cozy chat?"

For a moment Louisa was as tempted as she'd been by a helicopter. Cozy chats with Catherine were precisely what she longed for; why not have one now? A dozen suitable topics sprang to mind: the health of Tomboy, Catherine's chances at the pony-club gymkhana, Miss Lindrum's extraordinary ill judgment as to breeches—all these beautifully linked to Catherine's passion for horses—while by way of Catherine's own plaits the whole field of hairdos enticingly opened. But such pleasures, to be truly enjoyed, lay on the other side of the hurdle Louisa had deliberately brought herself up to. Once again she was strong.

"In the first place," said Louisa, "I want you to tell me the truth."

"Well, of course," said Catherine readily. Louisa hoped she wasn't keeping her fingers crossed; as children give themselves absolution in advance when about to tell a lie. "What about?"

"I don't know if your father consulted you," continued Louisa bravely, "before I came?"

"No, he didn't. At least, he told us at breakfast—but I don't think one can call that *consulting*."

"It must have been rather a surprise."

Catherine reflected. "Not exactly. I mean, dad loves giving us surprises. So that though things may be surprising in themselves, they're not exactly *surprising*."

It was a rather neat piece of dialectic, but little help to Louisa. She pressed on.

"Given that you weren't surprised, how do you feel about the results?"

Once again Catherine reflected. "Well, how long are you staying?"

Louisa's heart sank. She'd asked for the truth; now here it came!

"That depends a good deal on what you say. In fact, on what you and Paul and Toby really think about me. If you could think of me as—well, as a permanency ——"

The sentence was never finished. Catherine instantly seized its every implication. For a moment she simply stared. Then Catherine cried, "Louisa! D'you mean to say you'd marry our dad?"

Ravished by delight and surprise as she was, Louisa cried superstitiously, "Don't say it!"

"But *would* you?"

"If you and the boys ——"

"But, darling Louisa, there's nothing we'd like better!" cried (Continued on Page 86)

© 1960 by Margery Sharp

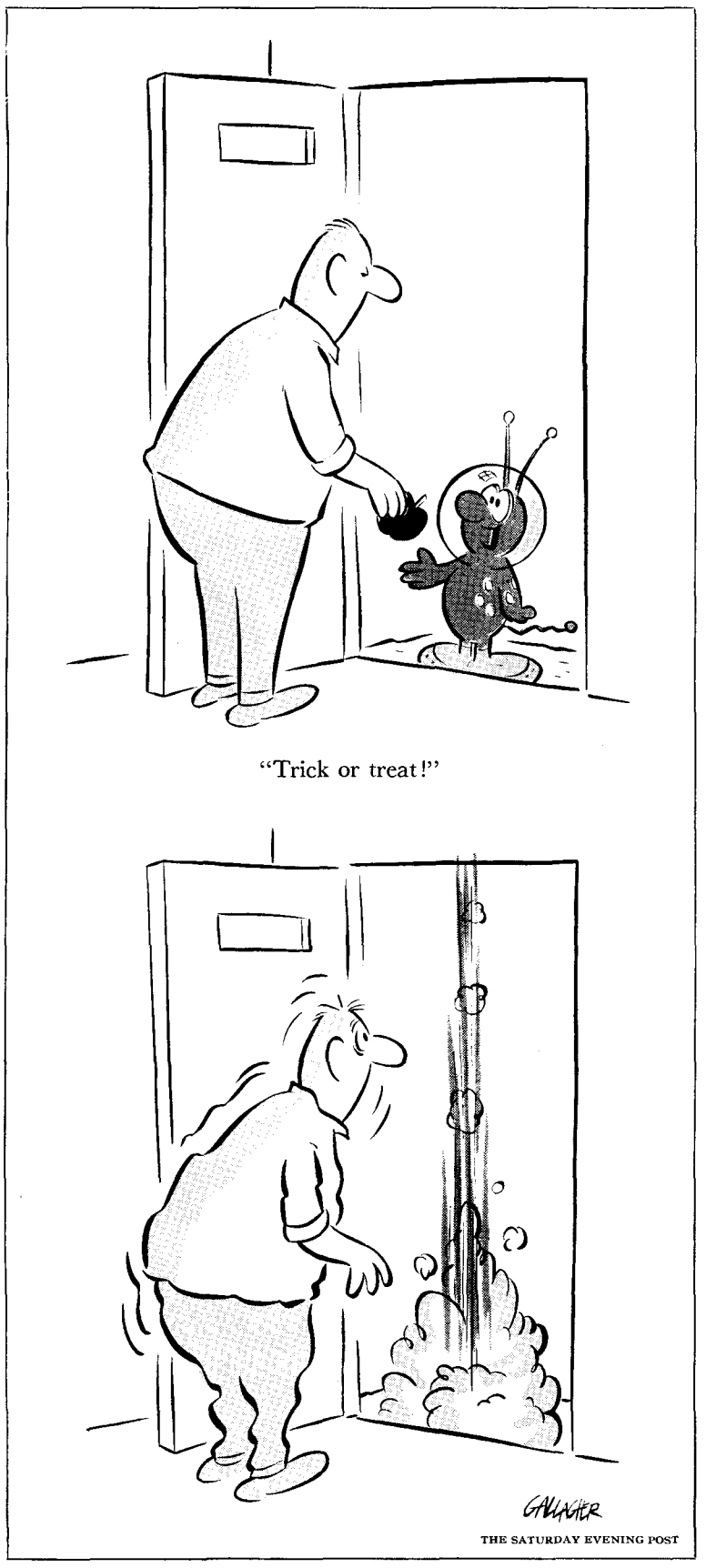
Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Was it you," Louisa asked,
"who kissed me when the lights went out?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



"Trick or treat!"

Wrong Key

Miss Daphne Hollis
Daphne Hollis School of Piano.

Dear Miss Hollis: That was a stellar recital your pupils gave at the Fire Hall, and I so wish you wouldn't feel *The Beacon* spoiled everything with that mistake in our story where we said, "Under the aegis of their piano teacher, Miss Daphne Hollis, the children entertained and their noise was astonishing." It was their "poise" that was astonishing, only our typesetter, Mr. Myron Foley, inadvertently hit the *n* key instead of the *p*. When I called him to task, he pointed out that our typesetting machine is like your piano, inasmuch as each has a keyboard. So please try to look at this as simply a case of Mr. Foley striking a wrong note, musically speaking. We'll make it up to you next week when, I understand, you personally are giving a recital at the Sunday School Oyster Supper. Meanwhile, thank you for writing. It's good to have our errors pointed out. Keeps us on our toes.

Regretfully,
OWEN GRIMES, Editor
The East Harmony Weekly Beacon.

My dear Miss Hollis: Regarding our Oyster Supper story, please be assured no malice was meant by the part that read, "When the chairlady announced a piano recital by Miss Daphne Hollis, the audience fled to the Christian Endeavor room." "Fled" should have read "filed," and I was extremely severe with Mr. Foley. But he pointed out a brighter side. He said anyone who was there knows the reason the people went to the C. E. room is because that is where the piano was. So, in a way, the word "fled" implies a veritable stampede to hear you play. Does that make you feel better? I hope so. Mr. Foley, incidentally, is only a part-time typesetter here (the rest of the time he works his own farm), and he explained that his fingers get stiff from handling a hay fork. I guess you know from your own art that unless the fingers are limber, mistakes can occur at a keyboard. I hear you have an organ recital coming up at the church next Wednesday. Well, this is one organ recital that will make Page One. We owe you something for your mental anguish you mentioned on the phone.

Most contritely,
OWEN GRIMES, Editor.

My very dear Miss Hollis: When we passed on Main Street and you looked the other way, I knew something must have happened, so I rushed back to *The Beacon* and reread our item on your organ recital. I guess you are miffed about the part that said, "Everyone was glad when she played The Last Chord." I really sailed into Foley this time, demanding to know how come he could spell "Rachmaninoff" right and goof a simple word like "Lost." If it is any consolation, Foley has taken his stiff fingers back to full-time farming. Also, I hope you may find further comfort in the fact that I had to read through the story three times to discover the error, and not many subscribers read us three times—or even twice. Awaiting some sign of forgiveness, however small, I am

Bowed with remorse,
OWEN GRIMES, Editor.

W. F. MIKSCH

Shop Early and Avoid the Turkey

The Christmas lights along the streets,
  The tinsel in the stores we enter,
The carols from the record shops,
  The Santas in each shopping center,
The children lobbying for toys
  Without which life won't be worth living
All make us conscious of the fact
  It won't be long until Thanksgiving.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

Bulletin No. 24427 (a)

For All Elementary-School Teachers

The following suggestions have been prepared to help you in writing your pupils' monthly progress reports. In the interest of good home-school relationships, the administration recommends the use of the expressions in the *right-hand* column rather than those in the left.

Somewhat Harsh Expressions	More Diplomatic Statements
Selfish	Needs help in learning to enjoy sharing with others.
Too free with fists	Resorts to physical means of winning his point or gaining attention.
Noisy	Needs to develop quieter habits of communication.
Is a bully	Has qualities of leadership but needs help in learning to use them democratically.
Lazy	Needs ample supervision in order to work well.
Lies	Shows difficulty in distinguishing between imaginary and factual material.
Steals	Needs help in learning to respect the property rights of others.
Insolent, Smart aleck	Needs guidance in learning to express himself respectfully.
Eats like a pig.	Needs help in improving table manners.
Is driving his teacher out of her mind.	Has tendency to irritate others on occasion.

KAY NELSON

Heinrich Schnibble's Worden Booke

FOOTBALL: Noggengebustenslammenbangen.
COACH: Noggengebustenslammenbangenteachenmeister.
FOOTBALL FAN: Noggengebustenslammenbangenwatcher.
OLD GRAD: Noggengebustenslammenbangenwatchenquickishdrinkensneaker.
FOOTBALL OFFICIAL: Backenforthengerunnenwhistlegetootenstartenstopper.

CAMERA: Pikturgetookensnappenclicker
FLASH BULB: Pikturgetookensnappenclickerflashenpoofer.
PHOTO: Sillischergrinnenrecordenprint.

GOAT: Foulenschmeller.
BILLY GOAT: Beardengewaggenbacksidengebuttenfoulenschmeller.

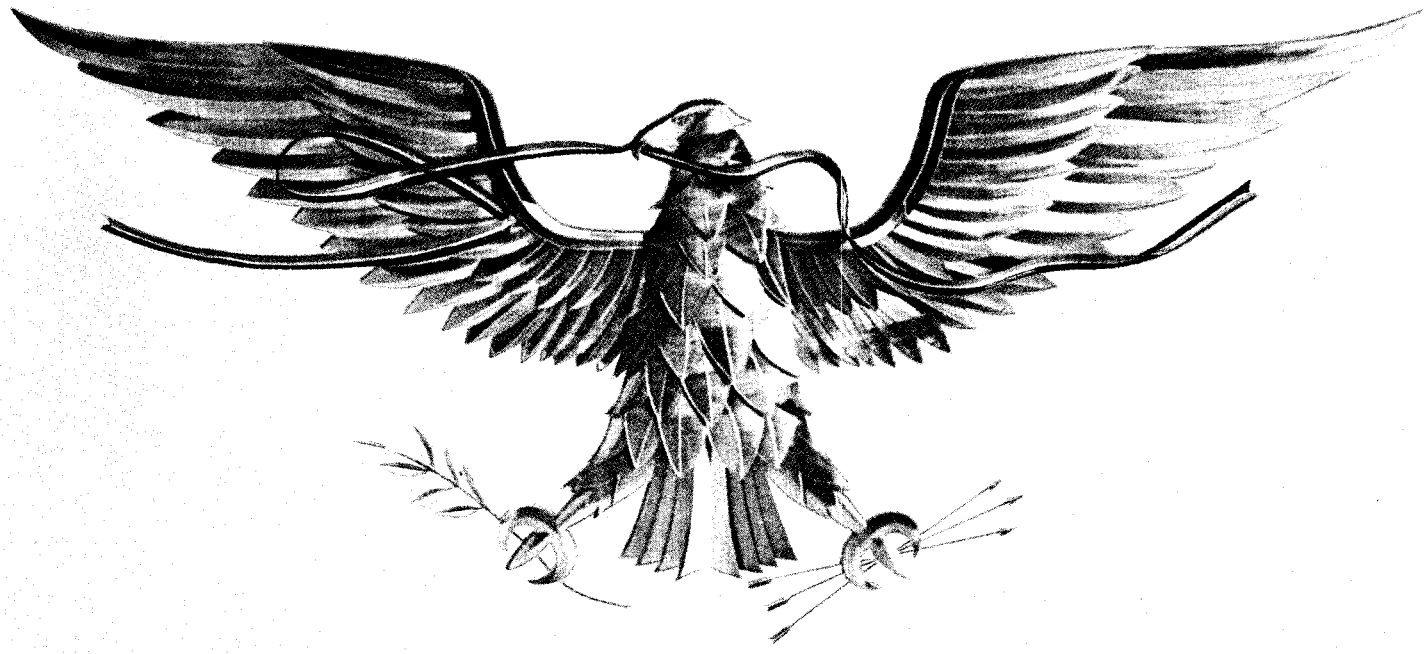
INSECT: Buzzenstinger.
INSECTICIDE: Buzzenstingerkaputenspray.
SPRAYER: Buzzenstingerkaputensprayge-whooshensquirter.

TYPEWRITER: Huntenpickenclacker.
TYPIST: Huntenpickenclackerpounder.
TYPIST'S BOSS: Huntenpickenclackerpoundergechasenschtunker.
HATPIN: Huntenpickenclackerpoundergechasenschtunkerhaltenstabber.
SHORTHAND: Birdenscratchenspeedischerwritenscheme.

DAVE MORRAH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPERIAL



IMPERIAL CROWN FOUR-DOOR SOUTHAMPTON IN AUTUMN RUSSETT. DRESS BY BURKE-AM

IMPERIAL FOR 1961, as you might expect, holds fast to the basic concept. The classic Imperial look is interpreted in a number of fresh, exciting and delightfully unexpected refinements: a crisply formal grille, engagingly relieved by free-standing headlamps; a magnificently upholstered instrument panel; rakish, suspended taillights.

Passenger compartments have great room and luxury (and are the easiest of all to enter and leave). The car's already unequaled handling characteristics and riding qualities have been made even better.

One of these thoroughly exciting cars is at your dealer's now, fresh from the most deliberate, most patient production lines in America . . . proved by more than six hundred tests and inspections.

We urge you to drive it for an hour or more. It is America's most carefully built car.

IMPERIAL DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AMERICA'S MOST CAREFULLY BUILT CAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW IDEA LINE

The coffee maker with a built-in level in the handle.

This coffee maker counts the cups!

Check the big numbers on the built-in level. They tell at a glance how much water to use as you fill, how much coffee is left as you pour. And what coffee! Make it as you like it, whether it's three cups or ten. Simply set it, mild, medium, strong—or anywhere in between. No watching, no timing. When coffee is done, it stays hot automatically.

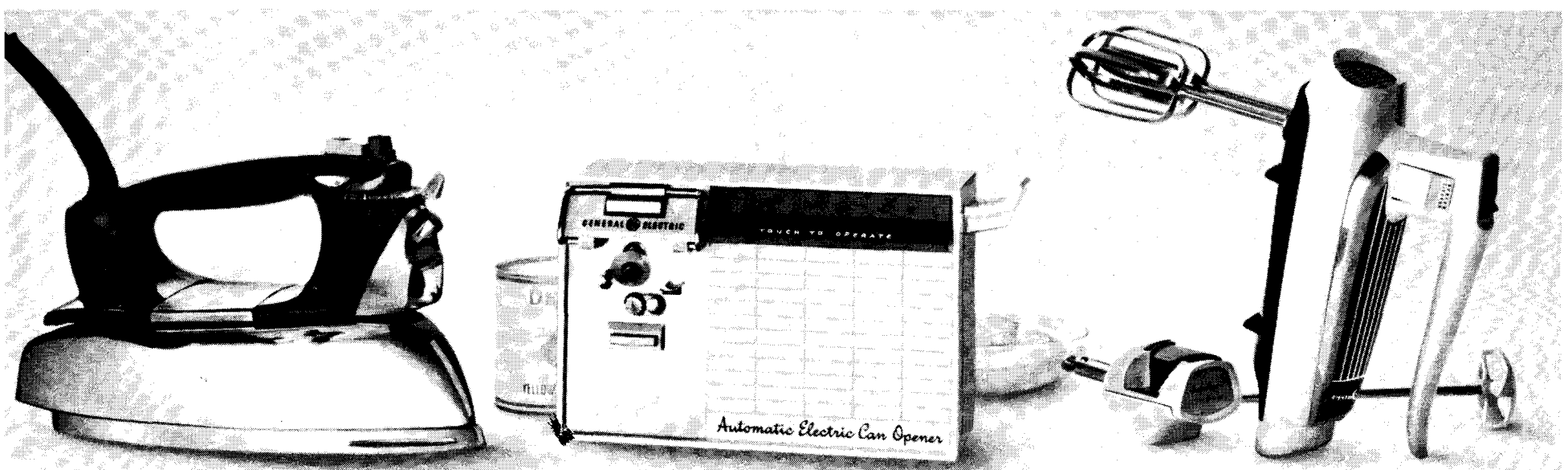
It's called the General Electric Peek·A·Brew* Coffee Maker.

A great idea for gifts. (Why not start with your *own* family?) See it at your General Electric dealer's. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

*Trademark of General Electric Co.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Sprinkles as you iron—New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has three wash and wear settings—eliminates guesswork.

Opens cans automatically! General Electric Automatic Can Opener opens cans at touch of a finger, smoothly, cleanly! No jagged edges.

Beats, whips, mixes drinks—now sharpens knives, too! New General Electric Portable Mixer has optional knife sharpener accessory.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Second-String Star (Continued from Page 29)

doll. She's so tiny I tower over her, and that's a feeling I enjoy. She must be quite advanced in age—fifty or sixty or around there, but you'd never know it; she's young at heart. She's got silvery hair fixed real neat and a pretty fresh skin and the sparkliest brown eyes you ever saw. She's a lady from the tip of her head to her dainty little feet and she brings out the chivalry in a man. You want to stretch out your coat so she won't muddy up her red shoes.

Mother Bee always wears red shoes. "It's impossible to mope in red shoes," she says with that sparkly little smile. She's got reason to mope. Her husband died two years ago, after a long illness which used up most of their money. They were childless, and now she's all alone. But Mother Bee never talks about her troubles; what she does mostly is listen. Brother, can she listen! Not having any boys of her own, she loves all of us and she loves Joe the best.

What she knows about football you could engrave on the head of a pin, and her comments can get comical. But she's smart and she's got it figured about Joe. We were discussing it the first of this year when Joe was third-string quarterback, still going around with that nice smile, but bleeding inside.

"Joe's got so much imagination and sense," Mother Bee says. "He has self-discipline too, Corky. He keeps right on working and trying, no matter how discouraging things are."

And then I nearly flipped because there were tears in those merry brown eyes. "Oh, Corky!" she said. "If he could only have a chance!"

You'd think he'd have a chance now, with Brewster injured, but I wondered. We've got three units at Mountain U. The first one's really good, the second one's not bad, the third one—well, about all it does is run the opposition's plays in scrimmage. Ham's been using Clay Brewster to run both units whenever we've got the ball and saving Spike Andrews, the second-string quarterback, for defense. I'm praying he'll use Joe this way, too, but at scrimmage that Monday, Joe wasn't doing well. That boy was shook, trying too hard, juggling hand-offs and overthrowing his receivers. Whenever a play misfired, I could see his rueful grin. I knew just what he'd be saying; "I goofed. Sorry, guys. Let's run it right this time." And they would, but Ham never seemed to be watching the second time. He only noticed the goofs and the grin that didn't seem to care, and his face looked like Old Thundercloud. Spike was running the first unit, and it looked to me like Joe would occupy his customary spot on the bench when we played Northeastern.

We don't have a training table at Mountain U. Joe eats the Chi Lambda chow. Only he didn't eat much that night. He didn't talk, either, and when we went off afterward to watch the films, he forgot the little notebook that quarterbacks are supposed to bring with them. He was in a fog.

We were standing in the hall, gassing and waiting for the coaches to show, when here comes Mother Bee, flashing everybody a smile. "Joe," she said, "the boys said you'd need this," and she handed him the notebook.

Right then Ham and the two other coaches came down the hall like an express train, and Ham pulled up with a pained expression which said, "What in tarnation is a dame doing here?" and Joe quickly introduced her.

"I'm so very proud to meet you," she said. First Ham looks kind of surprised and then he smiles and shakes hands in a sort of courtly manner, believe it or not.

And then Mother Bee beams at all the muscled hulks surrounding her and says in her dear, innocent way, "I'm counting on you boys beating Northeastern, you know. I bet my bank roll on you!"

Joe turned white. "Mother Bee!" His voice came out like he was being strangled. "You shouldn't have done that!"

She gave him a motherly pat. "Oh, but I was quite shrewd," she said. "I was having coffee in a restaurant downtown this morning and overheard all these men making football bets and I remarked that I'd like to bet on Mountain University, and then this gentleman made me such a ridiculous offer I simply had to take it. You see, when I bet on you boys, I only had to put up one dollar against two of his."

Joe's color came back. "So you risked a whole dollar on us?" He grinned.

"Heavens, no!" She twinkled back. "What good would that do? I bet seven hundred dollars."

There was a ghastly noise. I think everybody sucked in his breath or something.

"Good grief, woman!" Ham roared. "How many points did he give you?"

"Points?" Mother Bee asked sweetly.

"Northeastern happens to be favored by about twenty-eight points," Ham said. "I suppose this fellow you bet didn't mention that?"

Mother Bee shook her head.

"He was no gentleman," Ham told her.

"Oh, that's all right!" Mother Bee blithely dismissed four touchdowns with an airy wave of her hand. "I really took advantage of him. He doesn't know Joe. You see," she said very gently to Ham, "this isn't a gamble. I'm making an investment in a boy, Mr. Hartnagle—a blue-chip boy."

She gave Joe a dazzling smile and tapped happily away. What can anybody say at a time like that? Nothing. Ham clamped his mouth shut and stomped into the film room.

Ordinarily these film sessions are pretty routine. First they show the last week's game and point out everybody's mistakes. Then they show films of the team we're about to play, with a few comments. About all the coaches ever say is their tired old speech about it doesn't matter what anybody did last week, the ones who get to play this week are the ones who do best in practice. Anyway, all the team members ever say is, "Yes, sir," and, "No, sir." Tonight wasn't routine.

The film of last week's game ends. Ham comments that the blocking is something short of sensational and then he looks sort of wild and bellows, "How could anybody bet seven hundred dollars on a team that can't even block?"

Nobody answers. Joe is sitting in the front row in a state of shock, his head sort of sunk on his chest. I'd like to jab him in the spine and tell him to look alert, but I can't, on account of I'm not even supposed to be here.

They're about to start the films of Northeastern, when Ham paces over and glares down at Joe. "Christian!" He barks. "I suggest you pay attention to these films. You've evidently convinced a poor little old lady you're the best quarterback in the country."

That's too much for me. My knees are shaking together like dice in a cup, but I stand up. "That's not fair, Coach Hartnagle," I pipe. "Joe never toots his own horn, and the other guys will tell you I'm right."

There was a rumble of agreement, and I felt good. Every man there liked Joe.

"Oh!" Sarcasm drips from Ham's voice. "The lady got the idea from you, then. It's your opinion Christian's a great quarterback?"

"Yes, sir," I said. Man, I wished I hadn't started this. I was just making things worse for Joe; I knew he was dying, but I couldn't stop now. "That's my opinion, and I'll stand by it one hundred per cent," I finished.

"You do that," Ham snapped. He starts back to his seat and then turns around. "What in the devil are you doing here, anyway?" he roars.

I couldn't exactly think of a reason. "Would you like me to leave, sir?"

"Sit down." He grunted. "Wish you weighed two hundred pounds. I could use a guy with your guts."

The tension snapped, and everybody busted out laughing—everybody but Joe. The film started, and Joe was watching now like his life depended on it. Brother, what I saw made me slightly sick. Northeastern looked great.

"You see what you're up against," Ham said when they were finished. "Bobby Nielsen was not an ordinary player and he does not turn out an ordinary team." I was getting sick of old buddy Bobby.

"If you fellows ever decide to play up to your potential," Ham went on, "you would not be an ordinary team. You could beat almost anybody."

He starts out, comes back, goes to Joe. "I shouldn't have accused you of overconfidence, Christian," Ham said. "That's one thing you're not guilty of." He shook his head ruefully. "That little lady betting her money got me upset."

Joe stood up. You couldn't say he looked mad, but he sure wasn't grinning. "Perhaps I am overconfident, sir," he said. "At least, I don't believe I'm looking at this game the way you are. When I took basic ROTC we had a course in military history, and there was one thing all those great generals had in common, sir. They never planned a losing battle."

Seemed like ten minutes before Ham spoke. "I have never in my life planned a losing battle," Ham finally said, grim-faced. "Just what gave you that idea?"

"Nothing you said, sir," Joe told him. "Nevertheless, it's a feeling I get. I think you believe we can't possibly beat Northeastern. I think you don't want us to get too high for this game because next week we've got to beat Plains State. I understand your problem, sir, but I've got one too. Mother Bee bet all her money on us. Winning that Northeastern game is the most important thing in the world to me. As for Plains State—well, sir, I remember one thing a famous general said in the history book we studied. He said, 'Victory is a powerful force which provides its own momentum.'"

Another long silence. "You do well in practice and you'll get a chance to beat Northeastern, Christian," Ham said. And he streaked out like a comet.

And then Joe got mobbed. Man, they were pumping his hand and thumping his back and hollering, and I knew they'd play for him like they never played for Clay Brewster. He didn't grin. "We have got to beat Northeastern," he said.

And he zoomed out with thirty-five guys in his wake. Leadership? Criminy, they'd have followed him to the moon.

We were almost back to the house when I thought of something I wanted to know. "Say, Joe," I asked, "what general was that who said victory provides its own momentum?"

All of a sudden his face busts out in a big grin. "General Joe Christian," he says. Well, you see what I mean about Joe. Brother, he is a thinking man!

He settled down next day in scrimmage; I thought he did fine, but you couldn't tell by watching Ham. Ham spent a lot of time working on kickoff and punt returns, and I heard him explaining that to a local sports writer. "We're not going far through that Northeastern line," he said. "Their pass defense happens to be excellent. I figure the only way we might score is on a runback."

I got discouraged when I heard that. It doesn't do a quarterback much good to have confidence when his coach hasn't got it. That night I looked up the home number of the Friendly Loan Company's manager and asked him how much I could borrow on my beat-up 1949 Ford. It wasn't anywhere near seven hundred dollars, so I hung up.

We didn't even log any sack time that week. Joe was up ten times a night with the light on, writing stuff in his notebook. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"Working on pass patterns. Making a battle plan," he said. Criminy! I didn't dare point out that he didn't even know if he'd get in the battle. He wasn't sleeping even when the lights were out, I could tell. He was lying there playing football and praying. It was driving me crazy.

"How can you play with no sleep?" I demanded.

"I'll sleep. When Mother Bee's won that money, I'll sleep."

And what if she lost it? Did she realize what that might do to Joe? "She shouldn't have put that much pressure on you!"

"Don't you say one word to her," Joe ordered. "When anybody's got that much faith in you, you don't let them down."

"Battle fatigue!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...in Milk of Magnesia —the remedy doctors recommend

Regular or Mint-Flavored,
Milk of Magnesia brings wonderful relief
from constipation and acid indigestion

Doctors agree. We asked thousands of doctors, coast to coast, "Do you ever recommend Milk of Magnesia?" The overwhelming majority said, "Yes!"

It's a thorough laxative. Phillips' gently relieves constipation, and also the acid indigestion which so often accompanies constipation.

It's a speedy antacid. Phillips' settles an upset stomach in seconds! Gas pains and other acid discomforts seem to vanish.

It's pleasant to take. Choose Regular or refreshing Mint-Flavored Phillips'. Both the same price.

PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR OR MINT-FLAVORED

So Mother Bee went around blithely believing Joe could lick Northeastern singlehanded, and Joe got hollow-eyed and Thursday morning came. We had to get up early; we were riding a bus into Denver and taking the plane from there. The team was eating breakfast downtown, so the seven squad members at the Chi Lambda house, including me, were getting out in what we considered a quiet way when Mother Bee appeared.

"I had to see you off," she said. . . . "Joe, I don't want you worrying about my bet. My goodness!" she said. "That's only money! I know you boys will outplay Northeastern, but luck enters into it, too, so I tried to take care of that." And she gave Joe a little gold horseshoe on a key chain, and a great big hug. He was too choked up to say anything; he just hugged her, and we left.

She called me back, tucked an envelope in my coat pocket. "There's a sleeping pill in there," she said. "It's mild; it won't hurt him. Be sure he takes it tonight, Corky. His eyes look dreadful."

"Are you sure it's O.K.?"

"Have you ever seen me groggy in the morning?" she asked. "Corky, dear, there are times when a fraternity housemother needs help to sleep. Take care of Joe."

The stewardess on the plane fixed the horseshoe on a piece of string so Joe could wear it around his neck. It got passed around first so everybody could touch it and let the luck rub off. I could tell there was a lot of faith being put in that horseshoe.

Ham didn't notice. He was excited about seeing his old buddy and was acting like somebody on a vacation. You could even see how he might have been before his wife died. "Bobby will meet our plane," he told us. "You men will get the red-carpet treatment."

But nobody met the plane, and if there was any red carpet, we missed it. Ham got called away from dinner and came back to say Bobby had phoned. Seemed Bobby was all tied up with a bunch of big-shot alumni, but he'd see us in the morning when we worked out. Ham had trouble hiding his disappointment.

We didn't meet the great Bobby until we'd finished our workout Friday and were leaving Northeastern's field house, which was roughly the size of our whole campus.

He was the personality kid, all right—all smile and no heart. He tells poor Ham how great it is to see him, just great! If there's anything he can do for Ham, just let him know he says, and then looks at his watch and has to run. "Got to get my boys ready for these tigers of yours," he says with a jolly big laugh, ha, ha. Darned if he doesn't spot me then and pats the top of my head.

"This big boy your fullback?" he asks, knocking himself out with another ha, ha.

I make my voice higher than usual. "No, sir," I pipe. "I'm a tackle, sir."

That crack got us through the rest of Friday. About every two minutes somebody would mimic me, "No, sir; I'm a tackle, sir," and everybody would belly-laugh—everybody but Ham and Joe. Ham didn't appreciate it, still thinking Bobby was the greatest. Joe was strung tight as a piano wire, vibrating with purpose.

About midnight it began to rain. Joe didn't hear it, he was sleeping like a baby with the pill I told him was a vitamin capsule Mother Bee insisted he take. I wished she'd given me one. Now I worried about a muddy field.

Of course, the programs are printed and the sportscasters have our starting eleven, but the squad never knows until just before the game. Bill Prentice, our best halfback, is the permanent captain. But Ham lets the squad elect a co-captain for each game and then names his starting eleven. There's no doubt who'll be co-captain for this game. It's Joe. Everybody cheers, and I know it must have been darn near unanimous. Spike is looking relieved, on account of he prefers defense.

I figure Ham will surely start Joe. He's done real well all week and he's been chosen captain. I'm dead wrong. Spike is the starting quarterback.

It seemed to me all the starch went out of the team. They were awfully quiet running onto the field, and then you could see them getting bug-eyed and jittery at the big-time atmosphere. That huge stadium was almost full, but not because anybody came to see Mountain U. Good grief, it was Northeastern's homecoming! Seemed like it took fifteen minutes for all their players to trot on the field, and they got bigger as they came.

Joe was on the field just long enough to win the toss and elect to receive. It was still drizzling, and the field was muddy. Right before the kickoff I saw Joe, standing on the side lines, reach beneath his jersey and touch the little gold horseshoe.

It brought us luck, all right—bad. Prentice took the ball on the six-yard line, cut to the right, slipped and fumbled. Northeastern recovered and scored on the next play. Their fullback went over with Spike on his back. They kicked the point after, and it was 7 to 0 with not even one minute gone.

Four minutes later they had another touchdown. This time Al Martin got unattached from the slippery ball on our thirty-yard line. Northeastern used four plays to score and missed the conversion attempt, but what difference did that make? Criminy, it was going to be a rout!

And then Ham, stern-jawed and cold-eyed, sent in Joe with the second unit. He was so mad he didn't even give them any instructions. "Just try to hang onto the ball," he snapped.

Man! Was I nervous! Maybe Joe was, but he didn't show it. He began to drive that team, slow but sure. Nobody fumbled. They were holding the ball. They went from our ten-yard line to the fifty. I was having a heck of a time watching. The head linesman was throwing me a ball to wipe off after every play, and everybody on the bench was standing up hollering, cutting off my view.

But I was standing right beside Ham while he talked on the phone to the coach spotting upstairs. Ham hollered for Charley Lee, our best end. He was going to send Charley in with instructions for Joe. Seemed Northeastern's left halfback was kind of short, and playing pretty close, coming in on every tackle. Joe should pass long over him.

But before Ham could get Charley on the field, Joe did just that. He laid the ball right in Ron Wade's hands, and there was nobody between Ron and the goal posts. It was a sure touchdown. But Ron fell down and dropped the ball, and Northeastern recovered.

Criminy! It was that way the rest of the half—a nightmare of frustration. We outplayed Northeastern. They only made one first down, for crying out loud, while we made ten. But we couldn't get over the goal line. Something always happened at a crucial spot. Now it was the way I'd hoped it would be—Ham was using Joe on offense, Spike on defense, and no kidding, both of them were sensational. But they were jinxed. Mother Bee's horseshoe had put a curse on us. It was still 13 to 0 at halftime.

Joe ran off the field, jerked me off to one side and crammed the horseshoe in my hand. "Hide this," he said under his breath. "When I lose the face guard on my helmet, you produce it. Savvy?"

I didn't savvy at all, but I didn't dare say so. Joe looked like death. He seemed to have misplaced the whole top of his nose, and his face was caked with mud and blood. His eyes were terrible-looking—desperate and grim. I tell you I could have bawled. Mother Bee's faith wasn't enough; we couldn't beat Northeastern.

I'll swear there's a special smell to defeat, and it was heavy in the dressing room when Doc and I began patching up players. "That lousy horseshoe brought us nothing but bad luck," one groaned.

"No," Joe said. "I lost it before the game started. It's around the bench somewhere. We've got to find it."

And then Ham came in and began talking, real quiet.

"I'm proud of you, men," he said. "You've played like pros. You'd be ahead in this game if it weren't for me."

About ten guys protested, the ones who'd fumbled (*Continued on Page 48*)

"May I make a suggestion, dad?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

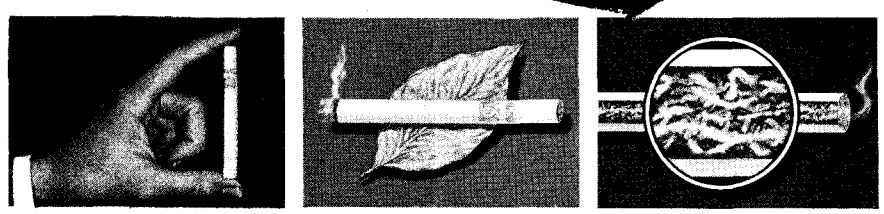
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Taste PALL MALL... so GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!

Good-Looking Good-Tasting Good-Smoking Pall Mall!

Why does Pall Mall taste so good, good, good? Because Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke naturally—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor. That's why Pall Mall tastes so good! good! good! Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right!

Outstanding...and they are Mild!



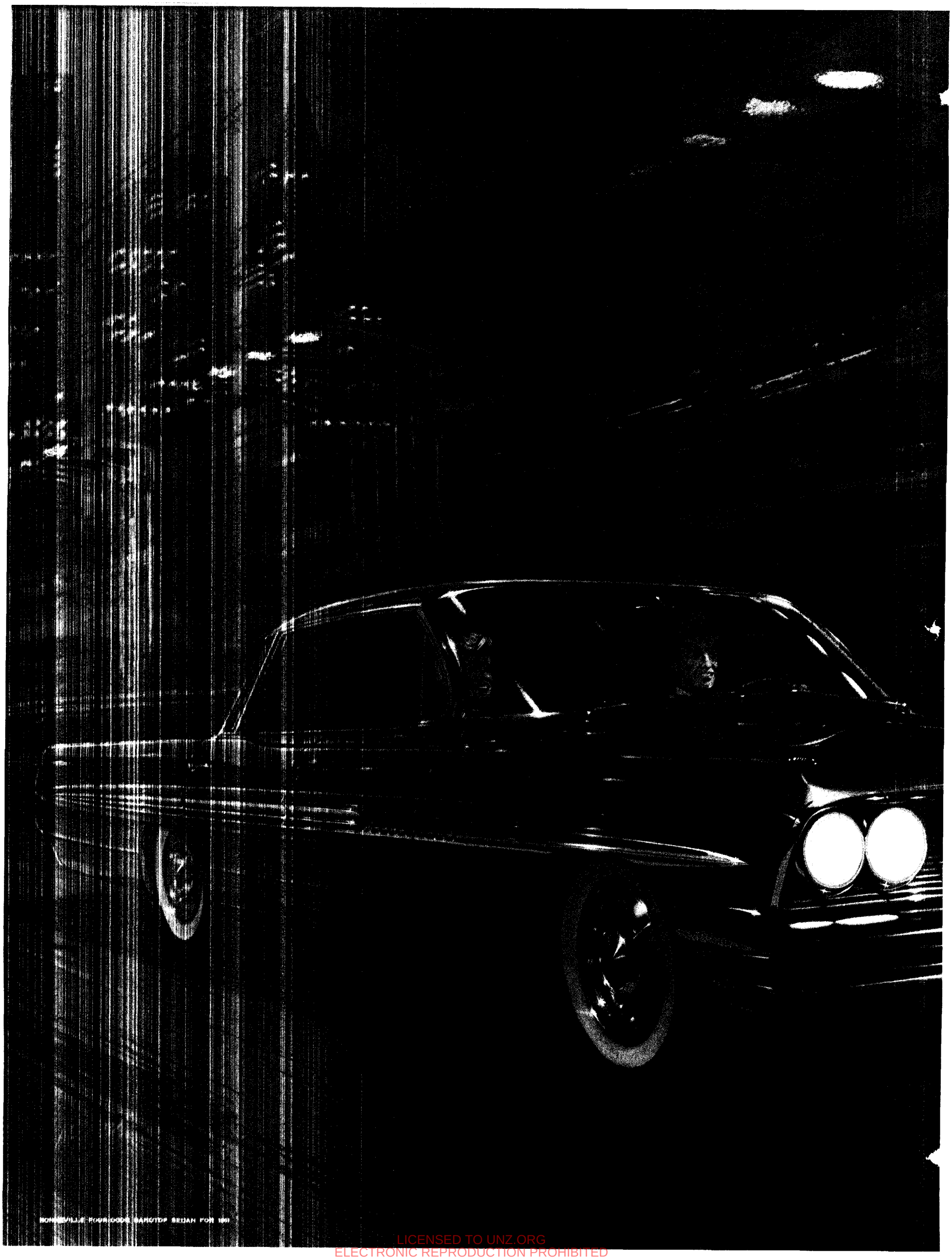
HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1. You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.
2. Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .
3. Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos —and makes it mild!

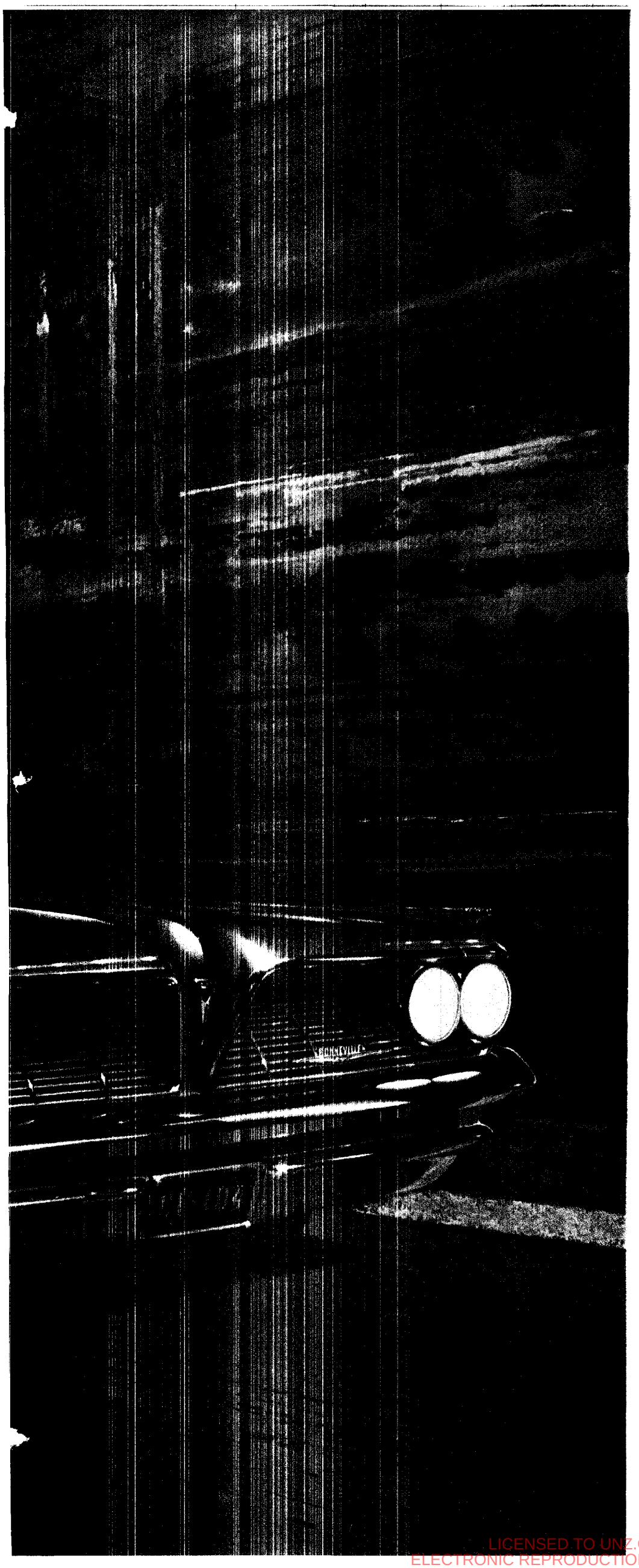
Enjoy satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Built-to-the-road balance, lane-holding control...

(that's the Wide-Track way to travel)

The wheels are moved out to body width. Side overhang is reduced. More weight is balanced between the wheels. This is how the '61 Pontiac gives you a sense of control that can't be copied.

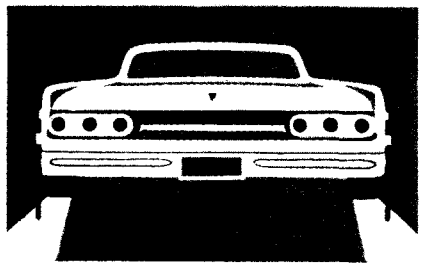
You get balance that takes the lean out of curves. You get straightaway stability even on turns.

Why not turn Pontiac loose for the untiring roadwork it was built for. You'll feel a new kind of driving sureness on every kind of road. That is the new Wide-Track way to travel.

Only Pontiac has it.

THE ONLY WIDE-TRACK CAR!
Wheels moved out to body width. More weight balanced between the wheels. No other car hugs the road with such sure-footed stability and precision.

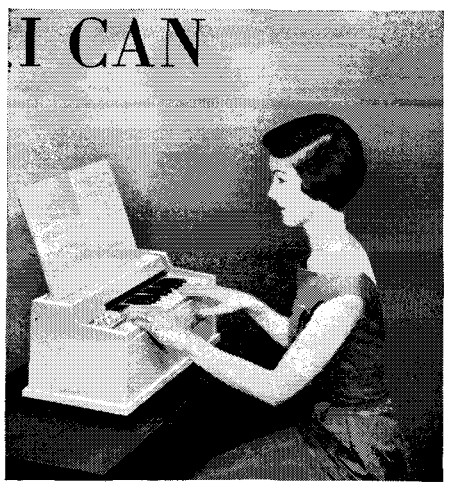
PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

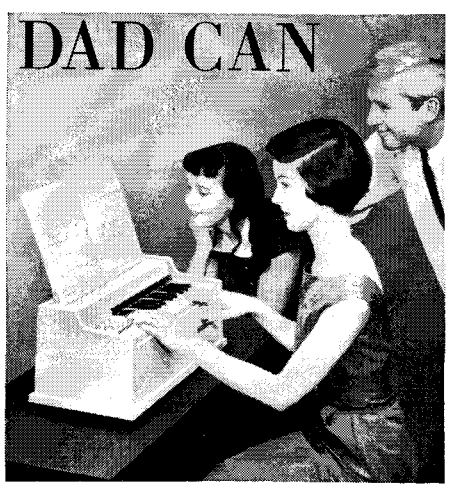


PONTIAC '61

IT'S ALL PONTIAC!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





YOU CAN
PLAY THE
MAGNUS
ELECTRIC CHORD ORGAN
IN JUST
60 SECONDS

It's true! Everyone can play a Magnus Organ in one minute—just by reading numbers. It's so easy, you need no lessons or practice. You'll play full, rich music . . . both the melody and chords of all your favorite songs, including jazz, opera, hymns, classics and pop tunes. Here's the quickest way for everyone to enjoy the satisfaction, fun, and relaxation of playing real music, instantly. Magnus Electric Chord Organs make the perfect gift, priced for every budget, from $49.95 (the Jewel illustrated above) to $299.95, *and styled for every taste.* Ask for a free demonstration at your favorite music, appliance, furniture or department store.

Write for free literature
MAGNUS ORGAN CORP., Dept. P-10
100 Naylon Ave. • Livingston, New Jersey
World's largest manufacturer
of quality electric chord organs

(*Continued from Page 44*) or dropped passes, but Ham motioned them to be still. "I was too busy looking forward to seeing Bobby Nielsen to concentrate on winning," Ham said. "I was doing what I've been doing ever since my wife died—living in the past. Bobby was part of that past. I thought we were still buddies, but I realize now the friendship was one-sided. Bobby was pretty shabby to me, and what's worse, he was shabby to you. I've been feeling sorry for myself because I didn't have the boys I wanted when I got married. It's taken until right now for me to wake up and realize I have boys of my own, that they're fine boys and I love and respect them as individuals, not just football players."

Ham stopped and cleared his throat. "I want to beat Northeastern now," he said, "so much I can taste it. I want Bobby Nielsen to have to walk across the field and congratulate the hick coach from the hick college."

Wow! The roar nearly shook the roof off that place. "What's more," Ham said, "you *can* beat them. You're charging harder. Your blocking and tackling and pursuit are superior. Your quarterback calls a smarter game. If winning for Joe and that little old lady who bet on you isn't enough, I'll give you more incentive. You beat Northeastern, and there'll be no hours after the game. I personally will foot the bill for a night on the big town."

There was a shocked silence, and then somebody ventured, "What about Plains State and next week?"

"I don't give a hoot about next week," Ham said. "'Let victory provide its own momentum,' as the general said. What general did you say that was, Joe?"

"I—I don't think I said," Joe stammered.

A big grin split Ham's face. "That's what I thought," he said. "Gentlemen, I give you the general. You won't find a better one anywhere."

Man, those guys were so steamed up when they started the second half they even looked bigger! The trouble was, Northeastern got the kickoff and they were steamed up too. I imagine Bobby had been a mite upset at the first-half statistics. Right away, Northeastern pulled a tricky reverse and scored again. The kick was good; it was 20 to 0, and I could have killed myself.

But then the general took over. He was standing on the side lines waiting to take in the first unit and he says, calm as if he'd planned it this way, "Good! Now they think they've got us. They'll let down, and we'll demoralize them. We need some luck," he says and yells at me. "Corky! Keep looking for that horseshoe!"

The rain had stopped, but the field was still muddy. In between wiping footballs, I had to act like I was searching for the horseshoe while all the time it was in my pocket. Everybody on the bench was digging in the mud trying to find that cock-eyed lucky piece that hadn't ever been lost; and, meanwhile, we've worked the ball down to their forty-yard line, and suddenly Joe has to come to the side lines, the face guard on his helmet is busted.

"Corky!" he yells. "My face guard!" I come to, I wake up, I savvy. I slide the horseshoe out of my pocket on to the ground, find it with a great flourish, jump up and down waving it, and Joe runs back to the huddle jumping with joy, bearing the good news, and we score on the next play. Joe fakes so masterfully he not only fools Northeastern, but me. I watch the fullback struggling through the middle, fighting for a few yards, while all the time Prentice has got the ball and is streaking into the end zone unmolested. While I'm still in a state of shock, Joe passes for a two-point conversion. It's 20 to 8.

Joe comes out, and Spike goes in, and Joe says to Spike as they pass, "You got two minutes, boy, to get me that ball."

Two minutes on the nose, and Spike's got it. They try the fancy reverse again from their forty-yard line, and this time Spike's waiting. He tackles the ball carrier way back on the thirty and hits him so hard he fumbles. We're there to recover.

Northeastern calls a time out to rally their forces, and Joe goes in. The time out ends, and Joe drills a perfect pass right into the hands of Charley Lee on the five-yard line; Charley goes into the end zone standing up. I run in with some towels so everybody can mop the mud off their hands, and stay long enough to hear Joe ordering Al Martin, our fullback, to go over right tackle for two points. "Yes, general," Al says—and darned if he doesn't, breathing fire and dragging tacklers with him. It's 20 to 16 now, and that's how the third quarter ends.

Joe comes out, and Spike goes in, and Spike, grinning like an idiot, says, "Yes, sir, general. Two minutes, general."

It takes a lot longer. Northeastern's getting a little mad now, and we're getting tired. I'm about to turn gray-headed when Spike leaps some ten feet in the air and picks off one of their passes. I see old buddy Bobby across the way, stomping up and down in front of the bench, shaking his fist at his players, and he sends in a fresh unit with beautiful clean red shirts. They look huge and eager.

> Many husbands shop with their wives because they don't want them to carry things too far.
>
> GILES H. RUNYON

And then Joe's on his way in with the second unit, and it's so wacky I think I'm dreaming. Spike starts it. As he comes off, he starts singing, "Onward, Christian's soldiers!" and the whole second unit takes it up, and they march on the field like a drill team. The eager new Northeastern players start milling around nervously, nudging one another. The crowd is tittering, standing up to look, and it's like a circus or something—the team huddles and then marches up to the line of scrimmage, still singing. And while the fresh new Northeastern unit is still wondering about their sanity, Joe fakes twice, keeps the ball and runs right over them for seventeen yards. Our mud-spattered worn-out second unit gobbles up Northeastern's clean red-jerseyed bunch in huge bites—*chomp, chomp.* And before ol' buddy Bobby can get them out of there, we're about to score.

We do score. Joe rolls out to pass, gets the defense spread all over the landscape and then tears down the sidelines into the end zone. The bench goes crazy wild, the team is all in the end zone, kissing and hugging Joe; and I realize the Northeastern homecoming crowd is on its feet, cheering too. We've caught up and gone ahead! It's 22 to 20, and I think of Mother Bee, home listening on the radio.

The bedlam subsides, and Joe kneels down to hold for Prentice's kick. Only Prentice doesn't kick. Joe passes for another two points. It's 24 to 20 with four minutes to go. When Joe comes out, Spike says, "I'll hold the fort, general."

He tries. Brother, how he tries! It looks like he's got the job done. Northeastern has the ball on the fifty-yard line, fourth down and ten to go, and their quarterback gambles, goes back to pass. His close men are covered, so he throws way down to the five-yard line. Spike makes a desperate leap, bats the ball away from the intended receiver, right into the arms of Northeastern's fullback, who just steps into the end zone. Now the Northeastern team and the crowd are going crazy, and Spike staggers to the bench, bawling like a baby. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" he sobs, and Ham and Joe both put their arms around him, their eyes sick. Somebody blocks the point after, but what the heck? It's 26 to 24 with less than a minute remaining.

Ham sends in Joe and the first unit. "We'll have to run back the kickoff," he says. "We've been going to the sidelines, this time go straight up the middle. . . . Prentice, you're the single safety."

Prentice looks sick. "Relax!" Joe says. "There'll be ten of us in front of you. Let's go!"

What if the kickoff went clear out of the end zone? I was scared stiff. It didn't. Prentice took it on the twelve, steamed past one man and got behind his blockers. He darned near made it, but somebody got him from behind on the fifteen-yard line. Joe called for a time out as Prentice hit the ground, and stopped the clock with ten seconds left.

Ten seconds. All that week of working and praying, all that long, rough afternoon of playing like crazy, and it was down to ten seconds!

Prentice came tearing off the field. "The general says please send in Spike," he tells Ham. Spike doesn't wait for Ham's orders; he runs to join the team.

"What's he going to do?" Ham asks.

"He's going to kick a field goal," Prentice says.

"You're the kicker!" Ham looks wild.

"The general says it's his responsibility to win or lose," Prentice reports. "He wants Spike to hold for him so Spike will stop feeling bad. He says he kicked a field goal in high school." All of a sudden Prentice's voice gets hysterical. "It sounded good out there," he hollers and turns his back to the field. He can't watch.

I can't either. I shut my eyes. It's still as death in that huge stadium. The whistle blows, and then there's a roar. I open my eyes. I see the ball sailing high and true through the crossbars. The referee raises his arms, and the gun goes off. It's over, and we've won, 27 to 26.

They carry Joe off the field, and we all stand there in a glorious daze while Bobby walks across to congratulate the hick coach from the hick college. Ham accepts the congratulations quietly.

Everybody's half dead from strain, bruises, sprained ankles, wrenched knees—you name it, we got it. But we still have that night on the town. We play that game ten hundred times in three night clubs and all the way back on the plane, and I mean we're pooped. "Good thing Ham doesn't care about the Plains State game," Prentice says as we're landing. "I might not live till then."

Well, darned if there isn't a crowd to meet us—a band and everything, and right in front is Mother Bee! She runs to Joe, puts her arms around him, and he gives her the old amiable grin. "Collect your money?" he asks.

"Certainly! But I knew I would. I know how good you boys are." She hugged Joe's arm and sparkled at us. "I took all my winnings and bet them on next week's game," she said sweetly.

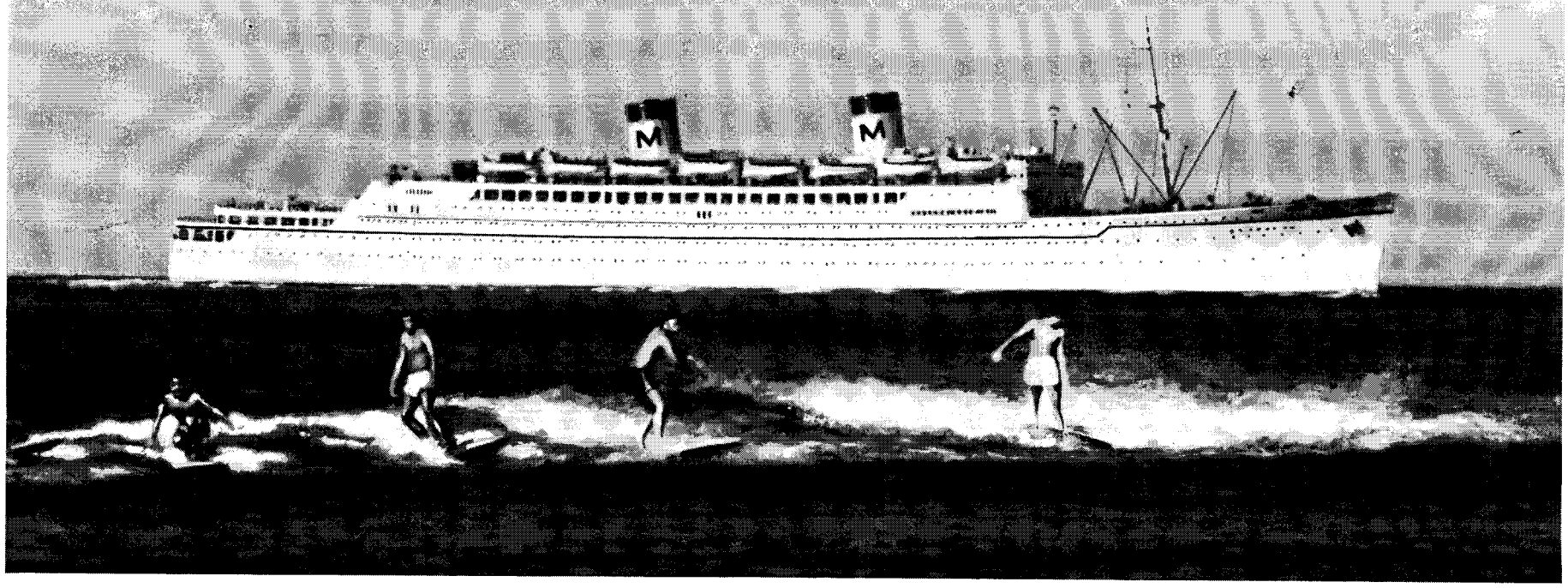
There was an explosion then. It was Ham, laughing like crazy. "Let victory provide its own momentum!" he hollered. And then he stopped laughing and put his arm around Joe's shoulders. "It will," he said. "Come on, general."

And we all marched to the waiting bus. You know what we sang. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SAVE 25%
THROUGH MARCH 14
MATSON
ROUND-TRIP SAILINGS
TO HAWAII

Between October 24, 1960 and March 14, 1961, you'll save a full 25% over regular round-trip fares. You'll enjoy ten romantic nights, nine leisurely days on Matson's Luxury Route to and from the Aloha Isles for as little as $360 round-trip—or only $180 each way. Nothing is reduced but the fares. You'll enjoy every famed facet of Matson hospitality on the all first-class ss LURLINE or ss MATSONIA: 28 superb meals, plus between-meal snacks, room service 'round-the-clock, a gala gamebox of activities and entertainment or relaxing.



SEA/AIR TRAVELERS — You can't afford to miss this unique cruise opportunity! Matson's 25% round-trip fare reductions let you enjoy the fun and luxury of a complete Matson round-trip cruise at a price within your planned Hawaii vacation budget. For your personalized Matson Pacific Cruise Itinerary, use this coupon.

Matson Lines

Matson Lines • Offices: New York, Washington, D.C., Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C., Honolulu

SEP-10/29

Mr. Owen G. Fowler, Jr.
MATSON NAVIGATION COMPANY
215 Market Street, San Francisco, California

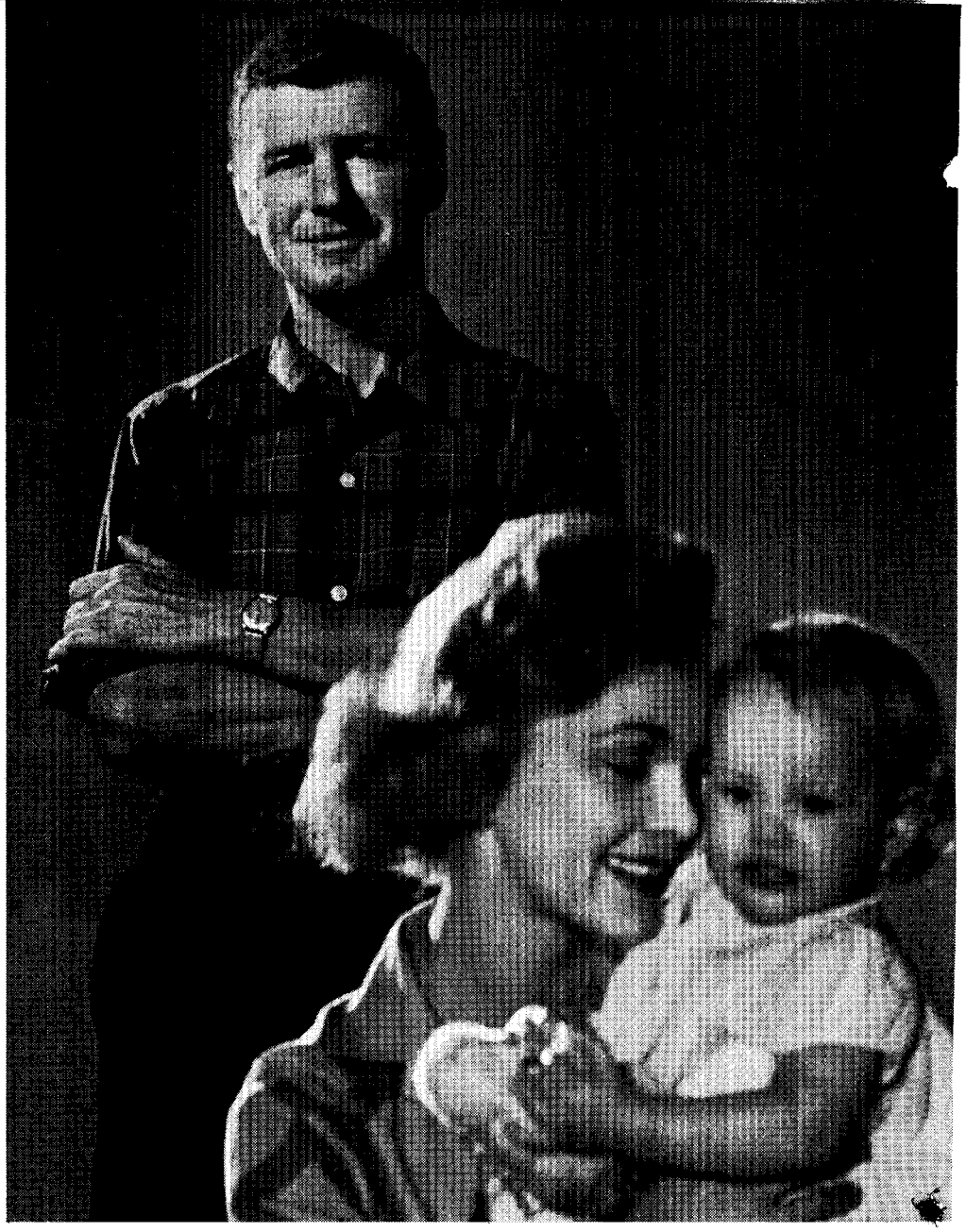
Tell me how a Matson-Hawaii vacation can be tailored to..... vacation days, a budget of $.....with.....in my party. My travel agent is.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Has Our Free Press Failed Us?

(Continued from Page 37)

newspaper colleagues of mine once they are elevated to office in one of the professional associations; in short order they begin to sound like Freemount, the bug candidate in *Pogo*, who responds to all queries with a hearty "Jes fine, jes fine."

Privately, however, the situation is different. T. S. Matthews has quoted the sad summary statement of an English journalist: When we read the reports on some event we personally know something about, we are painfully aware of how wide of the mark we usually are. Every honest editor, and every literate publisher, knows that this is so—and those who aren't too tired keep on trying to do something about it.

The odds against preparing a reasonably accurate and complete first draft of the day's history are long and are still mounting. The new technology has reduced one essential ingredient: time. Rising costs have compressed the other: space. The new electronic competition for the advertising dollar has forced competition for the maximum audience; dancing girls attract more television viewers than commentaries on world affairs, and horoscopes have a higher readership than editorials.

Thus many proprietors of the media—magazines, newspapers, radio and television—face, or think they do, an impossible choice. No one can establish a priority between the duty to inform the public and the duty to survive. The first is impossible without the second, and so many a man of good conscience has thrown out the hard news and shoveled in the features. If he needs a rationalization, he is likely to fall back on some reverse variation of the old story about the man who trained mules with honeyed words and kindness. Receiving word of this remarkable practice, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals dispatched an emissary to present the mule trainer with a medal.

Upon arrival the representative asked for a demonstration, and the trainer obligingly trotted out a young mule, reached for a two-by-four and clouted the beast over the head. As the mule struggled back to his feet the emissary exclaimed in horror, "Good heavens, man, I thought you trained these animals with honeyed words and kindness."

"I do," he replied, "but first I got to get the critter's attention."

Whatever may be the soundness of the reasoning, or the quality of the rationalization, it is fairly easy to see where it has brought us. I don't think any thoughtful person would argue that we are being adequately girded to survive in a perilous world when we are served up sixteen columns on the trial for murder of a Carol Tregoff and four paragraphs on Khrushchev's visit to India. I am not even certain that we are being adequately informed about the essentially irrelevant matters that are offered to titillate us. If we were, I do not believe that the United States State Department would have been compelled to intervene in the Caryl Chessman affair in the name of inter-American relations. Millions of words have been devoted to what amount to cries for vengeance and countercries for mercy in the Chessman case—but how much rational discussion has there been of the real and compelling question that underlies this bizarre business: Did he get a fair trial?

It is easy enough to place the blame for these aberrations on the frail mortals who make the decisions that, superficially, account for the day-to-day performance of the mass media. I do a good deal of blaming myself, and have been blamed, and sometimes have deserved it. A more fruitful exercise, however, might be to examine dispassionately the condition under which the press now must operate.

Most of the common complaints brought against the media are as out of date as the hand press. There is good-enough reason for this. In a sense the proprietors of the press set the terms of the argument; placed on the defensive they still try to sound like Tom Paine; the enemy is not within the gates, but without—and the enemy's name is Government. The battle cry goes back to Locke and Adam Smith and John Milton and John Stuart Mill, and bears the American imprimatur of Thomas Jefferson. It derives from the great libertarian tradition that was the honored product of the eighteenth-century revolt against the authoritarian state, which sought to control the minds of men by regulating the means by which they communicated. Thus the abhorrence of licensing and censorship, and the proper fear of control by government. It is, in short, the *laissez-faire* theory which in the beginning applied to virtually all the institutions of American life.

But there has since been another revolution, and the end is not yet. It is the revolution in technology which has changed the face of America and the bounds of our daily lives. In the march from our pastoral beginnings to the urban, industrial society of today, old freedoms and immunities have vanished or have been seriously eroded; we may mourn them, but we will not get them back and couldn't use them under present conditions if we did. Huge concentrations of economic power are under state regulation; so are the labor unions and other once-voluntary associations; education has become a public responsibility; the right to bear arms has become an obligation. Only in the case of the press and the church has the doctrine of *laissez faire* remained firmly imbedded in the law of the land—and even here the pressures are mounting, not as a result of political conspiracy but of circumstance.

How well did the free press serve us in the simpler past? I leave the judgment to the historians. Lesser men, and particularly journalists, tend to grow sentimental when they look backward. On the rim of every copy desk in the land there are grizzled oldsters who spin tales of the days when ink-stained giants strode the earth. It is just as well, I suspect, that they never go back into the yellowing files and read what the giants actually produced. But what we do know is that the condition of the press a generation or more ago was significantly different.

Understanding that former condition is essential, for it gave substance to the libertarian theory stated by John Milton in these terms:

> Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do ingloriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple: who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

Thomas Jefferson translated this concept into his free marketplace of ideas, where error undoubtedly would be offered but would be put to flight by reason—and his inspiration carried over when Madison drafted the First Amendment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back Up Your Family

through its changing life

with Occidental Change-Easy Insurance

Marriage, children, a new home, plans for college or retirement—these mean changed insurance needs. Occidental's modern Change-Eas concept now allows a single policy to be adapted to meet most life insurance needs. No necessity for a number of different policies. Simply include *new* benefits in your original Change-Easy Policy as changes occur. This costs less than taking out a separate policy each time. Call your Occidental representative.

	Changes in Gene's Life	How Change-Easy Insurance Meets His Changing Needs	Monthl Outla
	Gene, 22, promoted at office	Buys $15,000 Change-Easy insurance with retirement values.	$16.5C
	Marries Marie two years later	Includes Income Protection to give Marie $100 a month to age 65 if he should die.	12.13
	Martha born one year later	Adds family plan which will pay him a monthly income if Marie dies and insures Martha and all children to come for $1,000 each.	2.65
	Hank arrives three years later	Adds provision increasing his life insurance by $10,000 for next 15 years.	4.21

Occidental Life

INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Home Office: Los Angeles, California

Life Insurance • Accident and Sickness Insurance • Group Insurance • Pension Plans

(A MEMBER OF THE TRANSAMERICA INSURANCE GROUP)

But it was also Jefferson's notion that there would be a great variety of offerings in the marketplace—that if an idea were strongly held in any part of the community it soon would be available for inspection and comparison. For a long time this was largely true. A man with a shirttail full of type and something to say could readily publish a pamphlet or start a newspaper, and thousands did. When Hartford, Connecticut, had a population of 13,000, it had thirteen newspapers—and surely within that range every supportable point of view was available to anyone who could read.

This was the condition that produced the giants, who are the object of postmortem sentimentality and were usually the object of contemporary opprobrium. We remember them primarily as great advocates—personal journalists, such as Bennett and Dana and Greeley, who may in fact have changed the course of history. But the condition under which they operated was as important as their personality. Personal journalism, by definition, requires that the editor also shall be the owner, thus centering responsibility in one identifiable man, whether it be employed for high purpose or merely in the exercise of vanity and eccentricity. Henry Watterson, editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, said that a successful editor must possess vast learning, great wisdom, unlimited courage—and 51 per cent of the stock of his newspaper.

The giants made some of the great phrases of journalism, carried out some of the great crusades, and a couple of them may even have started a "small splendid war" between the United States and Spain. Whatever their faults and virtues, which I believe to be of about equal measure, they are gone. "Marse Henry" has passed beyond his last days, when he said that the only remaining pleasure was lying in bed, drinking bourbon whisky and reading his own editorials out loud. The *World* and the *Sun* have minor memorials in the logotype of a chain newspaper, and old Joe Pulitzer lives only in the masthead of the *Post-Dispatch*. Hearst's San Simeon is a state park. And Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune* has crossed over the river to rest under the trees and discuss with his peers the proper employment of field artillery.

Who has replaced them? Some good men and true—proudly bearing the family names or carrying the family colors, trying hard to maintain the institutional tradition, and succeeding well enough to provide perhaps a dozen great American newspapers that still stand the test of fire and give the rest something at which to point with pride. But more often the giants have been succeeded by the delegate of a chain management, or an executor appointed by the trust department of a bank, or an heir regretful that he didn't inherit something more stable and less troublesome, such as a shoe factory.

Ralph McGill of the *Atlanta Constitution*, who may well be the spiritual heir of "Marse Henry," has indited a gloomy fable to illustrate the condition. He is beset, McGill wrote, by a recurring nightmare in which he arrives at a great American city and goes, as is his custom, to call upon the publisher of the leading local newspaper. He is welcomed at the door of a soaring palace of marble and glass, whisked upward to the executive suite on the top floor and escorted to the corner office. He swings back the great mahogany portal and enters—to find a Univac machine complacently whirring away, while minions feed into one slot the latest data from the market surveys and public-opinion polls and remove from another the latest policy decisions.

Thus the new condition of the press. There are technologists who say that there is only sentimental reason to mourn the change—that newspapers are museum pieces in any event and that from now on we will do our communicating in a different, faster way. I cannot say them nay. By every index the electronic tube is on the ascendant, and movable type is on the decline. In theory this should make no difference. In practice it makes a great deal. The older, libertarian tradition of journalism has survived the miracle of radio and television in only the most diluted form.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Bedtime Story

By P. J. Blackwell

The shrieks of outraged
indignation
As children straggle off to bed
Make parents wish in
desperation
That someday *they* could go
instead,
When energy is low and sagging,
And leave the kids, alert and
bright,
Enthusiasm still unflagging,
To stay up happily all night.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Broadcasting has been a corporate entity since its recent birth, with a diffusion of responsibility so advanced it would be a physical impossibility for an outraged viewer to find anyone to horsewhip in the RCA Building. If the tradition is still there at all it is, I suspect, largely because the broadcasters find it useful protective coloration in seasons like this when they must argue for their freedom in terms of the First Amendment. It is clearly subordinate to the other traditions which have shaped broadcasting—those that came over from advertising and show business.

The new condition, in my view, is more the product of technology and economics than of the absence of heroes. The libertarian tradition survives as a protection against the incursions of the state; but nothing in the new technology provides anything approximating the free marketplace of ideas which the fabricators of the tradition conceived as its concomitant. There is no need to recite the statistics that demonstrate that newspapers year by year are becoming fewer and larger; in recent months we have heard the drums roll in San Francisco, in Charlotte, and in Cleveland—and there is not a multipaper city left in the country where the bartender in the press club doesn't make book on which one will go next. Competition in broadcasting has been arbitrarily and permanently limited by the boundaries of the frequency spectrum—a physical circumstance that, despite the First Amendment, has required a kind of public regulation from the inception of the medium.

But the real inhibition is economic. Until a generation ago a poor but bright young man entered upon the practice of journalism with the reasonable expectation that he might one day own his own shop; his son begins with the certain knowledge that at best he will end his career as a hired manager and will own nothing beyond the modest shares his corporate employers might confer upon him for good behavior. Even the millions of Marshall Field were not enough to sustain the last major new ventures in metropolitan journalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where, then, do we go from here? If the changing condition has invalidated the libertarian tradition, what shall replace it? Significantly, in the case of television, such reputable keepers of the public conscience as Walter Lippmann have proposed jumping the gap from *laissez faire* to direct Federal intervention—in this instance a publicly supported television network on the order of those maintained in Great Britain and Canada. I cannot fault Lippmann's argument that commercial broadcasting as it is now constituted leaves a vast gap in culture and information—the great, unmet need of the minority viewer who seeks intellectual stimulation rather than euphoria.

Moreover, I can see no way that commercial broadcasting, operating on an economic base that makes it completely dependent on advertising revenue, rationally can be expected to provide a substantially greater proportion of the distinguished programming that now occasionally gladdens the eye but does nothing to enrich the coffers. The advertisers quite naturally want the biggest possible audience; the biggest possible audience wants the *Dinah Shore Chevy Show;* and those of us who want something else can always read a book. I agree with Lippmann that this is not good enough, but I nevertheless hesitate at the edge of government control.

The reason is practical, not philosophical; I simply have little faith in the ability of the American people to set up a public agency that will not be more subject to pressures toward blandness and conformity than are the advertisers; if this is the only choice, I am inclined to take my chances with Madison Avenue rather than with the FCC—and besides, I had just as soon read a book.

There are, however, still possibilities in between the extremes. The potentiality of educational television remains largely unexplored because of financial malnutrition. Subscription television hasn't even been put to the test yet. And it could be, as former Sen. William Benton and others have proposed, that there may be an answer in a combination of the two.

In a larger sense, however, these are details that illustrate a greater need—the formulation of a sound public philosophy for journalism that will meet the new condition that has invalidated the old. Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of this kind was the old Commission on Freedom of the Press—which actually did little more than point to the need for further exploration, but was nevertheless roundly condemned by the communications industry for even raising the subject. Wilbur Schramm of Stanford University has addressed himself to the task in a notable book called *Responsibility in Mass Communication.* Schramm agrees that the old *laissez-faire* libertarianism has gone by the boards because the modern condition no longer sustains it. Schramm thinks he sees emerging in its place something he calls a doctrine of social responsibility—that is, the voluntary acceptance of certain obligations of public service by the proprietors of the press in return for their guaranty of freedom.

There is some evidence to sustain the view. Certainly, as newspapers have become fewer the survivors have displayed a more conscious effort to obtain objectivity—to present the point of view that dissents from their own, and to treat fairly in the news columns those with whom the newspaper may disagree. This has been pretty much the tradition of broadcasting from the beginning, and has been embodied in the FCC "equal time" regulations.

But if there is less biased reporting than there used to be, there is also less effective advocacy—less shaking and moving of the kind we have always believed a healthy society required. Indeed, in many instances objectivity has become a retreat from unpleasant reality; every practicing journalist knows that it is quite possible to give both sides without telling the truth, and that this can be a convenient way of consciously doing so. In my own view the doctrine of social responsibility is good and should be encouraged—but as I survey the end product I am convinced that it is not good enough.

Where am I then? Like all my predecessors, I oppose regulation of the press and deplore its performance in private hands. I can only suggest what the Commission on Freedom of the Press suggested before me—that somehow, by private means, we must find a way to provide the sustained and effective critical function the press does not provide for itself. We cannot depend upon the general public to generate this sort of criticism on its own motion. The fact is that most of the popular criticism of the communications media is not only uninformed but downright petulant; in my experience most of those who come into the editorial office to complain about mistreatment do not want fairness but partisanship in support of their own special interest—and this extends all the way from lady bird watchers to political bosses.

Most of the complaints about television are in the same vein. I don't believe, for example, that television is leading our children astray or inciting them to violence; horse and detective opera and situation comedy, which now seem to be the standard fare of the younger set, are not bad—they simply aren't good. In any event, as they say on Madison Avenue, every set has a little switch, and if we spare it and spoil the child we have no right to abdicate parental authority and transfer responsibility to the fellow who sits behind the big switch at the station.

What this means in practice is that the concerned minority has got to assume the burden of prodding not only the press but the complacent majority that gives it its excuse for doing what it does, or not doing what it should. The defense of the status quo is that the people are getting what they want—and if the proprietors need to put a moral gloss on the proposition they can always say, as they have been saying in Washington, that, after all, this is a democracy and what else do you expect?

We have got to insist that, in addition to what they want, the people have got to get what they need. I would agree that in making available a product which T. S. Matthews has called a "daily sugar pill" the press is reflecting the spirit of the times—or lack of it—and is perhaps due no more moral opprobrium than any other institution in our society. But the free press was conceived not only as the protector of the verities but as the cutting edge of change.

Collectively, the press may, as it has come close to doing, abdicate these functions and not only survive but prosper. But what of the republic? The rights and immunities conferred upon the press were not rewards for past probity, but a supposed guarantee of future service in the public interest. The press was to watch the Treasury, maintain surveillance over those who would tamper with our liberties and scan the horizon for approaching storms. In order to do these things well it was given liberty; when it does them well it deserves not only liberty but honor. The press can be forgiven its sins of commission; it was, as Jonathan Daniels once observed, never intended to be a respectable business. But its sins of omission are surely a matter of public concern.

It is evident by now, I think, that the press is not capable of reforming itself, for the good reason that it will not admit collectively that there is any need for reform. And it has the power to establish its own virtue in the minds of most of us simply by proclaiming it. By what standard does a man who has never seen a good newspaper judge the one he has? Does a high Trendex rating really prove that 50,000,000 Americans prefer TV Westerns if there is nothing else to see between supper and bedtime? These are valid questions, and the press has the power to find the answers—and, I believe, even to change them. But to do so entails risk, and we appear to have entered upon a time when boldness equates with madness.

I am not, as I have suggested, so much concerned with what the press is doing as with what it is not doing. There is too little diversity, and there are too many total gaps of information and of advocacy. There is no single, simple way to effect a cure—not by law, or subsidy, or organized pressure, or by artificially induced competition. But I am convinced that we cannot any longer rely solely upon those within the press who have been called, as Carlyle called Robespierre, the "sea-green incorruptibles"—although it should be the urgent business of universities that train journalists to see that their number increases.

We must begin, I think, with recognition of a proposition the press rejects—that the inadequacy of mass communications in our threatened society is not a matter of internal concern for the press alone, but an issue of great urgency for the public at large. Beginning here we will at least raise the proper questions—which has always been the prerequisite of finding the proper answers.

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Hutchins, Robert M., edited by,
A Free and Responsible Press: Report of the Commission on Freedom of the Press.
University of Chicago Press
$2.75

Matthews, T. S.
The Sugar Pill
Simon and Schuster
$3.75

Childs, Marquis and Reston, James, edited by,
Walter Lippmann and His Times
Harcourt Brace and Company
$3.95

Schramm, Wilbur
Responsibility in Mass Communication
Harper
$4.50

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Lily spotted a scrumptious fur jacket on sale. To prevent some other shopper from buying it before she could get her husband's approval of the purchase, she agreed to the salesman's suggestion that she put a deposit on the jacket, refundable if hubby disapproved. Delighted, Lily plunked down $300. But hubby balked. So did the store when Lily demanded her money back. She sued.

"This customer signed a sales contract and paid a deposit," counsel for the store pointed out. "The contract said not a word about getting her husband's approval. Just because he refused, that doesn't cancel the contract—under which her three hundred dollars is lawfully forfeited if she fails to complete the purchase."

"That's no contract, that's just an 'if,'" Lily retorted with feminine logic. "Before I ever signed the contract, I distinctly told your salesman that I wouldn't buy the jacket unless my husband approved. He agreed. Therefore the contract couldn't take effect unless he said 'yes.'"

If you were the judge, would you order a refund for Lily?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Lily won. The court said that an oral agreement made before signing a written contract may constitute a condition to the contract if proved true by "clear, cogent and convincing preponderance of evidence," as in this case.

Based upon a 1959 Oklahoma decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The car that's built to take care of itself

TAKES BEAUTIFUL CARE OF PEOPLE

LET'S LOOK AT THESE BUILT-FOR-PEOPLE FEATURES:

① **Spacious new luggage compartment** lets you load easier and faster. Spare tire's tucked out of the way.

② **Both seats are 3 big-people wide!** You can breathe easy in a '61 Ford because you get more than your share of hip, shoulder and elbow room.

③ **Ford's low-height tunnel** opens up plenty of leg room for every "middleman," front and rear.

④ **Seats are comfort-height and plushly padded:** everyone rides in deep-down, sofa-soft luxury.

⑤ **Ford scores high in headroom, too.** The classic Ford roofline makes more room for big hats and tall people.

⑥ **There's no windshield dogleg** to nip your knees. And Ford's wide doors make entering and leaving more convenient.

Beneath its Classic Ford Look, the '61 Ford has a whole car-full of features expressly designed to accommodate the long, the wide and the tall. Heads can be held high. Shoulders aren't sandwiched. Legs are not cramped. Doors are wide—there's no windshield post to bang your knee when you enter. The seats are planned—scientifically—for six big people to ride in all-day luxury. And, with new rear springing and wide-tread design, you don't have to worry about tight turns, bumps, bounces. Ford's ride is as smooth as its looks.

Want *real* built-for-people comfort? It's here in all its beautiful proportions, at your Ford Dealer's.

HERE'S HOW THE '61 FORD TAKES CARE OF ITSELF

Lubricates itself—You'll normally go 30,000 miles without a chassis lubrication.

Cleans its own oil—You'll go 4,000 miles between oil changes with Ford's Full-Flow oil filter.

Adjusts its own brakes—New truck-size brakes adjust themselves automatically.

Guards its own muffler—Ford mufflers are double-wrapped and aluminized—normally will last three times as long as ordinary mufflers.

Protects its own body—All vital underbody parts are specially processed to resist rust and corrosion, even to galvanizing the body panels beneath the doors.

Takes care of its own finish—New Diamond Lustre Finish never needs wax.

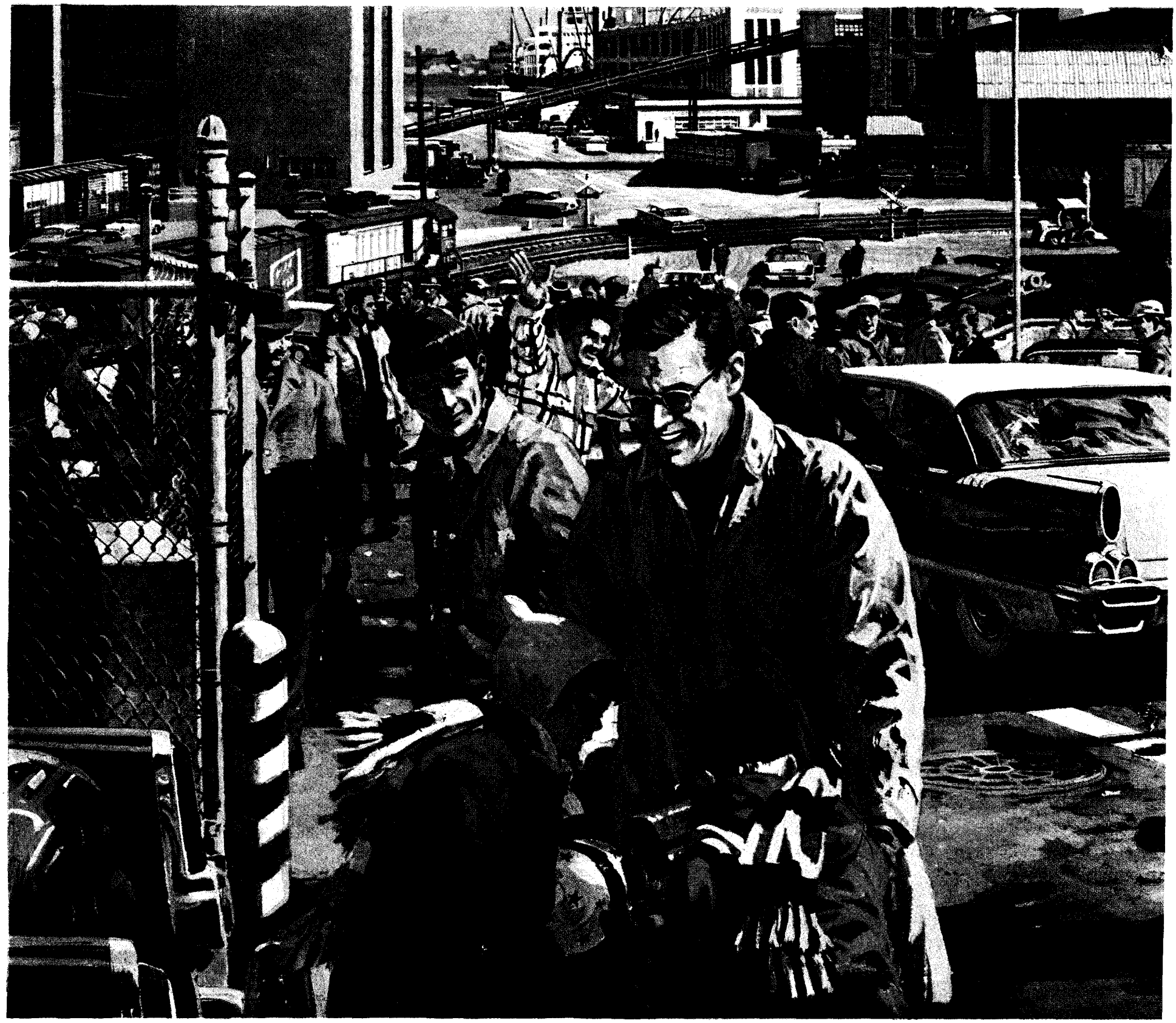
FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*

It's a small world . . . big car . . . when you're traveling in a '61 Ford Galaxie Club Victoria.

Beautifully proportioned to the CLASSIC FORD LOOK '61 FORD

An honor to be proud of, this is the medal presented by the international fashion authority, Centro per l'Alta Moda Italiana, to the 1961 Ford for functional expression of classic beauty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



lots of good things come from

LOTS OF THINGS LIKE ◇ tires and hundreds of hidden rubber parts on the cars ◇ tires and rims on trucks ◇ oil-resistant soles and heels on workmen's shoes ◇ Vinylfilm in the raincoat ◇ Pliolite resin in the masonry paint that protects a number of the plant buildings ◇ the conveyor belts hauling coal to the power plant in the background ◇ Airfoam seats in the waiting car ◇ rubber fenders on the truck dock in the rear ◇ fire hose in the gatehouse ◇ Pliovic vinyl resin in the youngster's boots ◇ the rubber railroad crossing ◇ the many V-belts and different types of hose that keep the plant humming ◇ and many, many more.

GOODYEAR

WHERE RESOURCEFUL RESEARCH ASSURES LEADERSHIP IN TIRES — CHEMICAL PRODUCTS — FILM PRODUCTS — FLOORING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Afternoon shift change

GOODYEAR

Symbol of busy America—this typical industrial plant. And though it's not a Goodyear plant you'll find an array of Goodyear products on the job.

As always—more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. But beyond that—research has developed a whole new product world for Goodyear. A world of chemicals, film, foam, flooring, industrial, shoe and metal products, aviation products—even atomic energy and defense products.

Wherever you live or work, there are Goodyear products contributing to your comfort, convenience and safety, and the safety of your country as well. Look to them for the utmost quality in anything you buy. That's something you can count on—when a research-minded company makes a constant effort to "Protect Our Good Name." Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

Airfoam, Pliolite, Pliovic—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

ODUCTS — FOAM PRODUCTS — INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS — METAL PRODUCTS — SHOE PRODUCTS — AVIATION PRODUCTS — AIRCRAFT.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to Catch a Space Capsule

(Continued from Page 23)

of thirty-eight-foot poles which are extended V-wise from the belly of our C-119, we can dangle a sort of aerial trapeze made up of a double loop of nylon line equipped with special four-pronged grappling hooks. The idea is for the grappling hooks to snag the parachute which is lowering the space capsule, and then we can haul the package into the plane.

Unfortunately it is not that simple. As any fisherman can attest, there is more to it than getting a bite. And we have all the problems of the fisherman—setting the hook, avoiding snapping the line or losing the line from the reel. But no fisherman has ever had to locate one particular "fish" in a pool of sky 600 miles long and sixty miles wide.

Before a capsule is ejected from a satellite, it starts transmitting a radio signal. After re-entering the earth's atmosphere, a bright orange-and-silver-checkered parachute pops out automatically and lowers the precious package. If all goes well, and a clear enough signal is received, one of the planes of our squadron should be able to home on the package and pluck it out of the air before it hits the water.

Eight of the first thirteen Discoverer satellites were placed in orbit, and six of these ejected capsules. One of the capsules landed near Spitsbergen, Norway, far from any recovery crews; two capsules failed to give out radio signals; and two others from which we could pick up signals overshot our ball park by several hundred miles and were lost. Discoverer XIII's package was the first one we had even a chance to get.

On August eleventh my crew had picked up a strong signal from the Discoverer XIII capsule, indicating that it was coming down in our assigned area. But receiving conditions were such that we could not set a course on the capsule. The crew of a nearby radar control plane thought they had a good signal and gave us a new heading. The instructions led us away from the target, however, and by the time our course could be corrected, we were too late. When we sighted the capsule, it was bobbing in the ocean. Fortunately it was recovered by the Navy. But the first aerial recovery mission remained to be accomplished.

When we came in from our unsuccessful Discoverer XIII mission, the other crews in the squadron gave us quite a ribbing. The 6593rd is not manned with sympathy dispensers. Although we are all good personal friends, the squadron has always had a dog-eat-dog competitive spirit. Instead of consolation, my crew and I received jibes like, "Why didn't you keep on going to Barber's Point?" (the Naval Air Station on Oahu). Having come so close to our goal and missing out by a fluke, we were in no mood for kidding. So when we got the Discoverer XIV alert, our crew was more than ready for an opportunity to get out of the squadron doghouse.

When I arrived at Hickam Field the morning after this alert, the word at Operations was that the countdown at Vandenberg had reached T minus seventy-two minutes, with launch time set for 12:27 P.M., Pacific Daylight Time (they are three hours ahead of us). There were two delays in the launching, one for fifteen minutes because Discoverer XIII was passing over the Vandenberg area and the scientists did not want the radio signals from the two satellites to be mixed.

It was three minutes before one P.M. in California when the seventy-eight-foot-high gleaming-white rocket blasted off toward outer space. Its Douglas-built Thor booster propelled the two-stage missile out of the earth's atmosphere. After first-stage burnout the booster separated, and the second-stage Lockheed Agena coasted upward awaiting a telemetered command from the ground which would set off its own smaller rocket engine and propel it into orbit. But until the missile completed its first pass around the earth ninety-four minutes later, we could not be certain that it had successfully attained orbit.

We weren't just sitting around waiting for news from Discoverer XIV, however. We had troubles of our own that morning. Our crew chief, Technical Sgt. Lou Bannick, had discovered a leaking cylinder intake on No. 1 engine. The leak had to be stopped or the cylinder would have to be changed. Until this was corrected we would be out of action. By the time news was passed along to us that orbit had been attained, we had found that it would be necessary to replace the cylinder. I was confident that if it took all night, Bannick and the crew would have the airplane ready to go on the next day's mission.

That evening at my home in Kailua, my six-year-old son, Dennis, proudly presented me with a drawing he had just made. Inspired no doubt by a newspaper picture he had seen the week before, Dennis had drawn a crayoned impression of a C-119 flying over a parachute which was landing in the water near a boat. Six-year-old sons are expert at dampening a father's morale.

At the dinner table I kiddingly said to my wife, Nancy, that she should have my bag packed the next day, ready for a triumphant flight back to the States, after my crew and I had made the first aerial recovery. Nancy didn't take me seriously because she knew that our crew had been assigned to the least desirable position in the squadron, some 400 miles from where the capsule was expected to come down.

By the time I had reported to Operations at 7:15 A.M. on Friday, August nineteenth, Discoverer XIV was on its fourteenth pass around the earth. We were told that the scientists in California had been concerned because their bird had developed some disturbing flutterings. In some satellites this would have been disastrous. But the Lockheed Agena being used for Discoverer satellites is a very refined bird.

It is a space vehicle that can be stabilized in orbit and also have its flight controlled from the ground. Instead of spinning as it orbits the earth, the Agena missile is held stable in flight by small gas jets. These same jets act to swing the satellite around horizontally into the desired position soon after it goes into orbit. This space vehicle also can be fed signals so that corrections can be made to control the exact time and place in space for the ejection of the capsule. A difference of one second at ejection time can mean an error of five miles in the location where it re-enters the earth's atmosphere.

Sergeant Bannick came into Operations to see me just before the 7:30 o'clock briefing of air commanders, pilots and navigators.

"Captain, we had an awful time with that cylinder last night," Bannick said, looking despondent. "I'm afraid the old lady won't be able to make it today."

Bannick was wearing his flying suit, however. He is a portly figure, and has a puckish sense of humor.

"That doesn't matter," I told Bannick, going along with his gag. "You just be sure the crew reports to the airplane forty-five minutes before take-off. We'll fly the mission on one engine."

Bannick grinned and walked out.

At 7:30 A.M. Capt. Gene Jones, squadron operations officer, gave us our final briefing and verified take-off times and positions. Our nine Flying Boxcars and an additional plane, a faster, larger C-130, had been given code names of Pelican One through Pelican Ten and assigned positions throughout a rectangular 36,000-square-mile recovery area, sixty miles from east to west and 600 miles from north to south.

Seven of the planes were given stations in the 12,000-square-mile primary recovery area, the "infield" of our ball park, with Pelican Three and Pelican Ten at different altitudes over the desired impact point of the space capsule in the extreme northern sector. Our plane was designated Pelican Nine, and we were to be the southernmost of the three aircraft covering the large secondary area, or "outfield," with each Pelican trying to cover 8000 square miles.

Augmenting the recovery task force were four control aircraft equipped with powerful radar, seven telemetry receiving planes, and two Navy Victory ships carrying helicopters which were standing by to take frogmen to the impact area for water recovery, in case we failed in our aerial pickup.

The seriousness of our briefing was interrupted when Capt. Tom Hines, a confirmed Southerner from Spotsylvania, Virginia, pulled a Confederate flag from under his flying suit and announced he was planning to fly the flag from his astrodome when he returned with the capsule in his cargo compartment. As aircraft commander of Pelican Three, Tom was flying in the "hot spot," our term for the expected capsule recovery area.

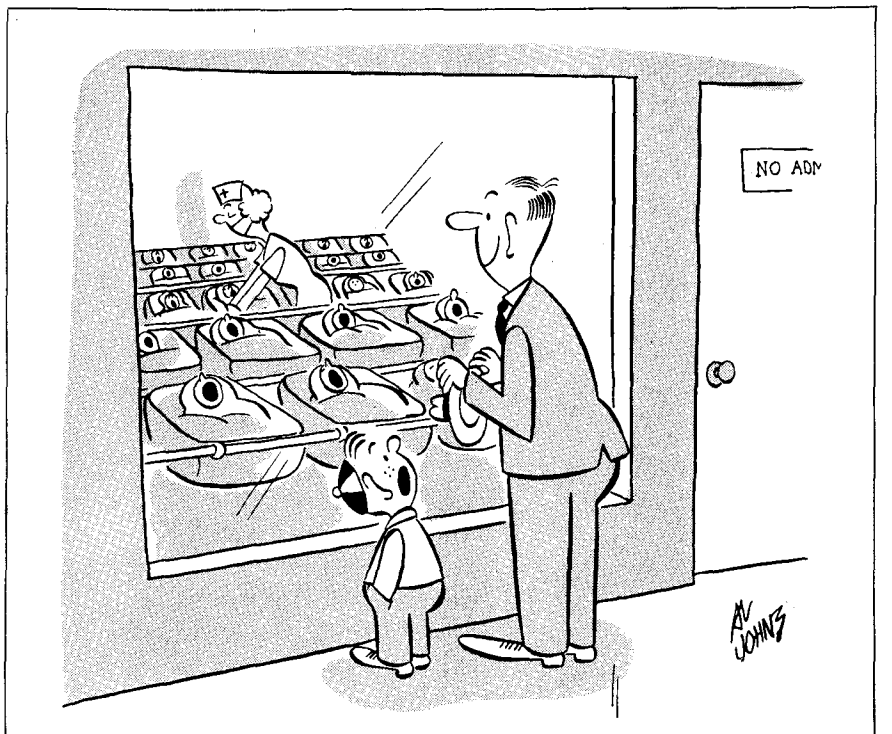
Lt. Col. T. A. (Gus) Ahola, 6594th Group commander, concluded the briefing by tossing ten open padlocks to the air commanders. His instructions—in case one of us caught the capsule—were to place it in a shipping canister and padlock the lid as soon as the space capsule was on board. Colonel Ahola kept all the keys.

As I knew would be the case, everything was ready to go when I arrived at the plane—the maintenance men had worked most of the night replacing the defective cylinder. The crew gathered around me for a final word, and I could feel that the usual premission eagerness was missing. At past briefings there had been an occasional switch of positions. But I had to tell the men that we were still Pelican Nine. From the looks on their faces I could see that they felt our position gave us no chance at all to recover the capsule.

Most of our crew have been together since the early days at Edwards, and we think and act as a team. The men come from all parts of the United States. The pilot who assists me, Capt. Richmond Apaka, is a native-born Hawaiian who lives in Kailua. Our navigator, First Lt. Robert Counts, is from Bellflower, California, and our flight engineer, Staff Sgt. Arthur Hurst, hails from Tazewell, Tennessee. The aerial recovery section is headed by Sergeant Bannick, from Hermiston, Oregon, and he is assisted by Staff Sgt. Algaene Harmon, from Randolph County, Alabama; Airman First Class George Donahou, from Russellville, Arkansas; Airman Second Class Lester Beale Jr., from Portland, Maine, and Airman Second Class Daniel Hill, from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. We also had an expert aerial photographer aboard, Staff Sgt. Wendell King, from Stearns, Kentucky. And I'm from Greenfield, Illinois.

We took off from Honolulu at 9:10 A.M. and headed for our assigned area 366 miles to the southwest. Bob Counts figured it would take two hours and nine minutes to reach position, and we wanted to be there at least an hour ahead of time. I had been briefed that the capsule was scheduled to be ejected at 12:46 P.M. over Kodiak, Alaska, on its seventeenth trip around the earth, and it was expected to take another six minutes to come down to 55,000 feet over the northern part of the primary recovery area.

After take-off I turned the controls over to Rick and went downstairs to see how the rigging of the equipment was coming along. The afternoon before, when we got the news that Discoverer XIV was definitely in orbit, the crew had carefully wound 700 feet of new, heavy nylon line on the winch drum, making sure that it was tight and straight. As I climbed down from the flight deck, I saw they had almost completed rigging the aerial trap. One hundred eighty-five feet of the winch line had been laced back and forth along a trough leading (*Continued on Page 59*)



"We picked a good time to buy; it looks like they're overstocked."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There he is...

Professional salesman and amateur skier.

Compound fracture, left femur. Fracture, 4th and 5th lumbar vertebrae. Concussion...

That's pretty bad skiing.

Luckily, we'd worked out a comprehensive hospital and medical program. That took care of putting him back together.

But, he hasn't been to work for fourteen months.

426 days.

Maybe next month. That's up to him and the doctor.

Meanwhile, a second Pacific Mutual policy went to work when he couldn't... guaranteed renewable income protection.

It's delivered a check for $500 every month since his accident.

$7,000 buys a lot of groceries...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Performability...

'61 Lark Hardtop in new Autumn Haze color, choice of 112 hp six or 180-195 hp V-8's.

a new kind of performance—so responsive

You have to drive The Lark to believe it

New ram-induction six engine, new steering and suspension, new simplified transmission, new braking action...they all combine in The Lark to give you performance you've never known before in a compact car. Thousands of everyday drivers who tested it under the objective eye of the United States Testing Company agree with Harold Gilchrist, Philadelphia project engineer shown here: "You get the feel of driving a larger car and yet you have the maneuverability of a smaller car." Drive it yourself—today—and discover a brilliance of response and control no other compact comes near delivering —Lark Performability! It's thrilling!

The '61 LARK by Studebaker

© 1960, Studebaker-Packard Corporation

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 56*) to the rear of the airplane. This line, tied in the trough with 100-pound-test breakaway string, serves to reduce the strain of the G forces received on contact with the chute. I watched the men put the 110-foot double loop onto the recovery poles with spring clips. Then they connected the loop to the winch line at the end of the trough, and the trap was ready.

We arrived at our position at 11:18 A.M. At that very moment Discoverer XIV was over Alaska on its sixteenth trip around the earth. The information telemetered from the satellite had been sent through computers and relayed to the joint Air Force-Lockheed Satellite Test Center at Sunnyvale, California, where all the decisions for instructions to the space vehicle are made. While the satellite was over the Kodiak tracking station on the fifteenth orbit, a signal had been sent to it correcting the timing device which would control the exact moment for ejection of the capsule. On the sixteenth orbit the satellite verified to the Kodiak station that it had received the message. The next time around would decide success or failure for the ejection phase of the mission.

While Discoverer XIV was hurtling through space 120 miles above the earth on its final orbit, I turned the controls over to Rick and he started flying a holding pattern at 10,500 feet, four minutes north and four minutes south. I thumbed through our operational orders to refresh myself once more on the operating procedures to be used if the capsule entered our area. As I studied the book, I thought back on the two years of testing and training, and hoped that with what we had learned one of our planes would be successful today.

Even though we had yet to make a successful recovery of an object coming back from space orbit, our squadron had come a long way in those two years. When we first started our training at Edwards, trying to catch packages dropped from another plane at much higher altitudes, we lost almost as many practice packages as we recovered. For a while every aircraft commander who missed a package had to forfeit a dollar into a squadron party fund. In a short time we were able to finance a real wing-ding. Gradually, though, as each aircraft commander developed his own flying techniques and the crews increased their proficiency, the squadron's recovery percentage grew. However, we still had an occasional inversion—the bugaboo of the recovery business. This occurs when the aircraft comes in too low and the parachute goes between the bottom of the plane and the top of the loop without being collapsed. Thus the chute remains inflated and trails behind the plane, exerting a severe drag which can yank our entire recovery line and loop from the winch.

At 12:25 P.M., twenty-one minutes before the capsule was scheduled to eject, I took over the controls again, and we started to climb to 16,000 feet, 2000 feet above our normal recovery altitude. I wanted the extra altitude to give us a kick in the pants if we needed added air speed to reach the target area. As we climbed, Bob Counts checked our position with his loran set and turned on his beacon receiver to warm it up. In the cargo compartment the recovery crew made a final check of their equipment and put on oxygen masks. We leveled off at 16,000 feet and continued our holding pattern.

We were now on radio silence, awaiting word from the Recovery Control Center at Hickam that the capsule had separated. If all went according to schedule, at a point over Alaska gas jets would pitch the backward-flying satellite to a nose-down position. At exactly 12:46 P.M. explosive bolts and springs would separate the capsule. At this point a small retro-rocket would slow the capsule to a re-entry speed of less than 600 miles per hour. When the parachute opened, a radio beacon on the capsule would start transmitting signals.

After 12:46, the minutes seemed like hours. We waited for word from the Recovery Control Center that ejection had occurred, but no word was forthcoming. Bob Counts had his eyes glued to his oscilloscope as he moved the frequency dial across the band, trying to pick up the beacon signal. At 12:53 Bob Counts broke the silence.

"I think I've got a signal," he said matter-of-factly. Bob fine-tuned his receiver, and both of us began picking up a steady audio-beacon tone. Without taking his eyes from the scope, Bob scribbled the frequency on his log and handed it to Rick for broadcast to the control aircraft.

An air of anticipation filled the cockpit. Bob now had a good visual reading, and both of us were receiving audio signals. Downstairs, the recovery crew was monitoring the intercom, and Bannick sent his men to their stations.

We continued our 360-degree turn so that Bob could determine the direction of the beacon. Halfway through the second turn, he gave me a heading of 255 degrees, and we started moving west by southwest and picking up air speed.

Bannick and Airman Hill came up to the cockpit to help Rick, Sergeant Hurst and me search for our elusive target. We saw nothing but clouds and miles of sky.

"I'm almost certain it is straight ahead, Mitch," Bob told me on the intercom. "Would you give me one more three sixty to make sure?"

Bob watched the signals on his oscilloscope change as we moved through our pattern. Just after his strongest signal he called for me to roll out of the turn. We were on the original bearing of 255 degrees.

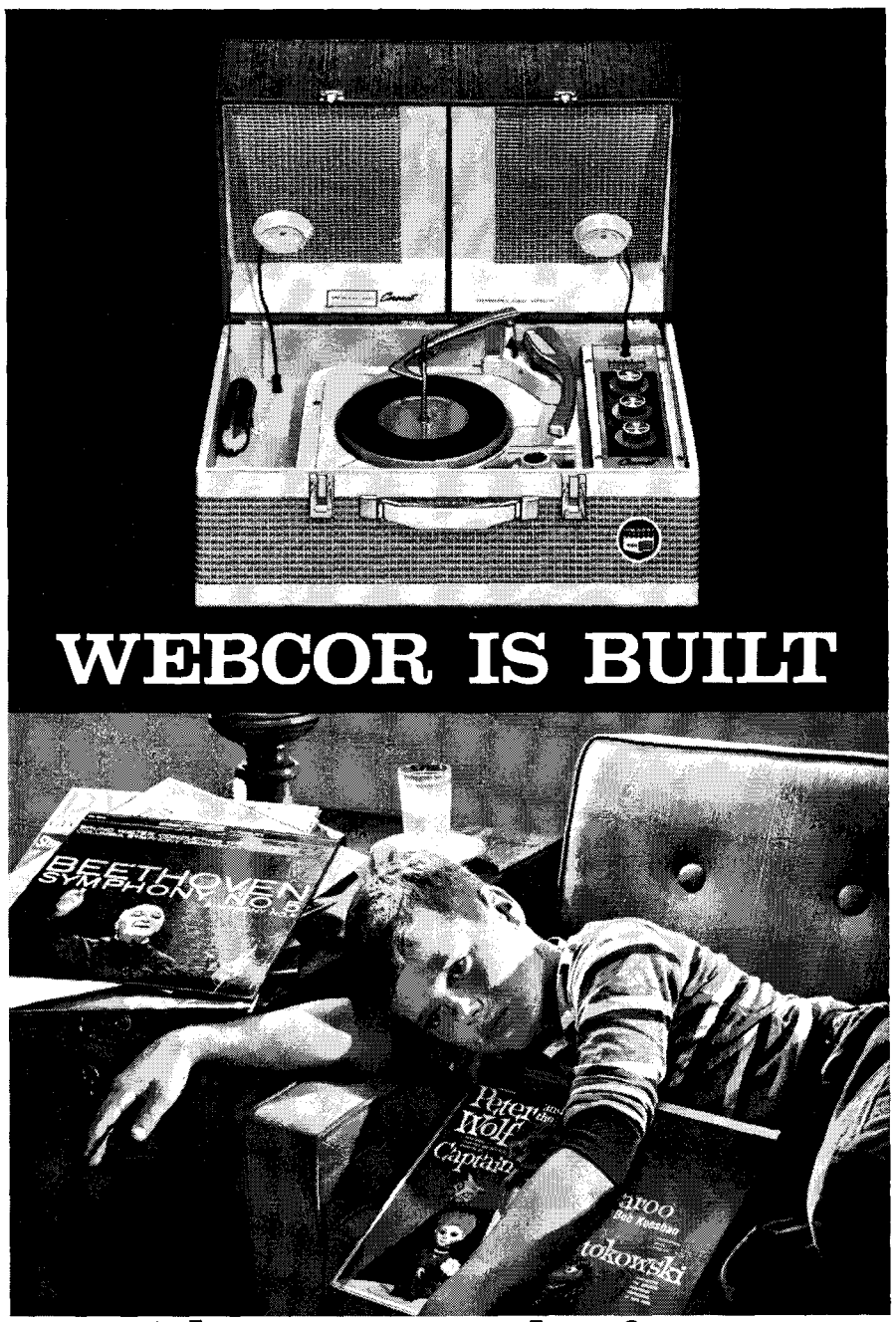
"I'll stake my career that it is directly ahead," Bob stated. His signals were getting more sensitive, another indication we were closing on the target.

Five faces pressed against the cockpit glass searching the vast sky around us.

"There it is, there it is!" I shouted through my oxygen mask. Ahead of us and 4000 feet higher, I made out an orange tint up against the background of towering cumulus clouds. The time was 1:05 P.M., nineteen minutes after the satellite had last been reported orbiting over Alaska. In the twelve minutes we had

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Whoops! Well, can you imagine that!"



with an ear to the future

At what age should your child be introduced to good music? Right now, in the age of stereo! This compact Webcor *Coronet* automatic portable fonograf is engineered to produce spacious 3-channel sound that few consoles can match. For, in addition to its two detachable wide-range speakers (which may be separated up to eight feet on either side) the *Coronet* features a large center bass woofer that plugs up the "hole" usually found in the middle of stereo. Powerful dual-channel amplifier. Automatic 4-speed diskchanger plays stereo and monaural, intermixes 10″ and 12″ LP records, and shuts off automatically. Webcor stereo fonografs start at $39.95—slightly higher South and West.

Webcor STEREO

tape recorders, portable and console fonografs, radios

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been tracking our invisible target we had flown thirty miles and descended 4000 feet.

At the first sighting Bannick and Hill rushed down to their recovery stations. I instructed Bannick to wait until I had killed off our air speed before he opened the doors and extended the recovery gear. We circled under the parachute and capsule, waiting for it to descend to our altitude.

I tried to relax and take a comfortable position in my seat. I reached for the lever that controlled the seat height and moved the seat down a notch, and then back up, to assure myself that it was in a correct position to give me my normal perspective. Just a week before, I had made two high passes on a practice chute before I discovered that someone working on the plane between flights had moved the seat up a notch from its normal position, thus changing my angle of vision. I had readjusted the seat before the next pass, and we had then made a perfect pickup.

When the plane slowed to 150 miles per hour, I gave Bannick the word to open the doors and prepare for pickup. Sergeant Harmon and Airman Donahou put on their "dog leashes"—safety straps to prevent them from falling out of the airplane—and placed the recovery poles in the hydraulic actuators which would move the poles down and into position. Harmon took his place at the right side of the open door, where he could observe the chute as it passed under the airplane.

Up in the cockpit, it seemed to me that it was taking forever and a day for the poles to go into position. Actually it took less than a minute.

"Ready, Bannick?" I queried when we completed a 360-degree turn under the parachute and prepared for a pass as the chute came through our altitude at 12,000 feet.

"Roger," Bannick replied. He ran through the check list for recovery: "Poles in pickup position, brake setting three point two, cable cutter off. Let her go," Bannick called. "But for gosh sake, don't invert it!"

When we leveled off, we were about 1000 yards from the chute. I tried to maintain a descent of 1600 feet per minute, the same as that of the parachute. I could see the twenty-four-foot-wide chute plainly, its orange and silver panels oscillating slightly as it descended. At ten seconds out, Rick signaled Bannick to turn on the cable cutter, a mechanism at the tail of the plane which could sever the recovery line in case of an emergency during the recovery operation.

As the chute approached the nose of the airplane, sweat poured into my oxygen mask. At the last moment the parachute began to slip to the right, too late for me to correct the position of the plane. I could only pray that if it missed, it would miss completely, and not brush the poles and tear the recovery gear loose without being hooked.

Downstairs, Harmon waited expectantly beside the right pole, watching for the parachute to come into view. It came flashing under the belly of the plane, missing the right pole by about six inches. When Harmon reported the miss on the intercom, I breathed more easily. Bannick switched off the cable cutter, and we continued on an outbound course for twenty seconds, with Rick counting off the time until we had gone far enough to give us room to turn back inbound and set up a direct run for another pass.

We made a forty-five-degree bank and turned inbound. I craned my neck for a glimpse of the chute. When it came in sight about 800 yards away, I rolled the wings level for our second try. At ten seconds, Rick called again for the cable cutter to be turned on. As I eyed the oncoming chute, it looked like it was right on the center line. When it passed under the nose of the plane, I thought, *This could be it*, and tensed for the tug that would tell me we had it in tow.

Instead of the tug I heard Harmon's Alabama drawl come on the intercom. "Two or three feet too high, captain," said Harmon. "But you were right down the middle."

I looked at the clouds below, and I could see we were getting closer and closer to an undercast at 7500 feet. We had just gone through 10,000. This could very well be our last chance. I called Bannick on the intercom.

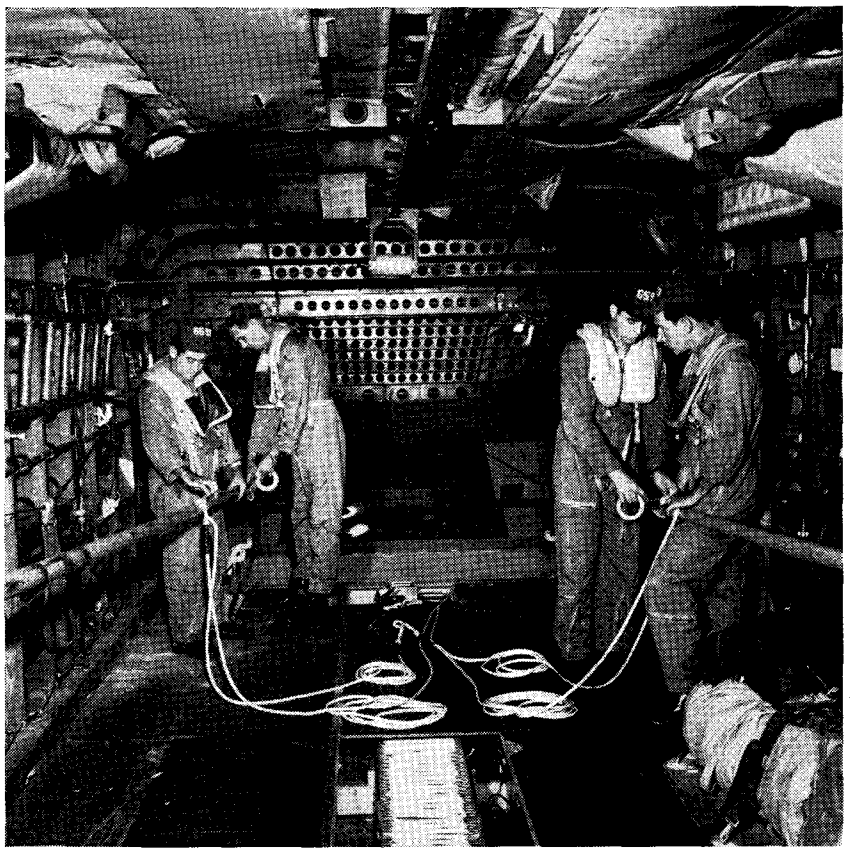
"Maybe we'd better put the poles all the way down," I suggested. They were now at forty-five degrees, and I thought perhaps we would have a better chance if we moved them to sixty. On the other hand, both of us knew that lowering the poles to a sixty-degree angle would leave more space between the plane and the trap. There would then be much greater danger of the parachute's passing above the trap and remaining inflated while the lower shroud lines became hooked in the trap. In a split second the inverted chute could then snatch away our whole recovery line and dump our prize into the sea.

"Take it easy, sir," replied Bannick. "We'll get it this time."

On the way out I decided to make a tighter pattern. When we leveled out from the turn, the chute was only 500 yards ahead. Its canopy was bobbing a bit and moving a little to the left, so I edged the plane bit by bit. A few seconds out, we were right on line. But just before it went under the nose, the chute veered to the right. My heart skipped. Were we going to miss our last chance? I waited for the jar, hoping against hope. Suddenly I felt a slight tug on the plane, like a five-pound bass striking deep-sea tackle.

And then over the intercom came the greatest words I've ever heard. "A good hit, captain," drawled Harmon. "We've got her in tow."

Harmon saw the chute hit squarely on the right pole, the bottom hook taking hold on the skirt of the parachute. The loop came off the pole with the contact, and the winch paid out 350 feet of line before the brake set. The line held, and the chute and capsule trailed calmly behind the aircraft.



The author's crew, in the rear of a C-119, show how they rigged the booms to make the first aerial catch of a space capsule. They trained two years for this assignment.

After Rick had flashed the word to our control aircraft that we had the capsule in tow, I turned the controls over to him with instructions to head for home. By the time I had climbed down to the cargo compartment, everyone was jubilant, pounding each other on the back and talking about a triumphal trip back to the States. But we didn't have the capsule on board yet, although Bannick seemed to have the situation well in hand. He was standing over the winch, running it at low speed to keep it cool and also to make sure there was no possibility for any malfunction that would cause our prize to slip away.

Foot by foot the line reeled in. At one point Bannick stopped the winch so that Donahou could remove a grappling hook. Finally, as the capsule reached the open rear of the aircraft, Harmon and Donahou leaned out over the back, straining against their "dog leashes," and picked up the capsule so gently that it hardly touched the airplane.

The space capsule that was hauled aboard was shaped like a large kettledrum, thirty-three inches across and twenty-seven inches deep. It weighed about 100 pounds, having cast off its retro-rocket and re-entry shield. Its gold-plated sides gleamed brightly in the light streaming through the recovery doors. The top of the capsule had a dark, scorched look, and a few handwritten names could be distinguished—probably from the men who prepared it for launching. The homing beacon was still broadcasting its signal, and strobe lights on the top of the capsule, which aid in sea recovery, were still blinking.

I went back to the flight deck and relieved Rick long enough for him to go down and see our catch. The recovery crew then placed the capsule in a large gray canister, and Bob Counts snapped on the padlock we had received that morning from Colonel Ahola.

When we got back to Hickam at 5:35 P.M., several hundred people were gathered to welcome us. Nancy was there, and sure enough she had my B-4 bag with her, packed and ready to go. During our welcoming a birthday cake was brought in and presented to one of our crew, loadmaster Danny Hill, who had, unknown to us, reached the age of twenty-one the day before.

"They put your birthday present into orbit yesterday, Danny," Colonel Ahola announced, "and it was delivered today."

Since that eventful August day, our crew has received many plaudits. Although we were fortunate enough to be the first "to catch a star," we were only part of a tremendous team effort. It is the thousands of workers, scientists, industrialists and military personnel who deserve the bulk of the credit.

One of the officers directing the Air Force space program commented recently, "The Air Force is not enamored of space as a race or a place. Rather, we must operate in it effectively in the future to better perform our reconnaissance, warning and communication jobs—all vital military missions."

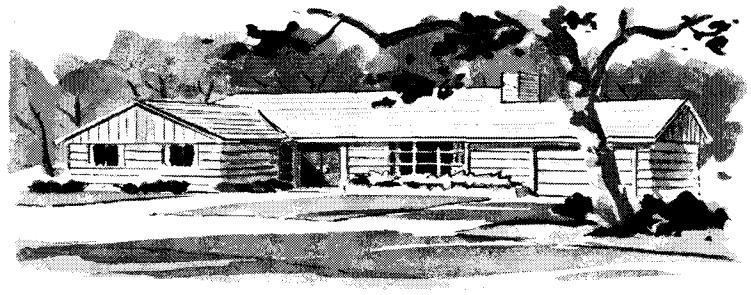
So whenever the military operation calls for aerial recovery of space packages, the crews of the 6593rd Test Squadron will be out there, eager to bring them back safe and secure. THE END

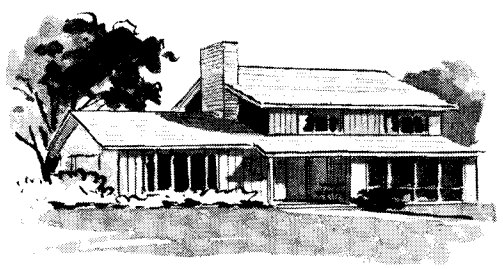
Captain Mitchell (holding a C-119 model) and his family. He is stationed in Hawaii.

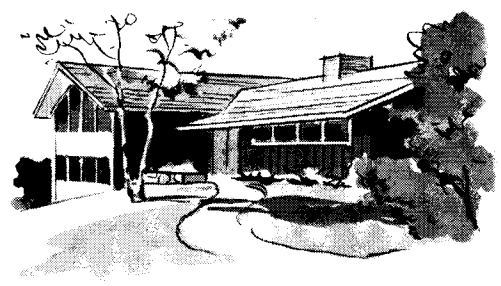
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

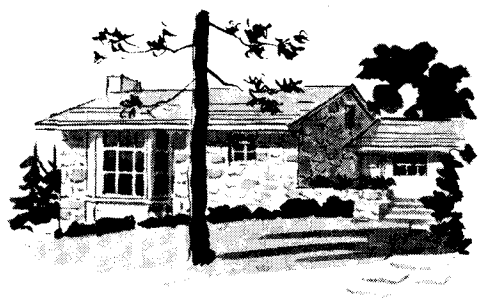
Read why 8 out of 10 new homes are heated by GAS...

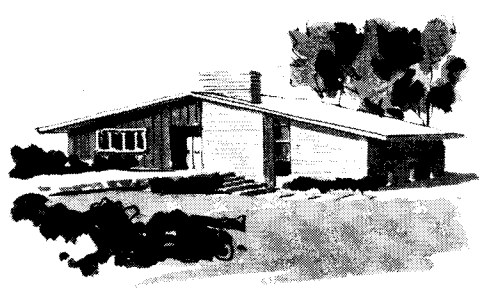
America's Most Dependable Fuel!

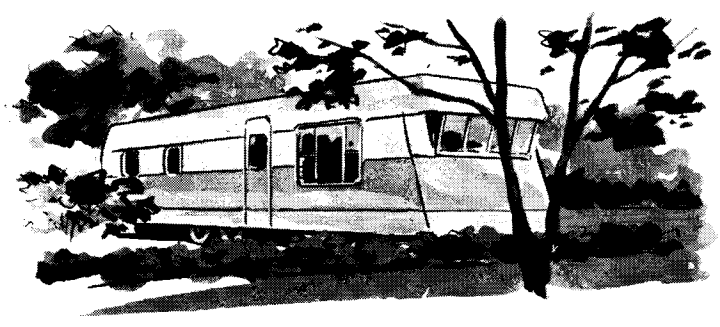


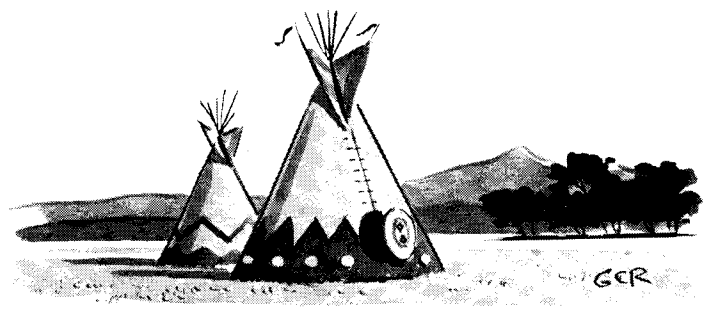












GAS IS CLEAN! Gas is so clean, you save hours housekeeping, save money in cleaning bills. Gas is nature's cleanest fuel because it burns completely, without smoke, without soot, without waste.

GAS IS QUIET! Gas heating is completely automatic . . . it starts quietly, heats quietly, turns itself down without a whisper. Gas heating units have no moving parts. A clean, silent flame does the job.

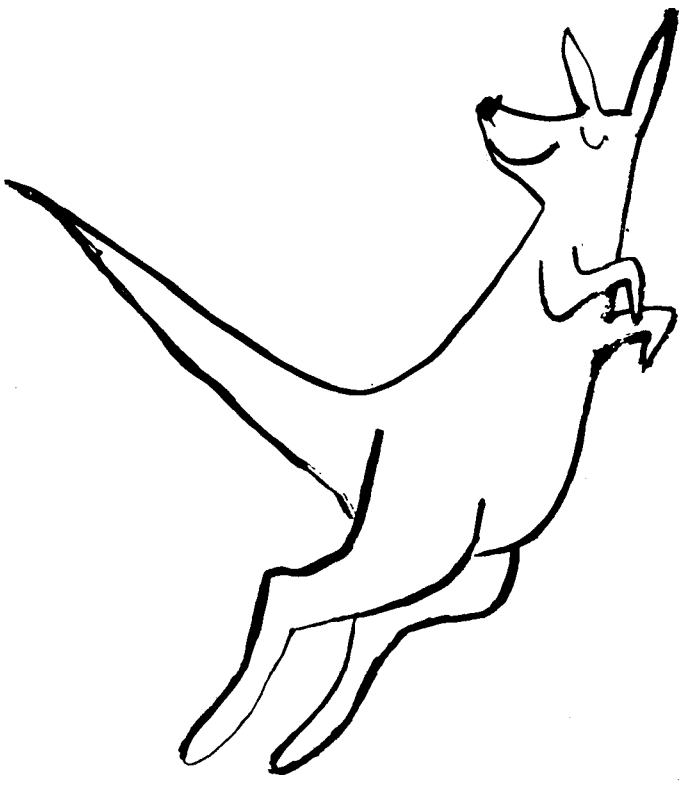
GAS IS DEPENDABLE! Gas is piped directly into your home . . . is always at your service. Gas heating units are safe and simple . . . do not require extensive servicing . . . nothing can wear out about a quiet, silent flame.

GAS IS ECONOMICAL! Gas is efficient, giving you maximum heating at minimum expense. Gas heating units often last as long as the house. Whether you're building a new home, or remodeling, see your heating contractor or Gas company about the benefits of Gas.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

ONLY GAS heats so much better ...for less!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



GOING LICKETY SPLIT...When it comes to newsstand gains, the new American Home is showing its heels to all the other home service magazines. Month after month, sales are bounding 'way ahead of last year... proof that home-minded men and women everywhere go for its new youthful editorial vitality, new award-winning graphic excitement, new wealth of ideas. The American Home is home service from cover to cover... devoting a greater share of its pages to remodeling, building, decorating, meal planning than any other major magazine. If you care more than a little about your home, hop down to the nearest newsstand and pick up your copy. If you are a supplier of products for the home, it's high time to take the lively leap into the most spectacular advertising medium in its field...

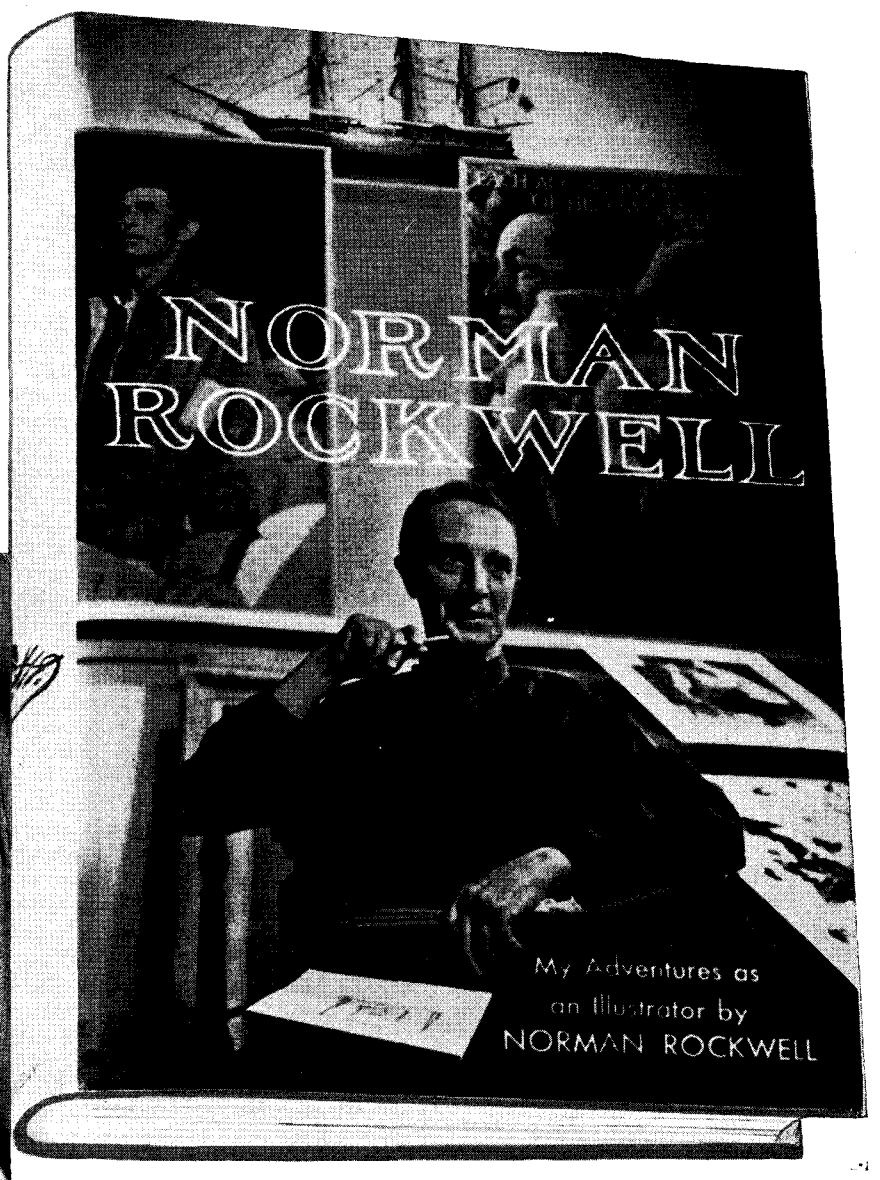
Read by 12 million men and women

AMERICAN HOME

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Rockwell

NOW... own a *personally* autographed copy of



NORMAN ROCKWELL: My Adventures as an Illustrator

Imagine owning a copy of this warm and witty life story of America's most famous artist, personally hand-signed by Norman Rockwell himself!

This is truly an "heirloom book" . . . a book you'll treasure for years to come. It's an absorbing and inspiring story of the growth of character and talent, of dedication and devotion, of the tragedy and comedy of a rich, full life.

And this expanded book version contains more than twice the material which appeared in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST articles, plus a number of especially-prepared drawings. Of special interest are the step-by-step photos of the progress of one of Norman Rockwell's recent POST covers, showing his method of painting.

What an Elegant Christmas Gift Idea!

MY ADVENTURES AS AN ILLUSTRATOR will be a proud and important addition to your library—and it's perfect for gifts, too!

A lifetime value, it is priced at only $4.95. Each gift you order will be announced with a special greeting card, hand-signed in your name. There's no need to send payment with your order—we'll gladly bill you later for $4.95 plus a few cents for postage and handling.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Dept. 1739, Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Penna.

Please send NORMAN ROCKWELL: My Adventures as an Illustrator, personally autographed by Mr. Rockwell

☐ to me:

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ as my gift to:

Name_____

Street or R.D._____

Town_____ Zone____ State_____

Sign my gift card_____

☐ Payment of $4.95 per copy enclosed
(Penna. residents please add 4% state sales tax.)

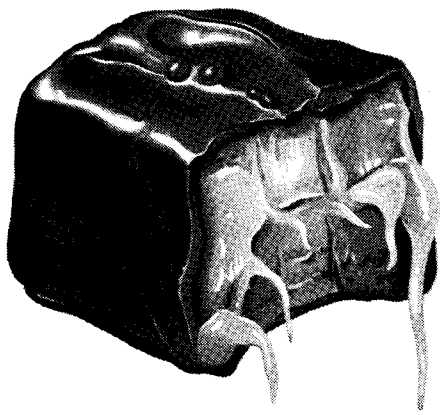
☐ Please bill me $4.95 plus a few cents for postage and handling for each copy ordered.

Please list additional orders on a separate sheet of paper.

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE: If you're not completely satisfied with this book, return it within 10 days for a full refund—or pay nothing if you've asked to be billed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

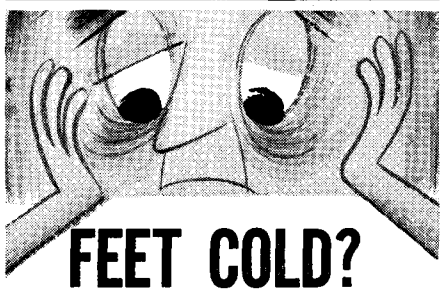
EAT
ANYTHING!



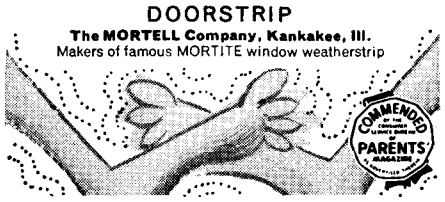
ORA-FIX
holds dentures fast—all day!

Use Ora Denture Cleanser, too

A product of
McKesson Laboratories



FEET COLD?
Could be that drafty door again!
You don't have to go through another winter with drafty doors! You can prevent colds and sniffles, end chilling floor drafts with FOAMFLEX doorstrip . . . the perfect door weatherstrip anyone can install in minutes.
Made of genuine closed-cell, non-absorbent vinyl foam permanently bonded to Ponderosa pine moulding. Fits old as well as new doors. Package contains two 7′ and one 3′ length plus nails and instructions.
Only $2.29 at all hardware, department, building supply stores.
FOAMFLEX®
DOORSTRIP
The MORTELL Company, Kankakee, Ill.
Makers of famous MORTITE window weatherstrip



microlite HALF & FULL SOLES
At all fine shoe repairers

The Old Man Who Told Tales

(Continued from Page 31)

or facts. Nor cause. And wasn't Officer Hider good enough for any and all policemen, forever a threat to a man's freedom, locking away the fair and the foul, hiding them from the smile of the world? Though he had never so much as stepped a foot across a jailhouse doorstep, he knew that all night long he had tossed in anguish, fearful, thinking he was going to be held, bound like a breathing corpse at an early wake.

"Good morning, Mr. O'Connor."

"And why do you run? It's not the fastest who wins the race. Did you know that ——"

"I've no time for stories now," she said, walking around him, her hips moving rebelliously against her girdle. She glanced at him, forcing a smile, seeing the tobacco stains at the corners of his lips and the strands of hair spilling like white feathers from beneath his hat. "If there's anything that won't wait, Mr. O'Connor, it's a switchboard. I'm long distance, you know," she added proudly.

"Long distance," he said, stopping, struck sudden with the feeling that never again would there be anyone to listen to his stories. It would be like a queer sort of suffocation, having to hold them inside. Mary had always wanted him to have someone write them down, but he knew that a story told proper needed a voice to make it real, and wide eyes to see it standing like a memory in the air, and a heart that ached with joy or sadness. Children knew. They were no doubters, not them. *I'll tell them of my ancestors, noble lords all, grand men who left me a distant castle for my own,* he thought.

Waiting, he remembered how Mary had chided him for claiming himself of royal forebears, saying the saints would be leaning over backward if they allowed him to die with a roof above him, much less a castle. She had reproached him and berated him and stormed a bit, he knew, naming him blackguard and braggart and the biggest fool who ever drew the breath of life. But she had only broken his heart once. In her last breath she had whispered, "Shay, Shay, my beloved, I see your castle now."

And who am I to will it to? he wondered, suddenly frightened. *Who wants my castle in the far Highlands?*

The street was empty again, and he looked about, startled, thinking perhaps this was the wrong day, or even the wrong month, for school to begin, and then he saw the first pale frost lying shimmering and tender on the grass and knew it was autumn.

Thinking to pick the last of the flowers for the children, saying they should have something to hand the teacher to show they nursed no rancor for what she was about to do to them, he scurried around the peeling signboard and across the vacant lot to his garden.

He walked through the growing things, chuckling with delight at the marigolds and asters peering brazenly between the sturdy pumpkin leaves. Like bright trollops, in truth. "Ah, ah, so," he said, thinking that the good things in life, kindness and love and gentleness and faith, should never be laid out in neat and orderly beds, separated from all else.

Picking the flowers, he remembered that Mary was gone, gone but waiting, waiting impatiently as she always had while he told his tales, waited through fifty-seven years of marriage, saying at first, "Oh, Shay, you're a rogue," and later, "You've got more blarney than sense," and later still, "What a fearsome burden to be caught with a man who promises the moon and can't provide a table," and finally one day, "Shayne O'Connor, your tales and your wicked promises will bring you sad trouble." But year in and year out since she had left him alone, he had planted his garden helter-skelter, the way God seemed to do, and it came out right. Now, with his coat sleeves and trouser legs wet from the hoarfrost, he clutched the flowers and vivid tomatoes as if these would be the last.

He did not mind. Not for himself. Everyone, the fierce and the meek, the wise and foolish and loving all came finally to the silence. But there were stories to be told, stories of men who looked to the future remembering the past, stories handed down from mouth to mouth like the breath of life itself, from father to child, friend to enemy, loved to loveless. Pausing, he asked Mary if she understood now that all his fantasies and sparkling promises, promises which sent a child's heart to thumping with dreams of mountains of ice cream and rides on Ferris wheels that went looping through the stars, the little worlds he created, worlds more joyous and endless than this one, were only ways of remarking to the Almighty that it was known he had set man apart from the other creatures, giving him memory and imagination. He had set man apart and made him lonely, but a good story could take the loneliness away. Climbing up the bank, he wondered if Mary remembered what loneliness was like. It was doubtful, he thought, for angels were said to sing forever.

"And storytellers, too," he said aloud.

Three boys came down the street dressed so alike you'd think your eyes had lost their focus, making one look like three. Their hair was waved, oh so grand, the curls and ringlets held in place, and they walked proud, as if they were going to a great fair.

Hurriedly he laid the flowers and vegetables at the edge of the sidewalk and took the coins from his pocket, thinking he'd make out to lose them in the grass; finders keepers. Finding a coin will make them know today's a lucky day.

"Finders keepers!" he cried loudly and fell to his knees, pretending to search in the white-frosted grass. "Finders keepers!"

"Dig ol' daddy-o!" one said.

"Man, what a crazy grasshopper!"

Shayne looked up. "Finders keepers," he repeated.

The third boy, not more than twelve or fourteen, his chin and cheeks pimply, but his eyes quiet with a curious slumbering, looked down, grinning. "A creep from Squaresville!" The other boys had walked ahead, and he wanted them to watch him. "Hey, look!" As they turned, he cried, "Why don't you die, old man?" and kicked with all his might.

Shayne said, "You shouldn't ——"

"Who needs you?" Again the boy kicked and then hurried away.

On his hands and knees, bewildered, Shayne watched them striding down the street. Others came, some alone and some in little chattering groups, children he knew, and they said, "Hello, Mr. O'Connor," or, "You'll get dirty, Mr. O'Connor," but they did not pause to listen to him.

Suddenly a most awful dread struck through his mind. He had thought to give them a little joy, a story to bounce the heart and widen the eyes and leave the world behind, but they only hurried away. He got to his feet, almost frantic. He hadn't thought to hold them, but now he feared no one would ever tarry again.

After a while there were no more children, and he stood looking down at the flowers and vegetables and thinking, *Shayne O'Connor, what a foolish old man you are! Flowers and coins and marvelous tales you have, but nothing else.* His heart ached to have his Mary back. Picking up the marigolds, he remembered the Christmas he had given her one bitter March day.

In December there had been no money for presents. Snow lay so deep people despaired. "I'll not be having the sidewalk shoveled again," they said. "Not until the last of the snow comes down. It's foolish." On Christmas Day he and Mary sat alone, and he could sense the heavy weight of resignation in her.

"I've been a poor provider, have I not, Mary?"

"It's no fault of your own, Shayne. Poverty's no sin. Nor childlessness."

He sat beside her chair and took her hand, and all afternoon he told her stories of children, children who scurried into the forest and chopped down a Christmas tree so tall it brought stars hurtling with it. But his children had never come into the house. Not for her. Late at night, holding her in his arms, he said, "It's a common class of sorrow, loneliness."

"Yes, Shay."

And then a false spring had come in February. Rainspouts had burst with the ice, roofs had sprung leaks. Everyone at once wanted their storm windows down. He worked from daylight until after dark, restoring the ravages of winter, and when the snow came back in the middle of March, he had over fifteen dollars saved out, unbeknownst to Mary. After she had gone to bed he slipped into the wood and brought the little fir and popped corn to decorate it. Even though it was long after midnight, he awakened her.

"Mary. Mary, me own." He shook her gently until her eyes opened.

"Shay, what is it?" And then she saw he was

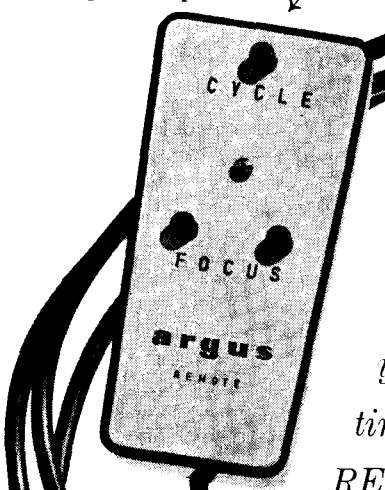
(*Continued on Page 66*)

"For Pete's sake, Sam, play another one."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

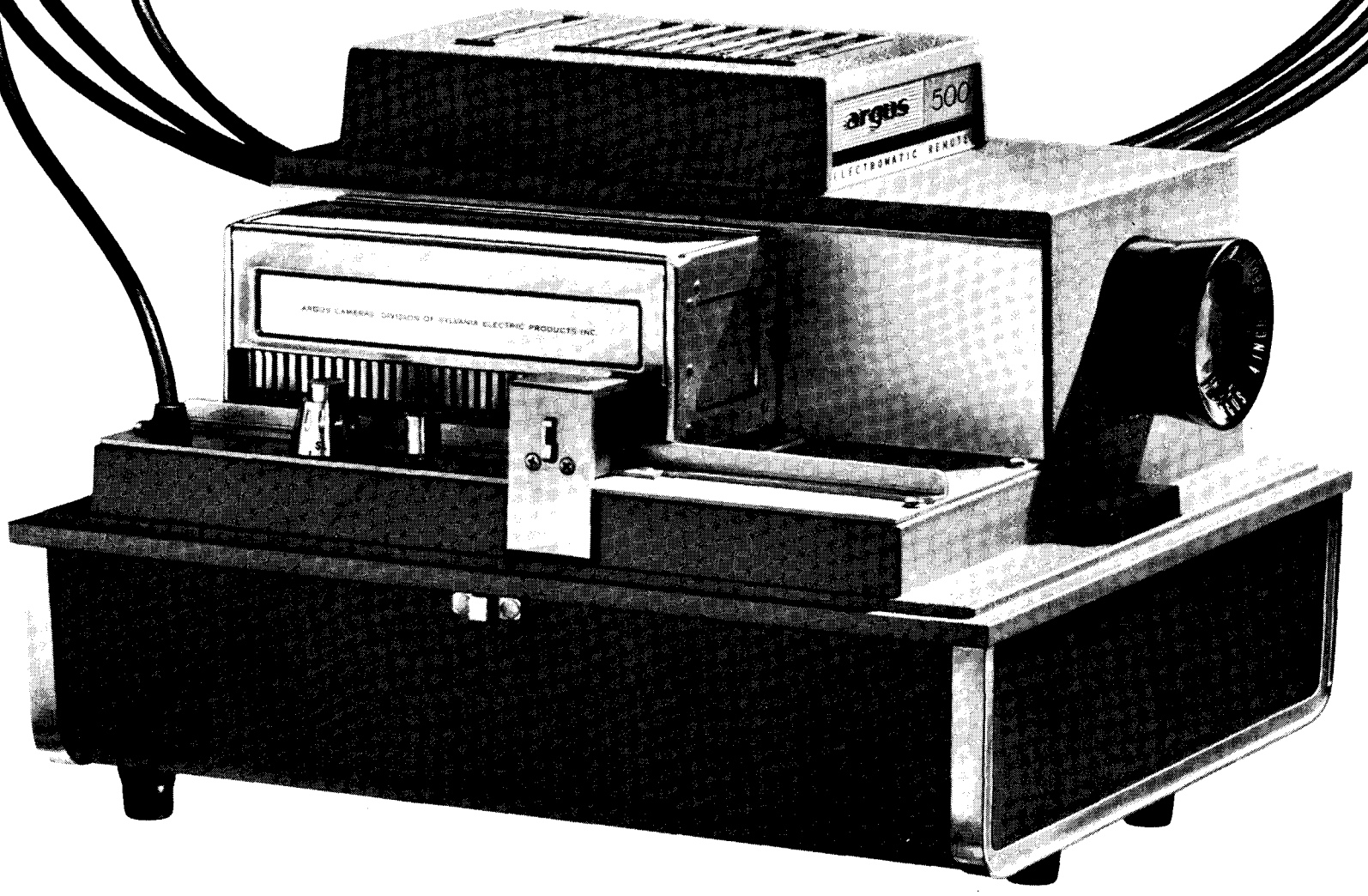
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Argus . . .
the color-picture specialists



NOW...
REMOTE "TUNING" FOR YOUR SLIDE SHOWS!

The little palm-size panel (left) lets you run your whole slide show from where you sit . . . brings slides in pinpoint sharp on your screen without your moving anything but your thumb. The "cycle" button changes the slide each time you push it . . . from the same chair. The new ARGUS ELECTROMATIC REMOTE PROJECTOR (below) has a timer, too. Set it and your slides go on all by themselves . . . in brilliant color, 500 watts bright, sharp right out to the edges . . . so real they almost talk. Just ***$12 down*** *puts your show on the road.*



FREE SCREEN—IF YOU BUY NOW!

Until November 30th, any Argus Dealer listed here will give you a fine-quality, standard-size projection screen when you buy your Argus Electromatic Remote Projector. See your nearest dealer now.

CALIFORNIA
ALHAMBRA
Jerry's Camera Shop
ANAHEIM
Broadway Orange County
ARCADIA
Santa Anita Camera Shop
ARCATA
Phillips Camera Shop
ARLINGTON
Arlington Photofotorium
AUBURN
Lee of Auburn
BAKERSFIELD
Henley Photo
BELLFLOWER
Bellflower Camera
BERKELEY
Bennett Photo
Camera Shop
Gersh Photo
CANOGA PARK
Canoga Camera Exchange
CATHEDRAL CITY
Camera Center
CHICO
Staples Foto Shop
CHULA VISTA
Winstead Bros.
CORONADO
Winstead Bros.
DOWNEY
Firestone Camera
Stonewood Camera
EL CAJON
Winstead Bros.
EL CERRITO
H. C. Capwell Co.
EL MONTE
Modern Village Camera
Todd's Camera Shop
ESCONDIDO
Snap & Sound
EUREKA
Proctor's Photographic
Weisfields
FRESNO
Fresno Camera Exchange
Hollywood Camera Shop
Weisfields
GLENDALE
Ernie's Camera Shop
Gayson's Camera Supplies
Woodall's Camera
GRANADA HILLS
Camera Exch. of Granada Hills
HAYWARD
Bowman's Camera Shop
H. C. Capwell Co.
Milen's Jewelry
HAWTHORNE
B & B Camera Shop
HEMET
Speed's Photo Shop
INGLEWOOD
Winstead Bros.
LA CANADA
Merritt Camera
LAKEWOOD
May Co.
LANCASTER
Antelope Valley Camera
LONG BEACH
Broadway Dept. Store
City Photo Service
The May Co.
Winstead Bros.
LOS ANGELES
All Broadway Stores
B. B. Nichols, Inc.
Earl V. Lewis Photo Co.
El Sereno Photo Store
Griffith Photo
Henry's Cameras
Lawson's Jewelry
LeRoys Jewelers
Lloyd's Camera Exchange
The May Company
Precision Photo
Schaeffer Photo Supply
Shonholtz & Sons
Sid Klein, Inc. Stores
Southwest Camera
Western Camera
Winter & Company
LOS GATOS
Village Camera Shops
LYNWOOD
Griffith Photo
MARYSVILLE
Albrecht & Lowe
MAYWOOD
Maywood Camera
MERCED
Ken's Cameras
MODESTO
Camera Center
Shoob's
MONTEREY
McKay's Camera Shop
MONTEVELLO
Sid's Camera Shop
MONTROSE
Woodall's Camera
NATIONAL CITY
Montgomery Ward
NORTH HOLLYWOOD
Broadway Valley Dept. Store
Hooper Camera Exchange
The May Company
Valley Plaza Camera
NORTHRIDGE
Northridge Camera
OAKLAND
H. C. Capwells
Merle's Camera Shop
Milens Jewelers
Photo Shop
Walter Bennett Cameras
ONTARIO
Gordon Ayers Camera
PALO ALTO
Camera Shop
PASADENA
Alvin's Photo Supply
Broadway Store
Matthews Photo Supply
Nash-Swanson—Camera Dept.
F. W. Reed Company
PETALUMA
The Camera Corner
REDDING
Photographic Supply
REDLANDS
Redlands Camera
REDONDO BEACH
A-1 Photo Service, Inc.
The May Company South Bay
RESEDA
Reseda Photo Service
RICHMOND
Milen's Jewelry
RIVERSIDE
Sage's
SACRAMENTO
Weisfields
John Pardee
Webb's Photo Supply
SALINAS
Green's Camera
SAN ANSELMO
The Photo Shop
SAN BERNARDINO
Arthurs
Harris Company
Sage's
SAN BRUNO
San Bruno Camera Shop
SAN DIEGO
Boulevard Camera Shop
Bunnell Photo Shop
Montgomery Ward
Ted Schiller Camera & Sporting Goods
Walker-Scott Co.
Winstead Bros.
Woolworth's
SAN FRANCISCO
Al Bass
Atmac Camera Store
Brooks Cameras, Inc.
The Emporium
Fast Cameras
Macy's
Schaefers Camera Shop
The White House
SAN JOSE
Royal Camera
Town & Country Camera
Webbs
SAN MATEO
Camera Center
Foreman's Stores
SAN PEDRO
A-1 Photo Service, Inc.
SANTA ANA
Stilley's Photo Supply
SANTA BARBARA
Westens, Inc.
SANTA CRUZ
Webber's Photo Shop
SANTA MARIA
Santa Maria Camera
SANTA MONICA
Carlson's Photo Supply
Photo Supply
SAN RAFAEL
McDuffie's Camera Center
SHERMAN OAKS
French's Camera
STOCKTON
Gluskins Camera Corner
Logan Camera Shop
Reimans
SUNNYVALE
Coillot's Camera Shop
TORRANCE
A-1 Photo Service, Inc.
Broadway, Del Amo
TURLOCK
Walter's Camera Shop
TUJUNGA
Woodall's Camera
TULARE
Sweet's Drug Store
UKIAH
Triple S Camera Shop
Weisfields
VALLEJO
Benne Photo Supply
VAN NUYS
Van Nuys Camera
VENTURA
County Camera
VICTORVILLE
Desert Valley Camera
VISALIA
Main Drug
WALNUT CREEK
H. C. Capwell Co.
WALTERIA
A-1 Photo Service, Inc.
WATSONVILLE
Santi's Camera Shop
Stepick's Camera Shop
WEST COVIN
The May Co.
WHITTIER
Monte's Camera Shop
Whittwood Camera & Gift Shop
WOODLAND HILLS
Woodland Hills Camera
THROUGHOUT STATE
Zale's Jewelers
HAWAII
HILO
Gem Dept. Store
HONOLULU
Colvins Camera Center
Gem Dept. Store
Hawaii Camera Sales
Sakummoto Photo
Waterhouse Photo Co.
OAHU
Hughes Drug, Kailua, Oahu
WAIKIKI
McInerny's Dept. Store
NEVADA
LAS VEGAS
Vegas Village Camera
RENO
Cameras Unlimited
SPARKS
Ross Photo

argus®
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS
Argus Cameras, Inc., Subsidiary of Sylvania Electric Products Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 64*) dressed. "For the love of God, are you sick?"

Holding his hand over his stomach, he tried to look forlorn. Silently he walked into the parlor, knowing she would follow, hurrying in, pulling her flannel robe about her. And then she saw the tree and the candle atop it and, on the floor, the red sweater with the blue sequins sparkling like radiant flowers across its shoulders and down the sleeves. Picking it up, she held it to her, shaking her head. "Lord preserve us, me dressed like a wanton," she said, "and Christmas neither here nor there."

In the kitchen they had strong tea with milk in it and sweet rolls. She was very happy, or very sad. He couldn't tell which. "You like your Christmas?"

"Yes, dear. It's very nice," she said, hugging her red-sleeved arms to her.

"The color of red becomes you, sweetheart."

"It's too pretty for the likes of me."

There's no pleasing a woman who's learned despair, Shayne thought. And what childless woman can be reminded of the miracle of Christmas and not weep?

In the silenced hour, which was neither light nor dark, he said, "I meant only to give you a bit of joy."

Turning to him, she kissed him sweetly. "It was the other Christmas I liked. When you filled the house with those beautiful children. Oh, the joyousness, Shay."

In the quietness he could hear the children again, their voices as thin and high as the creaking of a branch and their romping no heavier than tiny balls of snow rolling down the roof and plumping to the ground. But, like all children, late. Late.

Picking up the last of the flowers, he thought of the new school far down toward the center of the city. The kindergarten for the little ones. His eyes cleared as he hurried along the street, telling himself these were the ones who needed him, the wee ones, alone for the first time. Aye, they would be wanting a flower and a story and a promise.

How shy and tender and innocent they were. The stories he ached to tell—the sagas and fables and legends which reminded a man that of all the brutes, he alone lived in the future and revered the past and made his own dreams and abided by them—were not for the likes of these. No, these would want to know of the wee people who frolicked in the rocks and rills, making the brooks sing and the leaves rustle, making the sun a light to live by, but too bright for looking into.

But when he spoke, they shied away. Even when he promised them ice cream of a plum color, or a pony with its own cart, or kites that would scamper through the heavens, they fled screaming.

He looked about, bewildered. What a fearsome day was this, he thought, what an evil day when no child wanted to hear a story. Tired, weary in a way he had never known, he slumped against the mailbox, remembering the good tiredness he had had as a young man. What a joy it had been.

And Mary would have it no otherwise. Walking home, prancing like a stallion, he'd look ahead to see her waiting on the stoop. She wouldn't run to meet him, making him look like a weakling before his neighbors, but once inside the house, her hands flew over him, caressing and soothing until a man was weak indeed.

"Ah, Shay, Shay, my sweet, how tired you are. And your dear face, drawn like the foot of a chicken. It's a good supper you need and straight to bed."

But in the kitchen, where the kettles were so brigetty with the fine things they held they bounced their lids up and down, the tub was always waiting. When he sat down, Mary removed his shoes and socks and placed his feet in the soothing water. And then loosen the belt and away with the shirt. Slip the underwear from the shoulders. Her fingers fled after the tired muscles.

"What a brawn of a man. It's that proud of you, I am, I'd walk you naked to my neighbors were it not for the shame."

Shayne closed his eyes. It wasn't tiredness she was hurrying away. No, her fingers were like little pebbles skipping across pools of waiting vigor, arousing a joy and need so fierce and deep that a man sat proud there was so much to him. Grabbing her, he pulled her to his lap and kissed her until he was neither strong nor weak, but filled with a delirious disbelief as if in one moment all the joys of creation would burst about them.

"Shove the supper to the back of the stove, Mary, dear."

Remembering the hundreds of evenings when he had left wet footprints from the kitchen, across the parlor and into the

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Faint Hour

By Jane Merchant

So busy in the daytime,
  So weary in the night
How many hardly notice
  They're wounded in the
    fight.

But in the earliest dawning
  When light contends with
    sleep
In the unarmored hour,
  How many wake, and
    weep.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

bedroom, he shook his head, wondering why all that vigor and joy and hope had been made barren. What need had there been for them to be childless? Over and over he had told her, "Soon, soon, Mary dear. All in good time." And then to make the waiting bearable, he had begun telling her stories of children, creating them as he went. Even now, leaning against the mailbox, he was astonished at the way the stories had come so natural. Sometimes it was near eerie. Though he had never thought of it before, a story would come out as if already known, a memory held in the blood, a legacy.

Feeling the wetness of his clothes against his shrunken flesh, he started to turn away, but he looked one last time at the stanch building where the children had fled.

A police car pulled up and a strange patrolman stepped out, a fat, young Officer Hider he had never seen before.

"Pops, why don't you and me take a ride?"

Shayne looked at him, remembering the night and the way he had felt bound and held and terrified. Turning, he started to hurry away.

"That's him! That's him!" a woman yelled.

She was wearing a policeman's jacket and a blue skirt, and there was a whistle dangling from her hand.

"Who're you?" Shayne asked.

"She helps the kids across the street," the officer said. "Look, pops, I think you'd better come down to the station."

Shayne turned to run, wanting to get back to his own neighborhood where he was known.

"Now, look, old man, don't give me a bad time," the officer said, grabbing him.

At the jailhouse Shayne sat, confused and frightened. Officer after officer, a whole regiment of Hiders, passed through the room and looked at him. Some nodded, some shrugged, but none of them spoke.

"What did you bring me here for?" Shayne asked, but no one told him. "Is something wrong?"

"Now, don't get excited, pop," the chief said. "You got a family?"

Shayne shook his head. He couldn't imagine why they asked. And it never occurred to him that a man could live all his life in one place and the town would grow so fast, wiping out the farms and spreading up the hills, with people moving in and out, until in the end you were a stranger to all but a few. The telephone kept ringing. The chief would pick it up, listen a moment, and say, "Yes. yes, we've got him. In the name of God, try to quiet things down out there before we have a panic."

Something unseen and unknown was happening, Shayne realized, and got to his feet. "If you've no need of me I'll be going."

"Now, you just sit still," the chief ordered and turned away. "Do you like children, old man?"

Shayne looked up. What a strange question, he thought, what a queer question for a man to ask with his back turned. "I've a great love of them," he said. "I like to delight them."

Picking up a chair in his massive hand, the chief came across the room and sat in front of Shayne. "Have you ever molested a child?"

His eyes wide with disbelief, and then anger, Shayne wiped his hand across his mouth, wishing that for just one moment he could have back some of the strength that once had been so lavish. "Would I harm a child? What a wicked thing to say to an old man!"

"Look, we all get old, pops. What were you doing hanging around the school?"

Shayne did not know what to say. "It's a free country," he managed. How could you tell such a man the things that made a child's heart soar, and how could you tell him the things you needed yourself?

"Did you promise them ice cream? And money?"

Shayne nodded.

"I'm afraid I'd better hold you for a while."

A great heavy sadness settled over him, and Shayne knew he had no desire to defend himself. What was there to defend, anyway? He only wanted to go home.

"What's your name, anyway?"

Shaking his head, Shayne started to get to his feet, but the chief pushed him gently back into the chair.

"You got money to make bail?"

The only cash money he had, Shayne knew, was lost in the dying grass.

"Look, you just come along with me. You'll have a nice bed here, and in a little while I'll have them bring you something to eat. You look pretty shook to me."

From his cell Shayne could hear them talking, saying they didn't know whether he was guilty, or crazy, or what, saying it was a good thing the parents and children and teachers had been given pamphlets and lectures about bums and child molesters and perverts and kidnapers.

"I wouldn't want to catch him promising my kids candy and stuff. I don't care if he's a hundred, I'd slaughter him," an officer said.

"Anyway, I'm holding him for a while," the chief said. "Maybe he's just a dirty old man. I don't know."

Shayne lay back on the soiled cot. *A dirty old man.* What a bleak and shameful end to dreams. Where had all the glory gone? How far beyond loneliness it was to be alone? Frightened and sick at heart, he tried to think of some tale in which he could lose himself, but his heart and mind rejected them.

Even when they brought the food, he lay with his arms folded across his chest, wondering why life had made him into a figure who frightened the children he adored. That confounded him more than all else, and he tried to shove the memory of Mary from his mind, not wanting her to see him so.

I am no longer any man she ever knew, he told himself, thinking that nothing which had gone before or might come afterward had any relation to the Shayne O'Connor who had loved so dearly and who had wanted to keep innocence and a believing heart alive in a rampant garden. All that was left of Shayne O'Connor was hidden away in a jail, and him only real to those who passed beyond the cell bars and looked in with an air of great disgust.

The noise and the scuffling and the obscenities were fearsome. Though he heard the cell door open and shut, Shayne kept his eyes closed.

"Stinkin' fuzz! Lousy two-bit cops! You can't lock me up, I'm only a kid!" And then the cell was filled with words of filth and defiance and cruel threats.

Opening his eyes, Shayne saw the young boy, the one who had kicked him so viciously, shaking at the bars.

Outside the cell a policeman shook his head in derision. "A kid? But man enough to slug a woman teacher, huh?"

"So what was I doin', talkin'? You got to let me out of here, you stupid idiot. The law says I can make a telephone call ——"

"Only it don't say when, buster."

"You let me make a call and, boy, you'll get ——"

"I know, I know, chum. Only the phone is out here, and you're in there. Why don't you just simmer down and let me rest? That's mamma's darling," the officer said and strolled away.

Turning, hitting his fists against his pretty hair, the boy saw Shayne. His face contorted in revulsion, and he pounded against the bars, screaming and screaming to be taken out of the booby hatch, until his young voice became hoarse. Taking a pencil from the pocket of his leather jacket, he began frantically writing huge four-letter words across the cell walls, writing anything to express the frustration inside himself.

Shayne sat up, smiling. Ah, what a fine and sad rage, he thought. What a beautiful fury. Oh, how much there was in a man, even a very young man, that had to come out. "You feel better now, eh?" he asked, when the boy finally quieted.

"Drop dead!"

"It's a jail you're in, and that's for sure."

"Drop dead I said!"

"A fortress, a bastion ——"

The boy whirled. "Look, old man, don't make me hurt you. I'm strong as a bull. Don't forget that."

Nothing would stop him from talking, Shayne knew. Somehow he had to find a word, a talisman, to catch the boy's imagination, for in a sudden moment he realized that he was not imprisoned. It was the wild and bitter boy who was locked up, captive in himself, and it was killing him.

"And the heart's a bastion too. A barricade. Those who love us want in, and what is held in the heart storms to be freed ——"

"A real rumble," the boy said scornfully. "Man, I'm goin' to bawl."

Yes, you are, Shayne thought, looking at his gnarled and (*Continued on Page 68*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In Grandad's left hand, the Bell System's new electronic larynx.

A new voice for the voiceless

New Bell System electronic larynx restores speech to those who have lost the use of their vocal cords

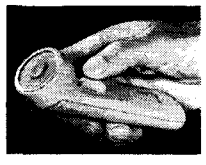
Helping people to talk again . . . this is a continuing Bell System project which grew out of Alexander Graham Bell's lifelong interest in persons with hearing and speech handicaps.

Now Bell Telephone Laboratories has developed an improved electronic artificial larynx which is entirely self-contained and battery-operated—designed to serve as a "new voice" for many people affected by surgery or paralysis.

When held against the neck, this ingenious 7-ounce device transmits vibrations into the throat cavity which can then be articulated into words. Speech sounds of good intelligibility and improved naturalness are produced.

Two models are being made by the Western Electric Company, manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. One simulates a man's voice, the other a woman's. In keeping with the Bell System's long history of public service, the Bell Telephone Companies are making this device available on a non-profit basis. If you would like further information, just get in touch with your local Bell Telephone business office.

This new artificial larynx is another example of how research at Bell Telephone Laboratories serves the public in many ways—in developments used by the world's most modern telephone system—and in inventions which have wide application by outside industries and people in all walks of life.



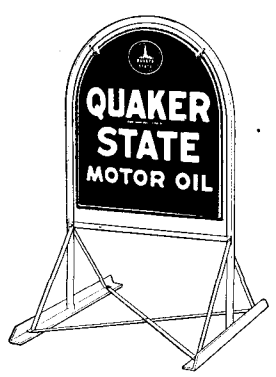
Held to the throat, the Bell System electronic artificial larynx replaces the vibrations of normal vocal cords to produce speech. Power is turned on and off, and the pitch is varied, by a simple thumb-operated switch.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas J. Lester, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, owns the superbly conditioned 1927 Kissel Gold Bug, a famous classic car whose powerful straight 8 engine he helps protect by using Quaker State Motor Oil exclusively.

"Quaker State is best for my classic 1927 Kissel and my new car, too!" Whether your car was new in 1927 or 1960, it needs Quaker State Motor Oil, the finest money can buy. Refined from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, it gives all engines long-lasting protection. Available most everywhere. Be sure to ask for it by name.



Member Penna. Grade Crude Oil Assn.

For the name of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

(*Continued from Page 66*) quiet hands, remembering all they had grasped and cherished and knowing now they held only one thing, memory shaped like a key. How could he describe it to this rebellious boy, he wondered, without realizing that he was already talking, watching the boy's face carefully, saying it was a funny thing about life, here he was hidden in a cell when he had inherited a castle in the far Highlands, him, a man of noble heritage, like all others.

"Pardon me, my lord," the boy said. "I thought this was the slammer. A castle!" He threw his arms out in a wide gesture.

Shayne talked softly for a while, and when he glanced up he saw that the boy had slumped against the wall, smoking a cigarette, his face clouded as though some disquieting reverie was growing in his mind.

Catch wildness with wildness, he thought, and he heard himself telling quick, short tales of battles in the glens and brief fables of men lost in raging seas, but brought to shore by a true navigator as unseen as any which guided the tiny hummingbird through endless miles of violent storms, bringing him finally to roost on a single honeysuckle branch. "It's the same with a storyteller. He's only a man with a memory there's no accounting for."

"You kidding me?" the boy asked, sitting on the edge of the cot.

"No, son. It's a kind of legacy. Some have it, some don't."

"Yeah, but nobody'll listen to you. They think you're nuts," he said slowly, and then, as though he feared to abandon the protection of his insolence, he added, "Come on, ol' daddy, give out with the make-believe."

"There was a wanderer, a man from Galway," Shayne began, having no idea what he was going to say, but knowing he was sitting beside another teller of tales. He could think of nothing. He suddenly seemed mute, and it grieved him, for there never had been a time when the enchantment was so needed. The boy waited to listen, and Shayne yearned to speak, but the air was barren and trapped.

"Did this guy ride out or walk?" the boy asked.

"Rode, I believe. That would seem the right of it."

"I'll tell you, daddy-o, I think he walked at first."

"Do you say now?"

"It's best to walk the hills," the boy said, giving his arm a wide sweep, a broad movement which wiped away the walls. "I never told anyone, but in my mind I can see hills, and they're prettier than any others. Bigger. And they always lead someplace you want to go. Someday I'm going to see them and, at first, I aim to walk."

"Yes, he did walk from Galway out. I remember now," Shayne said and knew his heart was thumping as it never had since the moment he and Mary had been pronounced man and wife. He recalled the instant now, and it stood vivid in the air before him.

How beautiful she was. How fragile and sweet in the white lace dress that came near to the floor and a waist so tiny a man could span it with his hand. Hair black as a raven's wing and eyes bluer than wild thistles, but shy, and cheeks that blushed like roses opening when the serenading began.

Outside the window, friends had shouted and called and pounded on pieces of tin and rung bells and built a great fire which had glowed through the drawn shades. Oh, what a moment it had been, with Mary shy and timid and him so manly. "I'll go and give them money now for their wedding treat," he had said.

"Oh, no, Shay. They'll grab you, carry you away from me."

"Wild horses couldn't take me from you, Mary, dear. We've a marriage to get along with," he had said, not meaning too much, really, but he blushed himself and a fiery red at that. And later the shyness hit them both, and they slipped into bed so timid they hardly moved it.

". . . and he was starving to death," the boy went on. "Lost. Didn't have a thing to eat, but because he had promised the little people he would tell others about them—wherever he went in the whole world he would tell others, for, you see, if no one talks about them, little people never awaken. They just sleep all the time. Like a dream, I suppose you could say. . . ."

Shayne looked at the boy, so overcome with joy he shook. He didn't know what story the boy had told, but he was telling it, and there was no longer anger or hatred in him.

". . . but when he said he would always tell about them, so they could awaken now and again and see how things were going, they made a promise ——"

"Yes, they would. It's a thing they would do, right enough."

"—they promised that always on the ground around him there would be food

---

If you want to know why some home-town boys go far, look at their home towns.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

and something pretty to see. That's why I'm sure he walked, mister."

"It's a true story, I'm sure, and you told it well." Shayne couldn't recall all the stories he had told, where they came from or where they had gone, but he knew the years had not been barren. *Better to light one candle*, he thought, *oh, better by far.*

The boy's father came to the cell door, saying angrily, "I should let you stay here for a while. You're a ——"

"Dad, I'm sorry," the boy said simply. "Please forgive me. And try to understand, dad."

"What?" the man said, astonished.

"I've never been able to say things right. It's been kind of lonesome, pop. There didn't seem to be anyone who wanted to listen."

"It's all right, son. We'll go home now."

Turning, the boy looked at Shayne. "You're the first person to let me talk like I want to. Like, free. These lousy cops said you were—I was supposed to try to get you to —— How can people be so awful?" he asked.

"It's been a fine day, son. A fine one."

Only then did the boy's father see him. "O'Connor, what're you doin' in there?"

"He was trying to tell the children stories. The cops thought he was going to—to molest them."

"You people gone crazy down here?" the father shouted. "O'Connor's the kindest man who ever lived!"

"O.K., O.K., O.K., anyone can make a mistake," the chief said.

In the kitchen Shayne sat in the old chair near the stove and began to tell Mary a story about a young man who walked out of Galway and found a cup of purest silver, but even he did not know when his voice slipped away and he nodded into sleep. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mamma's at the Met (Continued from Page 21)

recently as a year ago she knew the scores of only three standard works. Her repertoire was too limited to justify a bid from the Met, but there was a more ticklish indictment against her—her bulk.

When Bing arrived at the Met in 1950, he announced that more dramatic excitement would be pumped into its seedy productions by slimming the traditionally overstuffed casts. Like efforts to reduce East-West tensions, it was an idea everyone supported in principle, but no realist expected to see in his lifetime. Bing didn't get far in his streamlining campaign, for opera singing is a physical as well as an artistic exercise.

Tremendous lung power is needed to project the voice throughout a huge auditorium above a 120-piece orchestra, a chorus of fifty merry villagers and two or three principals in there pitching for their share of the applause. The diaphragm is the source of volume, and a singer develops a torso as thick as a Japanese wrestler's with incessant practice.

There is a valid theory that music lovers adopted the custom of closing the eyes during romantic passages to avoid watching the violent collisions of sweethearts aggregating a quarter ton on the hoof meeting in tender embraces. Hefty divas may not look aesthetic, but weight is essential for their sublime sounds. Critics believe Maria Callas lost something other than 100 pounds after she went on a drastic diet at the peak of her success.

Miss Farrell is in no danger of making the same mistake. She is a big, strapping girl, although not quite as big as she was a few years ago when she weighed 220 pounds. It is unlikely, however, that she ever will be confused with Lily Pons. At a discreet guess, about 185 pounds are now compressed into her five-foot, five-inch frame.

"I'm still a truck horse," she admits, "but you should've seen me before I took off thirty-five pounds. Boy, it was tough. The trouble is I'm a good cook and I pick at everything I make at home. My weight never bothered me until five years ago, when I suddenly realized I wasn't getting any younger and I'd have to get cracking if I wanted to sing opera. That's when I stopped eating like a maniac."

There is a decisive turning point in the career of every top musician. For Miss Farrell, it came on the night of November 8, 1955, at Town Hall in New York when *Medea*, an opera written by Luigi Cherubini in 1797, was performed for the first time in America. The acknowledged masterpiece never had been heard because few sopranos ever have had the range or the technique demanded by the fiendishly difficult score.

Medea had been Maria Callas's springboard to prominence a few years previously at La Scala in Milan, but Miss Farrell hardly could have hoped it would serve the same purpose for her. The affair was sponsored by the American Opera Society, a highly respected organization, but lacking the prestige of a major company. The production was a concert version of the opera, with the cast wearing formal evening clothes and the action on a bare stage restricted to perfunctory gestures, an arrangement that was not calculated to heighten the dramatic impact of the plot.

Costumes and scenery would have been superfluous. The audience was electrified by Miss Farrell. People stood up on seats and yelled. Someone started to count her curtain calls and lost track after her twentieth bow. Critics ransacked the thesaurus for superlatives to describe her voice.

"That was the first time I'd ever got real artistic acceptance," she comments. "Oh, I'd received good reviews on the concert circuit, but they don't mean much because out-of-town critics give them to everybody to stimulate local interest in music. Singing never had been a big deal to me before *Medea;* I sang because it was an enjoyable way to make a lot of money, but all of a sudden I wanted to do more.

"*Medea* taught me the value of sinking my teeth into a great role. I could identify with a woman who murdered her two children in a fit of rage and jealousy after her husband ditched her for a younger gal. I realized you get that emotional fire in opera. I had been ducking it because I knew nothing about acting, but *Medea* opened my horizon."

Her first venture in the new medium was at Tampa, Florida, in March, 1956, in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The orchestra, delayed by bad flying weather, arrived too late for a rehearsal, and Miss Farrell was numb with fear that she would knock down the scenery in her inexperienced floundering on the stage. Encouraged to find the props intact at the final curtain, she accepted offers to sing *Il Trovatore* and *Medea* in full costume in San Francisco, then *La Gioconda* in Chicago. Audiences and critics went overboard for her, but the Met seemed deaf to her vibrant soprano.

In September, 1959, she recorded a Puccini album with Max Rudolf conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. A few hours after a morning session, Rudolf phoned her at home.

"I had lunch with Bing today," he said. "He has great plans for you the season after next."

"That's nice," she said cautiously, "but it's news to me."

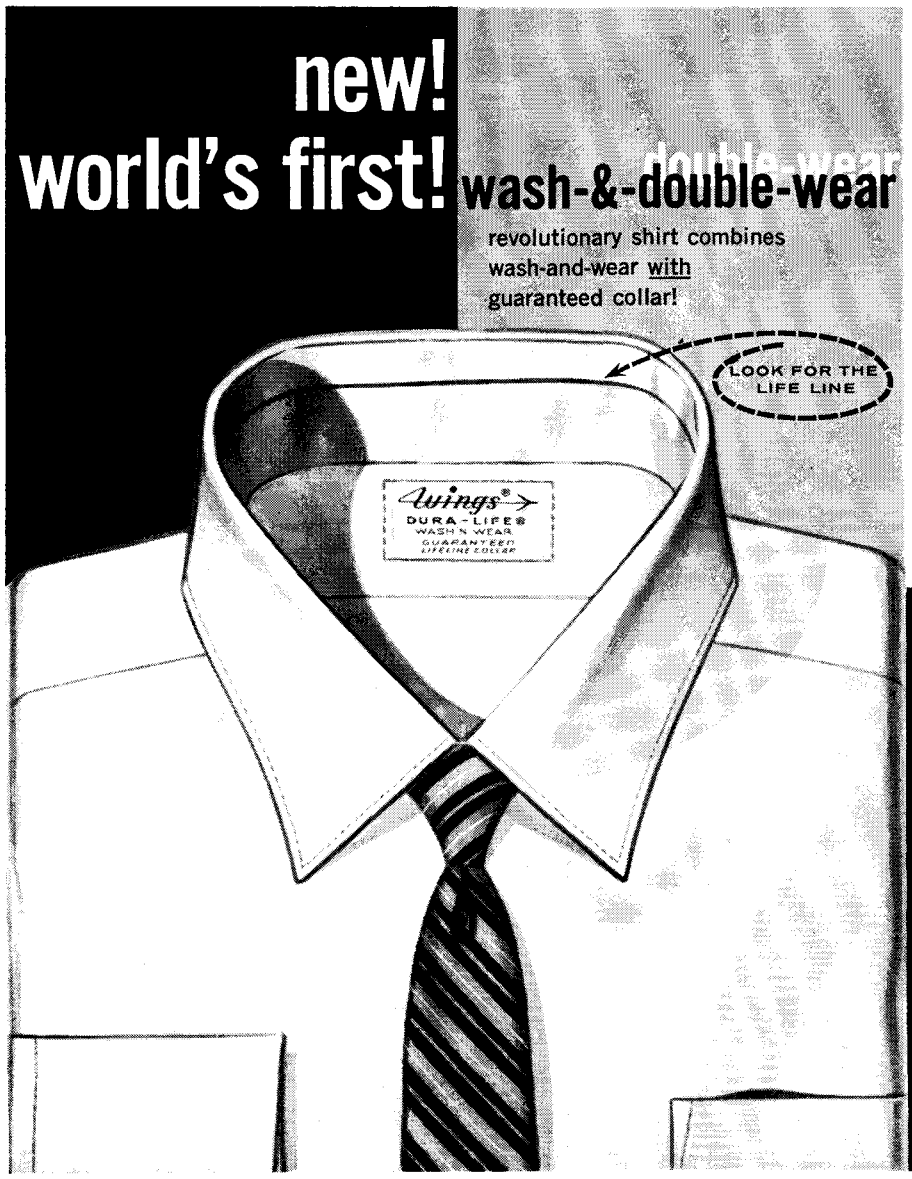
A few minutes later the phone rang again. Would it be convenient for Miss Farrell to meet with Mr. Bing the following day? It was.

"I see in your interviews," Bing remarked, "that when people inquire why you're not at the Met, you say you were brought up to believe it's polite to wait until you're asked." He smiled. "So now I'm asking."

Bing suggested that she do the English version of *Alcestis* in her debut on December sixth. Insiders have an interesting explanation for Bing's choice of the seldom-heard work for Miss Farrell's first vehicle. It was sung by Kirsten Flagstad, the last undisputed opera queen, in her farewell appearance at the Met in 1952, and Bing evidently wants the critics to draw obvious comparisons between the Norwegian star and Miss Farrell.

For her second offering Bing picked *La Gioconda*. "I'm afraid I can't give you the first *Gioconda* of the season because I've promised it to somebody else," he said. Miss Farrell told him that was perfectly all right with her. A few weeks later she sang *La Gioconda* in Chicago. Unknown to her, Bob Herman, Bing's assistant, scouted her interpretation of the role. The next day Bing phoned and asked her to do the first *Gioconda* later in December. She will give six performances of both operas.

"*Gioconda* is a lot of fun because it's such a juicy part," she says. "The plot is crazy even for opera, and that's going some. In the last act Gioconda does it up brown while she prepares to commit suicide rather than submit to a no-good who made a deal with her to save the life of the guy who spurned her. You never saw such goings on. The Met must be



New! Both "wears" in one smart shirt: WASH-and-wear plus LONG wear! Machine or drip-dry, plus genuine airplane cloth collar guaranteed to outlive body of shirt—or new shirt free, anytime! Perma-Sewn® buttons, too! Test Dura-life's superiority...

make the **14-day free trial.**

Blue life-line, deluxe broadcloth, cuffs guaranteed, too **$3.95**

Gold life-line, oxford **$3.95**

Red life-line, super broadcloth **$3.50** 3 FOR $10

new! dura-life® shirts

Wings Shirt Co. Inc. 4 W. 33, New York

Airplane Cloth Collar GUARANTEED To Outlive The Shirt Or a New Shirt FREE

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED WASHABLE

the big breakthrough in textile science from

wings®

AT LEFT: BARON

BARON B.D. SNAP-TAB RET

FEATURED AT:

PIZITZ, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
SMITH'S, OAKLAND, CAL.
THE EMPORIUM, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FOREMAN & CLARK, CAL. (all stores)
DUNLAP'S, STOCKTON, CAL.
LANSBURGH'S, WASHINGTON, D.C. (all stores)
DAVISON-PAXON CO., ATLANTA, GA.
THE RAPP CO., LAFAYETTE, IND.
HOLDEN & STONE, PITTSFIELD, MASS.
CARLSON'S, NORTHAMPTON, MASS.
MICHELMAN-CARSON, GREENFIELD, MASS.
RABIDEAU & HARRIS, ANN ARBOR, MICH.
GEISMAR'S, HOBOKEN, N.J.
SAKS 34th STREET, NEW YORK (all stores)
JACK LANG CLOTHES, PHILADELPHIA, PA. AND TRENTON, N.J.
JAMES L. TAPP CO., COLUMBIA, S.C.
MILLER BROS., CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
ZINDLER'S, HOUSTON, TEX.
PACE DRY GOODS, SAN ANGELO, TEX.
THORNTON'S DEPT. STORE, ABILENE, TEX. (all stores)

and other leading stores

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

satisfied I've lost enough weight to pass for a lovesick girl."

I had been warned that Miss Farrell was sensitive about her weight, but would discuss it after rapport had been established with her. That proved about as difficult as striking up a conversation with a barber. When I rang the front doorbell of her home on Staten Island, she called out, "Come around to the back. Only bill collectors use the front door."

The great artist was padding around the kitchen in a cotton house dress and a pair of run-down flats, preparing a rib roast for dinner. A brace of robust children and boxer dogs barged through the door after me.

"I hope you're covered by insurance against accidents," Miss Farrell said blandly. "It gets pretty wild around here when kids, dogs and furniture start to fly in all directions. Things are a little more *gemished* than usual today. My maid, Mrs. Astrid Mortensen, is leaving for her vacation in Denmark, and the kids can't wait to run me ragged."

The interview was as informal as a cup of coffee at a drugstore counter. Robbie and Kathi, who are thirteen and seven, respectively, and Brandy and Sherry, the boxers, trooped into the sunroom with Miss Farrell and me. Bob Reagan, a tall, wiry man who looked emaciated next to his sturdy family, brought up the rear. Miss Farrell turned off the hi-fi blaring Ella Fitzgeraid ("She's the greatest") in a Gershwin album and sat down. The kids and the dogs squatted on the floor and looked at me expectantly, as though I were about to show them an interesting parlor trick.

"Miss Farrell ——" I began.

"Call me Eileen," she cut in. "Let's drop this nonsense with names. People never know whether to call me Miss Farrell, Madame Farrell—in front of the children, yet—or Mrs. Reagan. The whole thing is silly."

There was a wail from the second floor of the rambling twelve-room house. Mrs. Mortensen didn't have enough luggage for her trip. Eileen and her husband rushed out to find a bag for her. Kathi came over and looked at the notes I had prepared for her mother.

"Are you going to interview Robbie and me?" she asked.

"That's a fine idea," I said. "Let's do it right now."

"Ask Robbie first," Kathi said coyly. "He's older."

Had Robbie ever gone to a performance given by his mother?

"Sure, I hear her every time she sings in New York, but I wish she'd do some rock and roll," he answered. "Classical stuff is O.K., I guess, but I like it better when she sings pop songs on TV." He rattled off his mother's TV appearances, giving the dates and the stations.

"You forgot last Easter when she sang Mr. Solomons with Benny Learnstein," Kathi reminded him.

She sang what with whom?

"She means *Missa Solemnis* with Leonard Bernstein," Robbie explained patiently. "The dopey kid never gets his name right."

I asked Robbie whether he sings. "A little, but I don't like it. Mom says I've got a good voice, but I don't think so. I get nervous."

"That's because he's the only boy in the choir at Our Lady of Good Counsel," Kathi said triumphantly. "The girls make him bashful."

Does he take music lessons?

"Not any more," he said. "I took piano lessons for two years, but dad stopped them because I didn't practice. I'd like to play now, but dad won't give me another chance."

"The little stinker!" Eileen exploded when Robbie's wistful ambition was relayed to her. "He wants to play the piano like I want to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. The next thing you know, people will say the poor, underprivileged kid doesn't get enough to eat."

Kathi volunteered the information that she was a good singer. Without prompting, she broke into *I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues*, the name song of her mother's new Columbia album, in a remarkably flat voice. "You ought to hear me play my bongo drum with my cha-cha record," she said complacently. "After I learn the piano I'm going to take trumpet lessons."

The kids dashed out to say good-by to Mrs. Mortensen, who was leaving for the airport. Eileen came in and looked at her watch.

"I don't know about *The Saturday Evening Post*, but this pack of chow hounds can't wait for dinner," she said. "Why don't you and Bob have a drink while I put the finishing touches on the vittles?"

Reagan provided the ingredients for the suggestion and gazed out of the window at the magnificent view of New York Bay, with the Statue of Liberty and the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan etched against the setting sun. "You can't beat this anywhere in the world," he said. "Eileen used to call Staten Island a hick town, but she loves it now as much as I do."

He met her in 1942 when he was assigned by the police department to investigate a $10,000 extortion threat against Herman P. Tappé, a New York *couturier*. Eileen was a customer at the salon, and when Tappé learned that Reagan sang tenor with the Police Glee Club, he arranged a lunch date for them on the pretext of their mutual interest in music.

"I was strictly an amateur and not a very good one," Reagan said. "I inherited a feeling for music from my mother, who was Italian, but I didn't cultivate it. I never even learned how to read music."

In the business, the husbands of most prima donnas are regarded as offensive characters who combine the worst features of stage mothers and mooching relatives. Reagan is respected, however, for remaining on the police force for twelve years after his marriage to Eileen in 1946. Although his wife has been earning more than $200,000 a year for a long time, he continued to work as a uniformed patrolman until he was eligible to retire on a twenty-year pension in 1958.

"I liked police work," he reminisced. "I tried to be the sort of cop you'd want to meet if you were a stranger in town and needed help in an emergency. I'd still be on the force if it weren't for my last detail. I was assigned to traffic safety work with children, and one week I had to investigate four fatal accidents. Looking at those crushed little bodies did something to me. I never got over it."

He was silent for a long moment. "It's not an easy situation staying home while Eileen is on the road working her head off, but talent like that can't be kept under glass. Besides, somebody has to be here with the Indians. Kids don't bring themselves up."

During dinner Eileen was kept busy passing serving dishes around the table without stopovers at her plate. She ate only a thin slice of roast beef and a small salad. She sensed a question I wanted to ask.

"I'd rather be hungry than go through the torture of losing thirty-five pounds again," she said firmly. "It was like losing an arm and a leg!" She looked around the table. "We're setting a precedent tonight. When mamma has an interview after dinner, she hasn't time to do the dishes. I want three volunteers to clean up."

We went into the living room, and Eileen turned on the hi-fi as a matter of habit. It suddenly struck me that the machine was played incessantly, but there had been no music during dinner. I asked her why.

She seemed reluctant to answer a question for the first time. "This will sound as though I'm putting on an act, but I can't listen to music when I'm eating. I get too involved emotionally."

What especially affects her?

"Anything by Debussy makes me bawl. I love Brahms and Schumann. The things that really break me up, though, are *Turandot* and *Madame Butterfly*. When I recorded *In Questa Reggia*, an aria from *Turandot*, for the Puccini album, I told the orchestra, 'We'd better get it right on the first take, boys, because I can't do it again.'"

I found the record and put it on the machine.

"That's a dirty trick," she protested. At the soaring climax, her brown eyes filled with tears, she beat her breast and shook her head helplessly. "I need a change of mood if you want to get any work done." She put on an Ella Fitzgerald record.

"Why are most opera singers so bad on pop songs?" I asked.

"They don't get the message," she answered. "Patrice Munsel is good, but the others sound like stuffed shirts because they don't have a feeling for jazz. Me, I get the message loud and clear."

She crooned an obbligato to the record and, snapping her fingers, sashayed into a solo jitterbug. Robbie came in and made a sarcastic crack about his mother's dancing. Eileen was furious.

"Go to your room until you learn to behave," she said coldly.

"Aw, gee, why do I hafta?" he whined.

Eileen took a deep breath. "Because I say so!" she yelled.

Robbie left with a stricken look on his face. Eileen's hand flew to her mouth. "I shouldn't have done that in front of you, but I can't stand fresh kids. He's so darned big I forget how sensitive he is. I wish I had Bob's patience. He quietly explains why orders have to be obeyed.

"Kids," she mused. "They're more complicated than we think. A year ago I did *Trovatore* at a local movie theater for the Community Concert Association headed by Bob. Kathi had never heard me sing in public, so I put her in the first row of the mezzanine with Mrs. Mortensen to give her a clear view of the stage. There was a party after the performance, and I didn't see Kathi until the following morning. When I asked her how she liked the opera, she mumbled, 'Oh, it was O.K., I guess.'

"I knew something was bothering Kathi because she usually is such an extrovert, but I didn't know what it was until I saw a bunch of wilted field flowers on the kitchen table. Then it dawned on me what had happened. Kathi had picked the flowers to throw them at me, but her seat was too far away to reach the stage. I gave her the flowers and told her to go to the first landing on our stairway. Then I tra-la'd a few notes and made a curtsy. Kathi tossed the flowers at me and was happy as a lark."

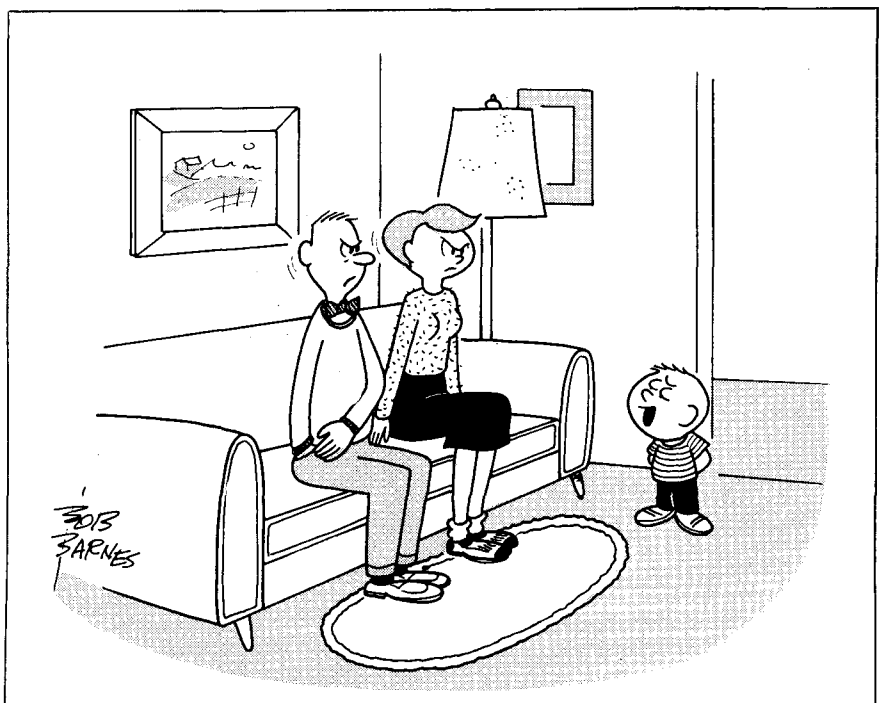
"Are you a strict or a permissive mother?" I asked.

"Well, I'm not as strict as my mother was, but I believe in discipline for kids. They resist it, but unconsciously they want to be told what to do because it relieves them of the responsibility for making decisions. I'd never be a singer today if it hadn't been for my mother."

The strangest part of Eileen's career is that she was brought up in a musical atmosphere but gave no indication of even moderate talent until she was twenty-one. She was born in Willimantic, Connecticut, in 1920, the youngest of an obscure vaudeville team's three children. Her father, Michael Farrell, emigrated from Newfoundland to Woonsocket, Rhode Island, where he met Catherine Kennedy in a church choir. After their marriage, they toured second-run theaters and clambakes in New England as the Singing O'Farrells, with an act featuring Irish songs, jigs and dialect humor.

When Eileen was two years old, her sister Leona was invalided by arthritis, and her parents left show business to work with the glee club and the dramatic society at the University of Connecticut. Farrell, a many-sided man, decorated churches and theaters when the family moved to Norwich, Connecticut, then back to Woonsocket. Mrs. Farrell was a church organist and gave vocal lessons, a vocation she still follows in Woonsocket.

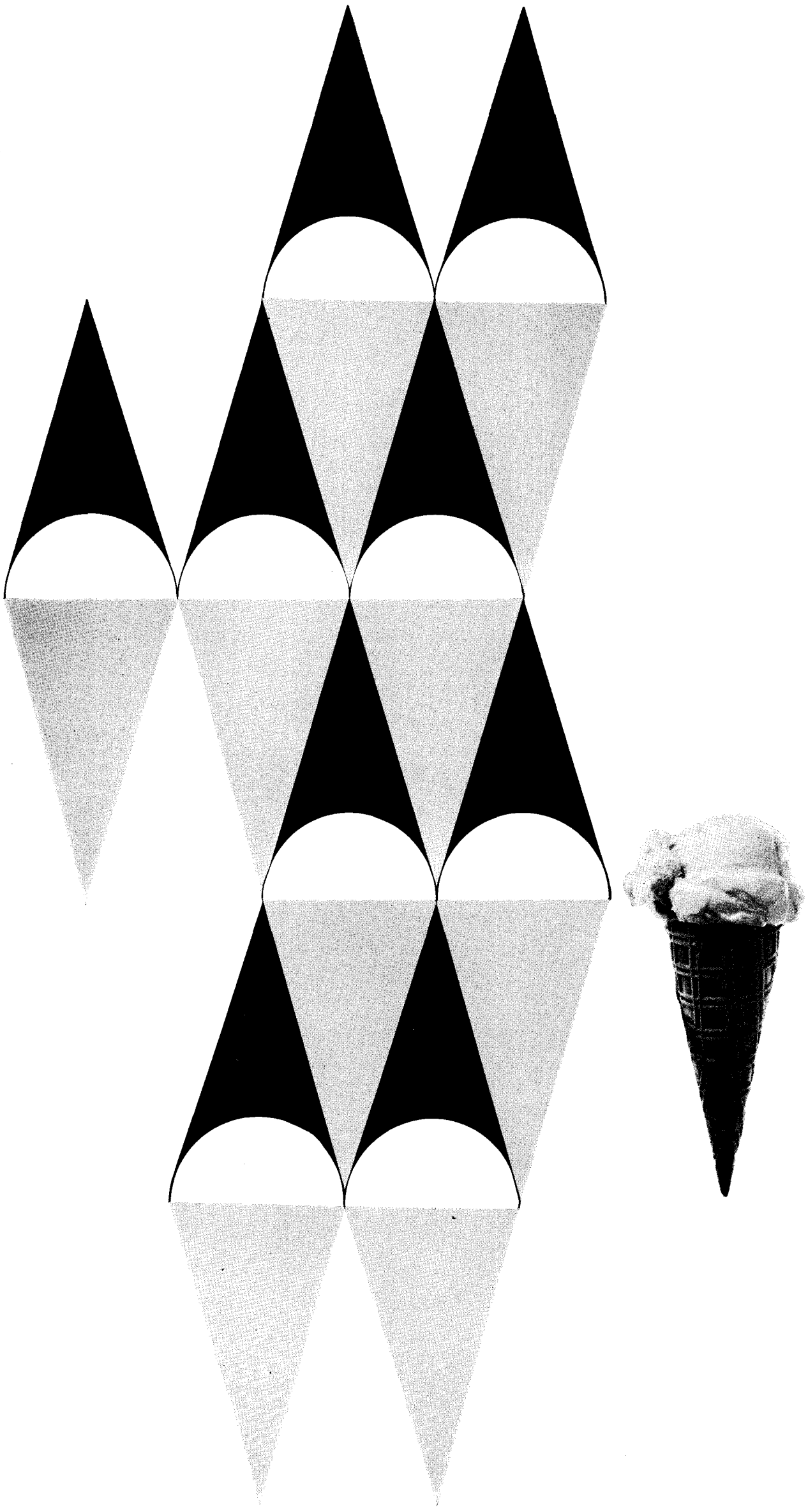
As a child, Eileen's musical training was limited to *(Continued on Page 72)*



"For a dime I turn a backward somersault, and for a quarter I turn three of them out of the room."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Imagine...

If there were no differences in the world—we all might take vanilla!

There really would be very little left to talk about
. . . or read about
. . . or think about.

Let alone do!

And there certainly wouldn't be much need for advertising!

Fortunately, in our America, differences grow on trees.

So we have a great deal to talk about
. . . and read about
. . . and think about.

And a million and one things to do!

Because there are as many differences as people, most businesses have good reason to advertise.

To reach people who can tell—and buy—the difference, America's most successful businesses use The Saturday Evening Post.

Do you?

The Saturday Evening POST

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Influentials' Magazine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 70*) two years of piano lessons. "I wasn't good," she says, "but I loved it. I never had to be told to practice. Oddly enough, I didn't sing much, although I was a sight reader. I could 'hear' the music when I looked at a score. Later on I sang in the church choir and the Woonsocket High chorus, but nobody was impressed by my voice. I think my mother knew I had possibilities, but she wanted me to have a normal childhood before I got into this rat race."

Eileen began taking vocal lessons from her mother at eighteen, but Mrs. Farrell realized that her daughter needed a more advanced teacher after coaching her for a year. The money problem was eased by her brother John, a lithographer in Boston, who gave her $500 to study in New York with Mrs. Merle Alcock, an old friend of her mother who had sung bit parts at the Met. Six months later Eileen returned home in tears.

"I couldn't stand New York or Mrs. Alcock," she says curtly. "She was a martinet who put on a big prima-donna act and tried to dominate me. The best thing I can say for her is that she didn't harm my voice."

After Eileen worked as a salesgirl in the Bluebird Shop in Woonsocket for a few weeks, her mother cashed an insurance policy and used the proceeds to take Eileen back to Mrs. Alcock. Again Eileen fled to Woonsocket. Her mother shipped her back to New York. Eileen's morale hit rock bottom in 1940 when she tried out for the *Major Bowes Amateur Hour* on radio and was eliminated by the director in a preliminary audition.

With her money running dangerously low, Eileen applied for a routine audition at the CBS radio network in the hope of getting some work in the studio chorus. Lucille Singleton, who conducted the auditions for thirty years, still has a vivid memory of the occasion.

"A very fat girl waddled up to the pianist and asked him to play *The Last Rose of Summer*, a perennial favorite of hopeless amateurs," Miss Singleton recalls. "All of us braced for an excruciating ordeal—and then a glorious voice flooded the studio. In my time I had heard about twenty thousand singers. The only one whose talent approached Eileen's was Julia Mahoney, the sister of the majority leader in the New York Senate now. She could have been great, too, had she possessed Eileen's desire for self-improvement."

Jim Fassett, supervisor of music at CBS, put Eileen on a morning show heard over Southern stations, and a year later, when her expanding repertoire included everything from the classics to folk songs, gave her a weekly program on the national network. Eileen cultivated a loyal following during the six years she was on radio, but the prime mover in her rise was Mrs. Eleanor McLellan, a vocal coach who supplanted Mrs. Alcock in 1944.

"Why worry about a sixth sense until you get the other five working?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Mrs. McLellan, a patrician Southerner who is nearly eighty, still gives Eileen three lessons a week. "My chief function was to refine Eileen's musicianship," she says. "I didn't clutter her up with ridiculous technique. Many singers who can tell you what they do with their throats in hitting certain notes forget to produce beautiful tones. Eileen may not know how she does it, but she has great sensitivity for interpreting a piece of music exactly the way the composer meant it to be sung."

Eileen's radio audience assured her a substantial income on the concert circuit, but when she began to tour the country in 1947, after the birth of Robbie, her contract with Columbia Artists Management stipulated she was not to be booked away from home more than two consecutive weeks. That proviso—which still is in force—delayed her crucial first New York recital until 1950. Eileen warmed up for it by giving fifty-five performances in two weeks at the Roxy, a movie palace, with Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic, then proceeded to bowl over the blasé New York critics in her recital at Carnegie Hall.

The definitive stamp of approval came from Arturo Toscanini in 1952 when he selected Eileen to record and give three public performances of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. The next year Toscanini wanted her for *Missa Solemnis*, the Beethoven masterpiece traditionally given at Easter. Walter Toscanini, the maestro's son, extended the invitation by telephone.

"Sorry, I'll be tied up," Eileen said casually. "I'm expecting a baby around that time."

There was a stunned silence, then Eileen heard the maestro scream in Italian, "She can't do that to me!" Walter returned to the phone. "Papa is very upset," he apologized. "Papa doesn't understand such things."

Toscanini couldn't wait, but Hollywood did. For six months Kathi's impending arrival held up *Interrupted Melody*, the film biography of Marjorie Lawrence, an opera singer who was stricken with polio. Although the delay cost M-G-M a small fortune, the studio decided no one but Eileen had the versatility to sing the dubbed-in sound track, which ranged from immolation scene in *Götterdämmerung* to *Waltzing Matilda*.

Connoisseurs who savor the nuances of music admire the scope of Eileen's technical mastery, but people who listen for sheer enjoyment are more fascinated by her emotional reaction. When she comes out on the stage, her broad face is impassive, but an astonishing transformation sweeps over her once she begins to sing. Her face contorts with intensity, and her big body strains as though it is racked by passion. At the end of a performance she is as exhausted as a fighter after fifteen grueling rounds.

"An artist has an obligation to pour every drop of energy into great music," she says. "You owe it to an audience that pays good money to hear you and gives you the courtesy of its attention."

To a genuine pro, that responsibility supersedes personal affliction. Last March Eileen was in Phoenix, Arizona, for a recital when she received word that her sister Leona had died. She gave the recital, then flew to Woonsocket. The Bach Aria Group had an engagement in Beaumont, Texas, the day of the funeral. The only available plane that would reach Beaumont in time for the concert left before the services at the cemetery. Eileen was on it.

"The plane was so late," Jan Peerce reports, "we had to rearrange the program and put all of Eileen's solos after the intermission. On top of everything else, Eileen had been airsick on the rough flight. A police escort rushed her from the airport to the auditorium. She went on perfectly composed, sang magnificently, then broke down in the dressing room." Her collapse was so severe she canceled her last six recitals of the season—after a back-breaking schedule of sixty-nine performances.

It is unlikely that the chichi glamour of the Met will change Eileen's basic attitudes. "I still prefer recitals to opera," she says. "I'm not kidding myself. The Met's prestige will help my fee on the concert circuit"—it is now $3000 a performance—"but you've got to be a better musician to do recitals. In Europe a singer can live off ten operatic roles. In this country you must have more variety—Bach, Mozart, arias, lieder, contemporary composers—to draw audiences."

The Met will alter Eileen's personal habits in one respect. After her performances there, she will see the bright lights of Broadway for the first time in a decade. The gulf between her social life and the gay whirl of the arty set is as wide and deep as the five-mile stretch of water that separates Staten Island from Manhattan. Eileen's idea of fun is to spend the summer in Maine with her family in a rustic cottage that doesn't even have a telephone. Her friends in classical music can be counted on the joints of one finger.

"Long-hair musicians are the most self-centered people in the world," she says. "All they ever talk about is music. They bore me stiff. There are other things in life just as important."

Now that she has reached the mountaintop, there are recurring rumors that Eileen may retire in a few years. "I sound off like that when I'm tired," she admits, "but I'm a big ham at heart. I love to perform. It stimulates me. The trouble is that it stimulates my appetite too. There are thousands of vocalists in the world, but I'm the only one who can't sing on an empty stomach. Couldn't you bust?"

Fresh From the Sticks (Continued from Page 24)

Luckily there was no glass for it to shatter, due to the fact that Arabella kept the window open for fresh air while she danced. Just the same it frightened her within an inch of her life. She screamed. The fist waggled, bobbled and described ovals. Venturing nearer, Arabella saw that it was a man's doeskin glove attached to a long bamboo fishing pole. The glove held out a note. It read: "I am a communications engineer. Please let me communicate with you or I will decide I am a failure in my profession. (Signed) Hunt Rawlings III." Arabella hurled note and glove indignantly into the street, pushed the invading pole out of her room and closed the window with a bang.

But the following morning, as she pirouetted to *Swan Lake* in her black leotard, small circlets of white light began to pirouette with her, spattering the walls. Arabella, in the flat-footed gait used by ducks—and dancers in toe-padded slippers—strode to the window in a rage. Across the narrow street, in the third-floor window opposite her own, lounged the boy with the square jaw. Behind him, in an array very different from that of her own cold-water walk-up, she glimpsed brocade chairs and a television set.

"I'm trying to communicate with you by heliograph," he said, "because nothing else seems to work."

"I hope you're enjoying yourself madly," replied Arabella. "I was practicing *entrechats*."

"It'll give you thick ankles," said her neighbor. "Well, never mind, your hair is exactly the color of salt-water taffy—the molasses flavor. Some people, seeing you in a leotard, would say you were chunky, but my word for your figure would be 'sturdy.' Oh, I guess you don't have to worry about thick ankles."

Arabella drew the blind with such vehemence that it came off the roller, embarrassing her terribly.

The morning after that an arrow came zipping through the window. It had a blunt head, which was a good thing, because it almost hit her. The arrow trailed behind it a (*Continued on Page 74*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Big weekend . . . or big business, the DC-8 gives you a jet-fresh send-off!

You're as fresh when you land as when you take off

...ANOTHER REASON WHY MORE AIRLINES CHOOSE THE DC-8 THAN ANY OTHER JETLINER

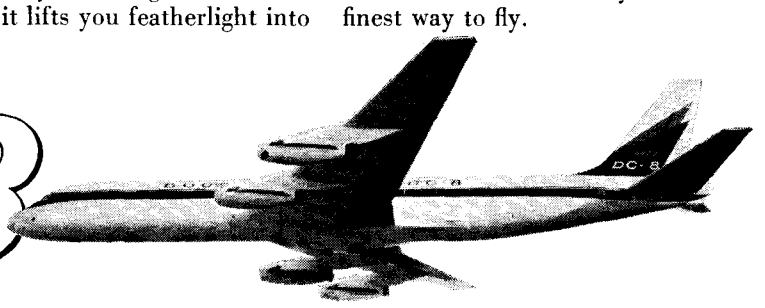
Travel with the problems taken out of it! That's the way you travel by Douglas DC-8 jet! You land fresh and relaxed—ready to get the most out of whatever's ahead.

The ability to "fly you there fresh" comes from two elements of Douglas design: It's a pilot's plane for ease of handling and response. It's a people's plane, too—designed from the first with *you* in mind.

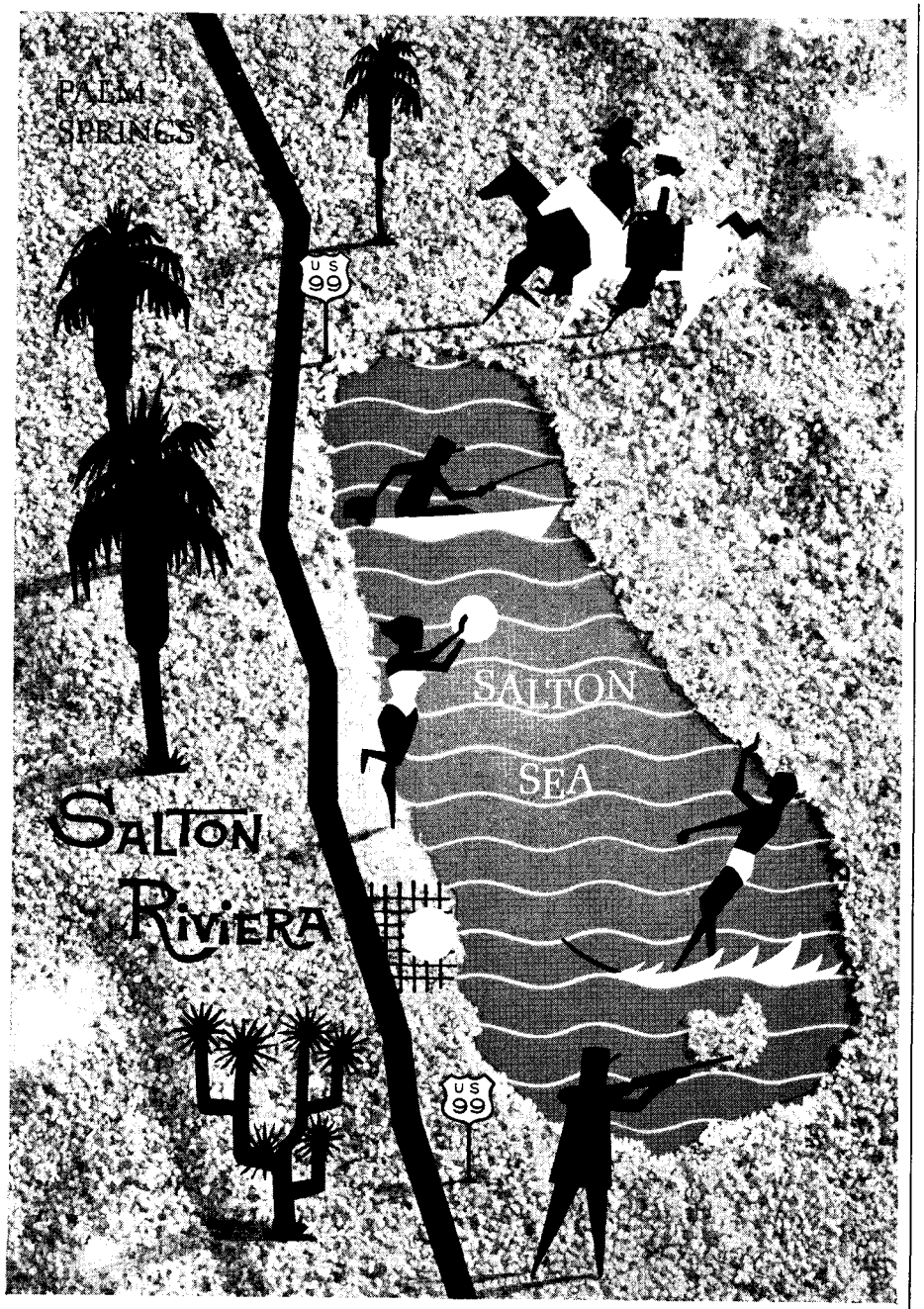
You'll sense this the instant you step aboard your Douglas DC-8 Jetliner and it lifts you featherlight into the velvet stratosphere at ten miles a minute . . . as smoothly, as steadily as if you were standing still.

Make a date to go DC-8. The traditions behind the famous family of "DC" airliners assure you it's the finest way to fly.

DOUGLAS DC-8



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



surrounded by mountains
under desert skies
warm, calm, indigo salt water,
california's largest inland sea
this is

SALTON RIVIERA

they call it palm-springs-by-the-sea
but you can do more things here:
fish, hunt, swim, water ski, loaf
and not expensive
a pleasant drive this time of year
do it this weekend

Write Salton Riviera, Dept. 11 —— 1111 W. Foothill Blvd., Azusa, Calif., for color brochure and information about free tours to this astonishing new resort city. Let Salton Riviera surprise you: pleasantly.

(*Continued from Page 72*) length of stout twine. Furious, Arabella ran to the window, muttering, and hauled in the twine, so that she could burn it and the arrow in the incinerator. It grew suddenly heavy, and she hauled in a telephone, the handpiece secured to the base by wide rubber bands. The moment she grasped the telephone it began to ring. She did not believe it. She answered, saying "Hello" to find out if it was truly ringing.

"Miss Arabella Nicholson?"

"Miss Nicholson speaking," she replied automatically, her secretarial training taking charge. "Oh, it's you! How do you know my name?"

"I asked at the grocery," replied Mr. Rawlings. "Miss Nicholson, please don't hang up now until I say what I've been trying to say to you for five weeks. A dancer can fall and break a leg or an arm. Nobody in your building speaks English, even if you could manage to call for help, and the phone company says you don't have a phone. So please keep this extra one of mine. Now get a pencil and write down my office number, and my number here, too, so I can stop worrying about you."

It was absurd, Arabella told herself, but tears came to her eyes. "This is one of the kindest things I've ever known anybody to do," she said. "Thank you. I mean, really thank you."

"Don't mention it," replied her neighbor, who, presumably calling from an inner room, remained invisible. "You can phone me if you get lonely too. New York is a lonely city for out-of-towners. I know. We could have dinner together maybe, or Puerto Rican coffee."

"Tonight," said Arabella forthrightly.

"Tonight?" came the voice of the invisible Mr. Rawlings, astonished, but patently pleased. "Fine. I'll ring you at seven."

"But isn't it against the law or something to leave this wire stretched across the street way up in the air like this?"

"I'm using Number Twenty-two vinyl-covered field-telephone wire. From the street nobody will even catch sight of it."

They met on the sidewalk at seven. Arabella wore her $16.95 basic black, and heels. Hunt, who said she was welcome to call him Huntington if she wanted to keep everything on a formal plane, wore a gray tropical suit with a jaunty, narrow-brimmed straw hat.

"What would you like to eat?" he inquired.

"Anything," replied Arabella, "just so it isn't rice. I eat a lot of rice."

"Are you an Oriental dancer?"

"I'm a strictly modern dancer," said Arabella, "but my father can only send me a hundred dollars a month. He doesn't know about New York prices, and I'm not going to be the one to tell him. So I eat a lot of rice."

They took a cab to a combination bar-restaurant with sawdust on the floor, crowded with rowdy men gambling with paper matches for drinks. Arabella decided they were gangsters. (They were newspapermen from a conservative New York paper.)

A waiter strode past bearing aloft a charred oaken plank on which sizzled a steak like an aerial map of Connecticut, life size. Its aroma made Arabella giddy. She sank into a shadowed booth.

"Would you like wine with your steak?" asked Hunt. "The French say it has vitamins in it. They give it to children."

"No wine," said Arabella firmly. "No—wine—at—all."

Hunt snapped his second finger against his thumb. "I forgot dancers are athletes. You have to stay in training."

"It isn't that," answered Arabella. "But Mandrel says a girl who starts drinking wine in New York can end up as a—well, as a white slave."

"That," replied Hunt, "is fascinating. Who is Mandrel? He sounds like part of a lathe."

"The boy I'm engaged to," said Arabella. *It might be a good idea to get this on record*, she thought.

"Tell me about him."

"Mandrel? Mandrel believes in insurance," said Arabella. "I mean, everybody believes in insurance, but Mandrel believes in insurance against everything. He has insurance against rain on our wedding day. He has insurance to cover our children's college educations. He has life insurance and catastrophe insurance, and insurance against hail or windstorms damaging our house. I don't know how he got that, because we don't have the house yet. In fact, I don't really know when we'll be able to get married, because Mandrel wants to have all his finances in such perfect condition that he hasn't been able to buy a ring for me."

"He sounds exciting," commented Hunt. "Is that why you're in New York? To earn enough to buy the ring?"

"No; I'm in New York to get a job dancing in a musical or a television show," said Arabella. "Just long enough so daddy and mother will know that all the sacrifices they made to give me dancing lessons weren't a total loss."

"Any luck so far?"

"No," replied Arabella honestly. "I know now I oughtn't to have come here in the summertime. Nobody is casting. I haunt the producers' offices, thinking maybe some girl will get a summer cold and they'll need a replacement somewhere, but dancers are healthy; they may get thick ankles, but they don't get summer colds."

"Well, Mandrel won't have to insure you against summer colds, at any rate," said Hunt. "Do you know about the drugstore on Broadway where all of the dancers hang out? They get news of casting calls there before they're in the papers."

"When I'm not haunting producers or practicing," said Arabella, "I'm in the drugstore."

Hunt hesitated. "Some of the public-address systems I design," he said, "go into theaters. I know a few people, if you'd like me to introduce you. Perhaps ——"

"Oh, no, thank you," said Arabella with a shake of her head. "I have to do it by myself." Also she did not want to be beholden.

As soon as she got back to her walk-up she wrote a long letter to Mandrel telling him that she had had a date with a neighbor who was a communications engineer and a perfect gentleman. He must have faith in her, she wrote, and remember that she could take care of herself.

By airmail special delivery Mandrel replied that he had faith in her, but that girls who thought they could take care of themselves were just the ones who found out they couldn't. In a postscript he added, "I have never heard of any kind of engineer called a communications engineer. I think your neighbor is a phony."

On Lutitia Street Arabella's neighbor formed the habit of calling on her private telephone line to wish her good morning, good evening and good night. Moreover, he asked her out to dinner three nights a week.

"Hunt, I can't let you do this," objected Arabella. "I know perfectly well you're only feeling sorry for me because I live on rice."

"Not at all," replied her neighbor suavely. "It's just that New York is such

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a wonderful town for restaurants. It would be criminal for you to go home to Buck Falls without sampling Jewish food, Armenian food, French food, Japanese food ——"

"But you must have other girls to date."

"I did."

"Did?"

"I seem to have lost interest in them."

"Why is that?"

"It beats me," said Hunt with a peculiar little smile.

"And I'm costing you a small fortune."

"Yes, you are," agreed Hunt cheerily, "but it's either feed you protein or send you home to Mandrel with beriberi and banana belly. I beg your pardon; I'm sure Mandrel would never say 'belly.'"

"No, he'd say 'tummy,'" said Arabella, giggling, and at once felt sad. Just about every thought Hunt had, it seemed, was of her, Arabella. And, although it made her feel disloyal to say so even to herself, just about every thought Mandrel had was of Mandrel.

The evenings Hunt devoted to stuffing her with protein were Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. He began also to call her on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. His reasons, or excuses, for doing this were variable. Sometimes he said it was too hot to sleep, and a carriage ride through Central Park, far uptown, would be cooling. Sometimes he said there was a Cyd Charisse movie she must see. As a rule, however, he said, "Arabella, I've been calling every girl I know, and they're all in the country or at the shore. Will you be a darling and keep me company?" Whether this last reason was the truth or a piece of backhanded tact to assure her she was not imposing on him, Arabella could not quite decide.

Then, without warning, a shocking, terrifying thing happened. Opening a letter from her mother, Arabella read:

Dearest: I didn't want to let you know until it was all over, but dad is just home from two weeks in the hospital. He is fine, but, honey, with these hospital and doctor bills to pay, I don't see how we are going to be able to send you your allowance for a while.

There was more, but Arabella did not need to read it to know what her answer must be, what she must do. She got off an airmail to her parents at once, saying that she had a fine job that gave her all of the money she needed to live on. Moreover, she added, summer was over, the new shows would soon be opening and she was practically certain of a better job for a hundred fifty dollars a week out of which she would make a regular contribution to the bills. At nine o'clock the next morning she was in the headquarters office of an oil company on Lexington Avenue, at nine-thirty she passed her shorthand test and was secretary to an assistant purchasing agent, and during her lunch hour she made the round of the boys and girls in the drugstore on Broadway and got promises from five of them to let her have their bundles of laundry.

Hunt telephoned as usual that evening. Arabella declined his dinner invitation politely, saying she had a headache.

He called the next evening. She said she was busy, which was certainly true.

When he rang the third evening, she did not answer the phone.

But what she forgot—and it was strange she should, for it was the characteristic which had most impressed her—was Hunt's concern for others. On the fourth night he simply climbed the stairs, knocked at her door and strode in, getting a wet polo shirt smack across his face as he crossed the threshold. Arabella's room was full of wet shirts, hanging on plastic clothesline she had bought at a hardware store and strung from wall to wall.

"Is this how people in Buck Falls treat their friends?" asked Hunt. "Worry them into a decline? I've had visions of you lying here burning up with fever!"

Said Arabella, removing her apron, turban and rubber gloves, "But I'm perfectly all right; you can see for yourself."

"All I can see for myself is shirts and shorts. Men's," responded Hunt. "Has Mandrel moved in? If he has, he wears too many clothes. Mandrel, come out, wherever you are!"

"Mandrel is still in Buck Falls," said Arabella.

"Then whose?"

"The boys!"

"What boys? Which boys?"

"The boys at the drugstore. Dancers."

"You're doing their laundry in cold water in a cold-water flat? This *is* white slavery," said Hunt. "Arabella, you're a loving person, but this is carrying loving kindness too far."

"It's not loving kindness, it's business," explained Arabella. "I have a daytime job now as a secretary because, thank heaven, while my folks were sending me to dancing school I put myself through secretarial school. But I need all the money I can make, so at night I wash and iron. Shirts twenty-five cents, shorts fifteen cents. I'll be happy to do yours if you like, because the more neighborhood customers I get the fewer bundles I'll have to lug on the bus. My dad has been sick, Hunt."

Hunt stood in the middle of the room, shirts dripping on his Italian loafers, and several curious things happened to his face. He stretched a hand tentatively toward Arabella, withdrew it, extended it again and patted her forearm with extreme gentleness, as if he were patting a young, frightened kitten that had been taken away from its mother and its little brothers and sisters too early.

"Your dad has been sick," he repeated. "So without false pride, or humiliation, or embarrassment, or self-pity you simply—but of course you did. You would."

"Naturally," said Arabella.

"Yes, that's the point. Arabella," asked Hunt, "would you let a friend help you to find a dancing job now?"

"Yes," replied Arabella. "Now I would, because the pay is better."

"You remember I told you I install public-address equipment in theaters. I also handle special effects for television shows," said Hunt. He glanced at his wrist watch.

"*Our Times* is in rehearsal tonight. I was on the set all day—that's how I know." He paused in thought. "But in show business you don't get jobs by asking for them. Let me do the talking. Don't tell Alton Morris you studied ballet, tap and interpretive in Buck Falls, please."

"Stand behind a shirt," said Arabella, "while I change."

They went neither to Radio City nor to a theater, but, in a cab, to a formless brick building far over on the West Side that looked like a warehouse. An elevator took them up three floors to an enormous room that was all stage, and that could be rearranged, with scenery, into a dozen small stages the cameras could sweep. Only a few lights were burning. On the chalk-marked floor boys and girls in practice costumes were going through a *pas de ruban*, using lengths of cheesecloth for the ribbons, in a complicated pattern that looked like the Stars and Bars. A plump man with a yellow sweater and bright-orange hair banged out the rhythm on a scarred upright piano.

Arabella recognized Alton Morris, the dance director, from his photographs. He was said to earn a hundred thousand dollars a year, but he wore jeans and a T shirt. Watching his dancers intently, he sprawled on a canvas chair. "Hi, Hunt," he said. "Didn't you get enough this afternoon?"

Hunt placed a chair for Arabella and another for himself. "I'm stage-struck," he replied.

"Yeah, me too."

"This is Arabella."

"H'dyado," Morris acknowledged the introduction.

Arabella said nothing, but she was conscious of scrutiny. *He's asking himself if I belong to Hunt*, she said to herself. Strangely, it was a pleasant, warming thought—so warming that she blushed.

The clock said nine. They watched. The dancers went through the routine again and again, picking up the pace.

"It's getting smoother," said the dance director at ten. "Break, kids."

The dancers, panting and mopping their faces with towels, collapsed on the floor, too exhausted even to step out onto the fire escape for a breath.

"Kids," said Alton to Hunt, aside. "They are kids too. The only real dancer I've got is Marcia. Forty-three."

During the eleven o'clock break he asked Arabella if she danced. "No," replied Hunt, while Arabella was getting her mouth open.

During the midnight break Alton spoke to Arabella directly. "If you're not a dancer," he asked, "why are you wiggling around on your chair?"

"Well, I ——"

"She's a dancer," replied Hunt, "but she's lousy. Anyhow she's signing up for thirteen weeks tomorrow."

At one in the morning the rehearsal was dismissed for the simple reason that the dancers were too exhausted to move.

"'Night," said Alton Morris. "I'm going to have to let Bertha go." He laid the tip of his forefinger against the tip of Arabella's nose. "Can you cut it? You think? Here. Tomorrow. Four o'clock."

"You can quit your secretarial job in the morning," suggested Hunt on the way home.

"No, the day after tomorrow," said Arabella. "I have to be sure."

Our Times went on the air for the opening show of the fall season on September seventeenth. Arabella, aching in every bone, and three pounds lighter despite the steaks Hunt crammed into her at every opportunity, was with it.

Two telegrams awaited her when she got back to her walk-up after the show. One read, "You were wonderful, dear. Mother and dad." The second read, "Arriving tomorrow. Mandrel." While she was pondering Mandrel's wire her phone rang.

"Good show. You're a pro," said Hunt. "Ballerina, you know me well enough by now to trust me. Come on over, will you?"

"Of course," said Arabella. "But what for?"

"I want to give you a glass of champagne because you deserve it, and I want you to have a hot bath here because you don't have hot water."

"Nothing ever sounded so wonderful," said Arabella. "I'll be right over. I have a couple of wires to show you, from my public."

The glimpses she had caught through his window had prepared her for the fact that Hunt's apartment was more comfortable than her single room, but it was more than comfortable—it was elegant. The furniture was modern, upholstered in the color of ripe wheat. There was even a fireplace of blond brick, over which hung a Matisse that was not a reproduction.

She had her hot shower first and then the icy wine, forgetting altogether that innocent girls who drank wine in New York came to deplorable ends.

"Your father and mother must be very proud of you," said Hunt, scanning the wire.

"So am I," said Arabella. "I'll be able to send them seventy-five dollars a week for the next thirteen weeks, and Alton Morris says I'm a hard worker; I'm pretty sure he'll sign me for the next thirteen. But ——" She handed him the second telegram; the one from Mandrel. "Hunt, does this sound threatening to you? It does to me."

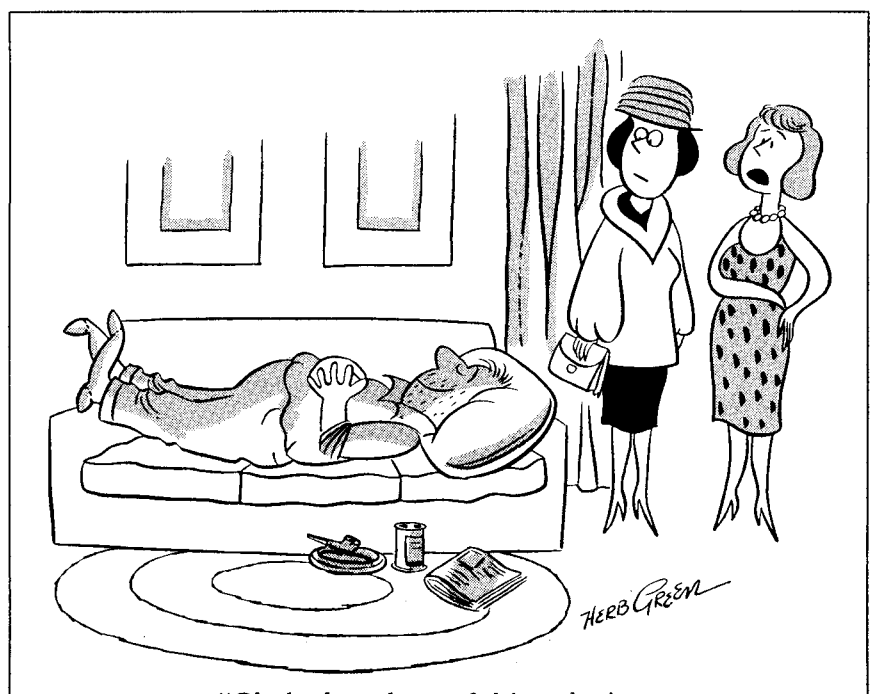
"Threatening? Oh, no, I don't think so. Mandrel is proud, too, that's all. He wants to come and see you and tell you so."

"You don't know Mandrel," said Arabella.

"No, but I'm looking forward to knowing him as a major experience of my life. Look," said Hunt, "you'll want tomorrow to yourselves. But tomorrow night—or Monday if you'd rather—let me give the two of you dinner. What kind of food does Mandrel like?"

"Overdone pot roast and mashed potatoes."

"I was silly to ask," said Hunt. "Which shall we make it—tomorrow or Monday?"



"Oh, he has plenty of drive—he just has trouble getting his motor started."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tomorrow," replied Arabella quickly, so quickly indeed that she startled herself. *Now why did I do that?* she asked herself.

Mandrel arrived at noon the next day, with no baggage other than a toothbrush and a razor. It was plain that he did not envision a lengthy stay in the metropolis.

"Why, this is a slum!" he exclaimed, looking in revulsion at Arabella's bare, painted floor, her exploded couch, her tattered lampshade.

"That's right," agreed Arabella meekly.

"Never mind, we're leaving as soon as you can pack."

"But, Mandrel, you know dad isn't well. Mother needs whatever I can send her."

"I'll worry about your folks," said Mandrel. "No wife of mine is going to prance around in front of millions of people with nothing on but a corset."

"A what?"

"A corset. That's all you had on in that first number last night—a teensy little black corset that barely covered your tummy. And in the second number ——"

"The cakewalk?"

"In that, the skirt you had on wasn't a skirt, it was a ruffle."

"It was a *tutu*."

"You can say that again! It was too-too skimpy and too-too high."

"Why, Mandrel, you made a joke!"

"It was no joke. Start packing!"

"Don't you even want me to show you the Empire State Building?"

"Well, I guess we could do that," agreed Mandrel with a scowl. "Our plane doesn't leave until midnight. Eleven-fifty-four. I already have your ticket—and your insurance."

"Midnight. Good," said Arabella, "because we're invited out to dinner. The neighbor I mentioned to you, the communications engineer, wants to meet you."

It was something of a shock to her, and not a pleasant one, to see the two men side by side in Hunt's apartment that evening. Mandrel was much the bigger of the two, but if he was so big, Arabella found herself wondering, why did he wear grossly padded shoulders that made his head sit on him like a hazelnut on a wall? And why hairy green tweed? And why two-tone shoes at seven in the evening? And why—but she refused to let herself go on.

Hunt, chatting amiably, passed cocktails. The dinner, a pot roast, but one that could have sung the *Marseillaise*, brought in from a restaurant, waited in the kitchen in an aluminum box kept warm by a spirit lamp. Arabella insisted on serving.

"Quite a joint you have here," commented Mandrel. "For a slum neighborhood, I mean. Do you like to live with all these foreigners?"

"It saves paying rent," replied Hunt. "My grandfather left me this building and the buildings on either side. The Puerto Ricans are all right; they just have to adjust, the way the Irish did, and the Germans, and the Italians, when they first came."

"Anyhow this is better than that dump Arabella is in," said Mandrel. His eyes narrowed ever so slightly. "I guess you've probably been spending more time over here than you have on your side of the street, Arabella, haven't you?"

"As a matter of fact, I've only been here once," replied Arabella before she thought. "Last night Hunt gave me a bath."

"He *what?*"

"I mean, he let me use his hot water."

"I ought to punch you right in the nose, fellow," growled Mandrel. Obviously he had not observed the silver cup, filled with Italian hard candies in bright cellophane wrappers, in the living room. The inscription on the cup read: CAPTAIN, BOXING TEAM, PRINCETON.

"That's poor psychology, Mandrel," laughed Hunt. "You'd lick me, and then Arabella would feel sorry for me and fall in love with me. Don't you know girls always fall in love with the fellow who takes the licking? You wouldn't want that."

"Arabella loves me," stated Mandrel. "And she's going home with me tonight."

"This is why Mandrel is in New York," explained Arabella. "He's rescuing me, Hunt."

"I see," said Hunt with a nod. "Laying it on the line, are you, Mandrel? If she doesn't go home with you tonight, you flatly refuse to marry her."

"You can say that again, buster," stated Mandrel.

But Hunt did not say it again. He said nothing. They had coffee in the living room, followed by brandy—"Don't you touch this stuff, Arabella," ordered Mandrel—after which they played the stereo. The record Hunt put on the machine was the *Nutcracker Suite*. The hand of the electric clock on the mantel swept around as if it were trying to win a race against all of the other clocks in New York.

"What are you thinking, Arabella?" asked Hunt, unsmiling. He looked a little pale, but perhaps it was the overhead light from the chandelier.

"You're cruel!" Covering her face with her hands, Arabella wept. "Cruel, cruel. It isn't like you."

"I have to be cruel. You're the one who must tell him. I can't do it for you."

Mandrel glanced from one of them to the other. "What are you two talking about?" he demanded angrily.

"Mandrel," exclaimed Arabella, "don't you see I can't go home? Not just because of the money. Not because I think I'll ever be a great dancer. But because—because ——"

Hunt came to her aid. "Mandrel, as I said, you're not a very good psychologist. Your girl has a job—a job she's working at as you've never worked in your life, a job she's holding on ability, a job she loves. If you take her away from it now, she's going to spend the rest of her life wondering how far she could have gone, what she missed. In five years she'll be bitter. In ten years she'll hate you. That's not a good basis for a marriage."

Mandrel, slapping his knees, rose. "Come on, Arabella," he said. "We're getting out of here."

"Mandrel, try to understand ——"

"Oh, I understand. I understand you're in love with this skinny drink of water. But let me tell you one thing. If I walk out of this door, you're never going to see me again," said Mandrel.

There was a long silence after he left, during which the mantel clock settled down to normal behavior. When Arabella was done crying, Hunt kissed her on top of her head. "That was rough," he said. "You'd better go across the street and try to get some sleep."

It's what a good friend would say, thought Arabella. *It began with friendship, it ends with friendship.* "Yes," she answered somberly, "I guess I'd better."

Across Lutitia Street she got into her plain white pajamas. The phone rang.

"It's much too soon to say this to you. Forgive me, but I'm going to get it said anyhow," came Hunt's voice. "My dear, he didn't love you. A man who loved you would have been pleased as punch you were dancing in one of the best shows on the air. He'd be happy you were having fun, he'd respect you for what you've accomplished. That's the sort of relationship that makes a good marriage."

"I know. Now all I have to do," said Arabella, "is find a man who feels that way."

"Exactly," said Hunt. "That's exactly what you must do. I believe, Miss Nicholson, you have my private telephone number?"

Will Mexico Go "Castro"? (Continued from Page 25)

Madero—in reality one long street—to the Zócalo. This plaza has been the seat of government since Aztec times. Both the presidential palace and the ancient cathedral are located there.

The temper of the demonstration was, of course, pro-Castro and anti-American. One doughty, graying lady of the American colony, a resident of Mexico for forty years, was accosted by a student who said, "Yankee, go home!" Quite unperturbed, she replied in Spanish, "Young man, this Yankee came here before you were born. I suggest you go to Cuba."

The taunts, the spitting, the bricks and stones were aimed at the police, and it soon became evident that the strategy was to provoke police violence—the Communists wanted a martyr. The strategy failed. Although Latin-American police are not noted for their forbearance, this time cool discipline prevailed. Not a shot was fired; there were no clubbings—there was no martyr.

During my stay here I have talked with scores of tourists, and not one has reported acts of overt unfriendliness, and many are going home with a real affection for the Mexican people. I can add my own personal testimony. A reporter is, by trade, a nosy fellow, but I met with no rebuffs when I sought impromptu interviews with such folk as storekeepers, students, farmers, filling-station operators and railroad workers. Only on two or three occasions was I asked not to use their names.

What, then, is the trouble all about? "It sounds to me," said one well-known journalist in the American colony, "like the people back home are getting scared of their shadows." Perhaps. But the defection of Cuba as a friendly neighbor came as a greater shock to many Americans than equally unhappy events elsewhere. They had cheered the overthrow of the Batista dictatorship and accepted Fidel Castro's promises of democratic reform. (So had American business.) High hopes led to profound disillusionment and a sense of betrayal. When would the next friend defect?

Relations between Mexico and the United States—often thorny a generation ago—have been excellent since World War II. Once a "have not" nation, Mexico has made great strides; an economic and industrial revolution has taken place. The booming economy of the United States has burst across the border to help enrich Mexico. There has been a steady flow of goods, ideas and men from north to south.

But there has been also a tremendous renascence in Mexico itself. The surge of education has produced scientists, engineers and technicians from Mexico's own universities and colleges to deal with Mexico's problems. And a cagey government policy on finance has made foreign investors in Mexican progress acceptable only on Mexico's terms. The principal agent in this has been the Nacional Financiera, which we would probably call the Small Business Administration. As a result of increased tax revenues and international loans, N.F. has been able to siphon capital into transportation, irrigation, electrification and mechanization of agriculture. There has been an efficient reorganization of the nationalized petroleum industry and a tremendous growth in the manufacture of steel and chemicals.

Mexico has become one of the most nationalistic countries in the world. The day when foreign companies took out raw products and profits with indifference to the economy as a whole is long gone. By tariff and by fiat the Mexican Government has built an economic fence almost as high as our own during the era of McKinley and Mark Hanna. In short, if American or British or French or German companies want to sell products in Mexico, they are wise to open plants there and invite the investment of Mexican capital. The smoking chimneys and new construction in once-rural areas bear witness that they have been wise.

Foreign investment today is estimated at about $1,500,000,000—it has tripled in the last fifteen years. About three fourths of this is American. Mexico's credit standing with the United States Treasury and the various international banks and monetary funds is A-1. Payments and interest on loans have been met on the dot.

Inflation hit the country hard a few years ago when costs of food had been rising at a rate of 10 per cent a year. The United States Treasury set up a $75,000,000 fund, available to bolster the peso. No actual bolstering has been necessary. Internal controls and good crops did the trick. The exchange value of the peso—twelve and one-half to the dollar—has remained firm for several years. Last year Mexico's inflationary rise, as calculated on some 200 items of popular consumption, was less than 2 per cent—about the same as our own.

More American tourists go to Mexico every year than go to any other foreign country. (Cuba, before Castro, was second.) Tourism is an enormous source of dollar exchange for Mexico. Tourists not only pay for board and room and transportation but, on the average, carry home from ten to fifty dollars' worth of Mexican products. Airborne tourists in cosmopolitan Mexico City, hour-away Cuernavaca and glittering Acapulco get most of the attention. But, year round, it is the American family in the automobile visiting northern Mexico which really makes the government's cash register ring.

Some writers have called this the "era of good feeling." The prosperous people have become more prosperous, and a once nonexistent middle class has emerged and acquired importance. Prosperity, happily, was a porous cornucopia. A lot of it has leaked down to humbler people—and to a lot of them.

"I speak only for myself," a neat, forty-three-year-old, soft-spoken dairy farmer named Eusebio Brizuela told me recently, "but the times have been good for me. I came here to the Valley of Mexico from Jalisco twenty-three years ago. I had nothing, as my father had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing before me. I was a cowherd. Now I have forty-two dairy cows which government credits helped me to buy. I have also bought land. My two nephews have come up from Jalisco and they work the place with me. We do well. This could not have happened before."

Although Mexico has never been as prosperous as it is now, there are those among its intellectuals who wonder if its materialistic advances have been achieved at the expense of idealistic aims set forth in its Constitution of 1917. The present nation was born in agonizing and bloody revolution which devastated the land and impoverished its people. When Russia's Mikoyan was in Mexico last year, leaders here were at great pains to impress upon him that Mexico's ideological revolution had preceded the Lenin-Trotsky upheaval by seven years. Identification with that revolution is as important to a politician below the border as identification with Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson is important to politicians above the border.

This is amply evidenced by the sequence of names of Mexico's dominant political party. Power has been handed down from one ruling clique to another, but a single party has been transcendant for thirty years. Originally it was called the National Revolutionary Party. In 1938 it became the Party of the Mexican Revolution. Since 1945 it has been the Institutional Revolutionary Party—*Partido Revolucionaria Institucional*, or PRI (pronounced "Pree").

A struggle within PRI—a struggle between President López Mateos and former President Lázaro Cárdenas—explains some recent events. Cárdenas has been for many years the hero of the Mexican peasants and the Mexican masses. It was he, two decades ago, who defied the United States, expropriated foreign oil companies and got away with it. Although an avowed Marxist, he remained surprisingly silent as succeeding presidents steered the government course away from the left and encouraged domestic and foreign private enterprise. But recently he emerged from the silence, began making speeches and threw a fright into PRI.

Cárdenas went to Cuba and came back full of praise for Castro's revolution. He seemed to be appealing to Mexico's peasants and laborers, groups with grievances. But just what, at the age of sixty-five, did Cárdenas propose to do? Did he expect to lead leftist groups out of PRI and form another party? It was known that he frequently was in touch with the Soviet embassy in Mexico City. Was he working with the Communists? Or was he, as some politicians professed to believe, merely nudging the official party toward wider reform? I interviewed several men who are supposedly close to Cárdenas and I came up with no convincing answers. The ex-president's public statements provide little illumination.

Whatever the answer to the Cárdenas enigma, López Mateos felt compelled to impress upon the nation that his government was not rightist. Three speeches were made. The leader of the party said López Mateos was "sufficiently left," the president himself said he was "extreme left within the constitution," and congressional leader Sanchez Piedras extolled the president's devotion to the ideals of the revolution in a six-page rhetorical address.

Recently I submitted a list of questions to President López Mateos. I asked him to explain the precise meaning of his description of his government. Here, somewhat condensed, is his reply.

"The Constitution of 1917 places on the state the obligation of raising the living standards of the inhabitants, of carrying out vast and far-reaching agrarian reform, of promoting public education and insuring that workers' rights are respected. After establishing that land and waters are originally the nation's property, it adds that the nation has the right to transfer them to private parties, thus constituting private property. It indicates, unequivocally, that 'expropriations can only be carried out in the public interest and through compensation.'

"Consequently, when I speak of the extreme left within the constitution, this means that we will undertake to the best of our ability those improvements to which the poorest sections of our population, or those who need them most, are entitled according to the constitution.

"But, within the constitution, extreme left also means—as I pointed out in my inaugural address—that 'we shall do nothing nor allow anything to be done beyond or against the laws.' And the constitution devotes its first chapter to individual rights which belong equally to Mexicans and foreigners and which are the foundation of the peace and order prevalent in the republic and of Mexico's economic and social development."

Some shrewd observers in Mexico City—reading between the lines, as is so often necessary in Latin countries—interpret the López Mateos statement as a direct warning to Cárdenas: "Agrarian redistribution and other reforms will be accomplished legally and within the constitution. Violence, unauthorized seizure and direct action will be regarded as outside the constitution—and outside the law."

As a matter of fact, this administration's record in the matter of land redistribution to peasants has been a good one, and as a result of government technical advice and assistance and increased irrigation, agriculture represents about twenty-five per cent of national income, as opposed to fifteen per cent six years ago. But there are other segments of the population which feel they have not had their proper share of the nation's increased prosperity. Teachers are notoriously underpaid. So are certain sections of labor. Just outside one of Mexico City's big railroad yards, I encountered two shopmen on their way home, carrying empty dinner pails. One was a muscular, articulate middle-aged man; the younger man was his assistant. They were pro-Castro and anti-López. Our conversation took place through an interpreter, but anger on the part of these men was evident.

"Castro," said the older man, "has set an example all countries should follow: Seize industrial properties and pay the working man a fair wage. I am a skilled worker—top man on a steel forge. I am paid twenty-eight pesos a day, [about $2.25] and I support a family of five. My assistant gets twenty-four pesos a day, and has a family of six. Why should I respect this government? Our union leaders are part of the government and regularly sell us out. Honest labor leaders the government puts in jail."

This brings up an issue López Mateos must face in the near future. Labor leadership has been notoriously corrupt. The curious situation which has developed under one-party domination in Mexico is a gentler approximation of Mussolini's corporate state. All interest groups—labor, the peasants, the bureaucracy—have a voice in party decisions. But there is no effective appeal beyond the party. The railroads are nationally owned. If the unions strike the railroads, they are striking against the government. Labor leaders tend to be mediators rather than bargainers. And too many of them, subordinates feel, have become wealthy.

López Mateos was secretary of labor before the council of PRI selected him as a presidential candidate. In the cabinet post he was friendly to leftist leaders who were fighting the old-line unions. When he became president, he asked these leaders—including Demetrio Vallejo of the railwaymen and Otón Salazar of the teachers' union—to postpone wage demands for one year. Vallejo took the request as a sign of weakness and called a wildcat strike during Easter week, 1958. Thousands of persons on vacation were left stranded. A national crisis developed.

López Mateos acted promptly. A government tribunal declared the strike illegal, and Vallejo and several hundred of his followers were thrown into jail on the peculiarly Mexican charge of "social dissolution." The headquarters of the railway union was raided, and the attorney general announced that evidence had been discovered which linked Vallejo to the Soviet embassy. The direct result was the expulsion of two Russian diplomats from the country. The government broke the railroad strike by using soldiers on the trains.

Although ex-President Cárdenas and many demonstrators have demanded the release of Vallejo and his chief lieutenants, they are still in jail.

It must be understood that a certain amount of anti-Americanism is the rule in Latin American countries. Our war with Mexico, more than a century ago, is to most people in the United States merely a fragmented recollection of a few pages in a history book. Not so in Mexico. A map in beautiful, hilltop Chapultepec Palace—once the Presidential residence but now a national museum—is a graphic reminder to the young of the acquisitiveness of their northern cousins. Vast areas that were once Mexico have been United States territory ever since the 1846-1848 war. Americans forget, but Mexicans remember. The original enthusiasm in Mexico for the Castro revolution in Cuba, I am convinced, was something considerably more than a malicious—if human—joy in seeing a portly neighbor's sore corn kicked.

Nothing counts in golf like your opponent.

HOMER PHILLIPS

Educated Mexicans tend to look on Cubans as "immature people," but they are also inclined to see the image of their own revolution against dictatorship in Castro's ousting of Batista. But Khrushchev's threat of hemisphere intervention and Castro's erratic behavior have brought a marked disillusionment to the man in the street. J. Reyes Ferrusca is thirty-one and handsome and runs a filling station on one of Mexico City's principal streets. He speaks fair English and once lived in the United States. Said Ferrusca, "My friends don't talk about Castro any more." José Corona operates a corner store in suburban Tlalnepantla. Said the practical Corona, "I don't find much sympathy for Castro among my customers. And what profit is there in sympathy? Poor people have little to spare. They're just interested in the future and the education of their families."

On the magnificent grounds of the University of Mexico, just outside the capital, I expected, as an American, to get my comeuppance. The University, the Polytechnic Institute and the Normal School—three separate institutions—have always been fertile fields for agitators. Indeed, Carlos Ortiz Tejeda, the twenty-four-year-old who attempted to burn the American flag in the midsummer demonstration, is a senior in the university law school. But with 46,000 students in the university, it is only reasonable to assume that the violent, doctrinaire specimens do not necessarily represent the student body.

On the campus my interviewing was entirely haphazard, without design. The students came from all parts of the country—Zacatecas, Tamaulipas State, Torreon, Veracruz, Sonora State, Mexico City. Waiting for classtime in a car in a university parking lot were a boy and three pretty girls—lucky boy. He immediately denounced our Department of State, which, he said, had backed dictators—Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, Batista in Cuba, Jiménez in Venezuela. The girls chattered agreement. There was then a cross fire of conversation about Castro. It soon developed that these youngsters were disenchanted. They had been happy to see the end of the graft-ridden Batista regime, but they believed the unstable Castro was pushing Cuba toward ultimate catastrophe.

I moved on to another group. The first students had been in the schools of commerce and architecture. These—a young man and two girls—were freshmen in the school of economics and they admitted there was a good deal of Communism in the faculty and student body there. They, like three sport-shirted male students who were majoring in nuclear physics to whom I later talked, were definitely non-Communist. All had been sympathetic to the Castro overturn. All were now disappointed. "Cuba wanted reform and got Communism," said one of the young physicists. "We call ourselves leftists, but we do not think Marx and Engels have the answers to the Mexican problems or the problems of the modern world."

Nevertheless, 197 Mexican university students were flown to Cuba by the Cuban Government—expense free—for Castro's July twenty-sixth celebration of his revolution. One of them was Carlos Ortiz Tejeda. A Mexican official, who had known him at the university, told me Ortiz Tejeda's story.

"This boy," he said, "is more dupe than leader. He is highly emotional and not intelligent. His widowed mother was, indeed, a Communist, a textile worker in the north. She wanted her son to have a good education and she sent him to a Catholic preparatory school. They became alienated. Then she died. Now he is loaded with guilt—he thinks he rejected her and calls himself a Communist. I saw him after his arrest and asked him why he wanted to burn the American flag. Did he hate the American people? He burst into tears.

"'No, I don't hate the American people,' he told me. 'I hate the American Government. I want to die for a good cause. I want to die.' The boy may get his wish if he continues present associations. The Communists always have a ready spot for a martyr."

The Ortiz Tejeda story also adds one tiny footnote to history. The American flag he attempted to burn he had stolen from an international display of banners at the memorial to the *Niños* Heroes. This is a sacred spot to most Mexicans. The *Niños* Heroes were teen-age army cadets who fought to prevent Gen. Winfield Scott's troops from taking the heights of Chapultepec during the Mexican-American War. Legend has it that the last of the boy survivors, rather than surrender, wrapped themselves in Mexican flags and dashed themselves to death on the rocks below. Ortiz Tejeda had cribbed the flag after a demonstration of international friendship and kept it concealed in a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

briefcase until it came in handy for an anti-American demonstration.

In any examination of Mexico, of course, it is impossible to ignore its position as a recognized leader in the Organization of American States—formed in Rio de Janeiro in 1947. Mexico is concerned over gravely depressed living standards in many neighboring countries. Our own Under Secretary of State, Douglas Dillon, has listed reasons for these low living standards—inequitable distribution of wealth, antiquated land-tenure systems, inadequate and unjust tax laws.

There is a feeling here, as in South America, that the United States has not done enough for its friends. A Marshall Plan helped to restore the economy of Europe. Yet three years ago Secretary of the Treasury Robert B. Anderson in Buenos Aires opposed an Inter-American Development Bank because there was already "an adequacy of capital in existing credit institutions."

Was there an "adequacy of capital"? Statistically there was, but the capital was hard to get at. The lending agencies followed sound banking principles. The criterion for any particular loan was: Is it a good business risk? After Vice President Nixon's good-will tour to South America ran into riots, the Inter-American Development Bank was established. But until fairly recently it steadfastly refused loans for social-welfare projects.

For a decade some experts in the State Department have been urging a different approach—direct United States assistance for economic and social-development programs in Latin American countries. Without such assistance, they believed, collapsing economies in have-not republics would bring a cycle of disastrous revolutions. They won little support on the policy level until our troubles with Castro began.

Now President Eisenhower has espoused their program. He has recommended the spending of $500,000,000 to assist Latin America in improving rural living and land use, housing and sanitation, education in general and vocational training in particular. It is a good start on a good program, but insofar as making friends and influencing people, probably a little late. Even two years ago a disinterested and generous program might have won real gains for us. As it is, Castro gets the credit for loosening our purse strings. Many Latin Americans plainly regard the assistance program as a calculated effort to buy friendship.

Nevertheless, it seems from here that our diplomatic position has improved—although the road ahead may be rocky. When the Organization of American States meeting held in Costa Rica a few weeks ago was originally proposed, not one Latin American capital wanted to play host. Everybody feared anti-American riots. But then Khrushchev unwittingly came to our assistance. His threat to use rockets to "defend" Cuba aroused a still greater fear and resulted in a quick closing of the ranks. By this time also it was evident that technical missions from the Soviet Union, China and Czechoslovakia, housed in swank Havana bay-front hotels where tourists once spent their money, were rearranging the economy of Cuba while Castro harangued endlessly on TV.

There has been a good deal of argument about what the O.A.S. conference did or didn't do in the Declaration of San José. Cuba believed that Cuba had been censured for accepting Soviet military protection against the United States, and, led by Foreign Minister Raul Roa, the Cuban delegation walked out. Secretary of State Herter believed the same thing. He said the declaration constituted a "clear indictment of the Castro Government of Cuba, and particularly the role which it has played in furthering the Sino-Soviet efforts of intervention into this hemisphere."

Actually the declaration did not mention Cuba by name. It condemned intervention or the threat of intervention, rejected—by name—the effort of the Sino-Soviet powers to jeopardize the peace of the hemisphere and said that all member states were under obligation to submit to the discipline of the Inter-American system. This polished appeal to Cuba was blasted rudely by Castro at once. He referred to the United States and other O.A.S. nations as "the shark and the sardines." There was dissent in the original caucus—the foreign ministers of both Venezuela and Peru balked at the resolution. Their governments superseded them, gave their Costa Rican ambassadors charge of the delegations and ordered support of the resolution—which then passed, 19 to 1. Cuba voted no. Mexico supported the declaration, but Foreign Minister Manuel Tello issued a subsequent statement. "The resolution," he said, "in no form constitutes a condemnation or a threat against Cuba, whose aspirations for economic improvement and social justice have the strongest sympathy of the government and people of Mexico."

Doctor Tello, whom I have met, must have known this was fancy double talk; he is a world-traveled diplomat and a gentleman. He has been attacked in PRI for these very reasons. At the celebration of Mexico's one-hundred-and-fiftieth year of independence, Congressman Sanchez Piedras, who was conveniently in southern Mexico when I sought to interview him, sounded off again. This time he said Cuba was threatened "from outside forces as sinister as those of Nazism, Fascism and Francoism." Guessing, who else but the United States? Our official delegation—Senators Keating of New York and Dodd of Connecticut and Representative Rhodes of Arizona—protested at this discourtesy, and newspapers report that a representative of President López Mateos offered a personal apology.

Anyone who attempts to follow the chess game of Latin-American politics is in for a headache. I can say, however, that I have been told by persons close to President López Mateos that any warm feeling the Mexican Government may once have had for Cuba has precipitately cooled off. One cabinet minister told me, "Mexico will not commit suicide for Castro." It was his view—off the record, of course—that Washington had shown extraordinary patience under provocation, and he also pointed out one hard-rock difference between Mexican expropriations of the past and Cuban expropriations—Mexico paid the alien owners. In Cuba, Castro no longer maintains even the pretense that American investors of $6,000,000,000 will be reimbursed.

The cabinet minister had practical reasons for believing that Mexico would not imperil its comfortable relations with the United States. One solid reason was the cozy amount of money American tourists bring into the country every year. I went to Robert C. Hill, our six-foot-four New Hampshire-born American ambassador, for the actual figures. Hill has been extremely active during his tour of duty and has visited every one of Mexico's twenty-nine states.

The ambassador estimated Mexico's dollar income from tourists last year at $637,000,000, as compared to a 1955 figure of $445,000,000. These were gross amounts, but it seems safe to say that Mexico's net income from tourism runs to $1,000,000 a day—a very important addition to any nation's economy. Approximately 600,000 tourists, most of them American, come to the interior of Mexico every year. Several million more make crossings of Mexico's northern border by motor car. No exact record is possible because tourist entry cards are not required for short visits.

American businessmen in Mexico—neither wide-eyed nor naïve—believe firmly in Mexico's continuing friendship. Not long ago the *Comité Norteamerican Pro-México*, sometimes known as Operation Amigos, took occasion to write important acquaintances in the United States to reassure them about relations with Mexico. The *comité* was formed in 1954 by about a hundred of the top American firms and affiliates doing business in Mexico, and its only announced aim is to promote good will.

"We believe that direct personal acquaintance helps make good neighbors better neighbors," said the letter. "This is why we have devoted much of our efforts toward stimulating tourist travel from the United States. Mexico continues to offer the tourist a warm welcome and a rewarding experience."

Will political demonstrations continue in Mexico City? Probably. The Soviet embassy has been a very busy place since the Cuban melodrama began, and there is little doubt that Soviet intriguers will do what they can to keep trouble's caldron boiling everywhere south of the border. Will Americans be in real danger? Only if they seek out the areas of trouble, the security people at our embassy believe. Organizers of demonstrations here always announce in advance the site of the rumble so their colleagues will know where to assemble. All the visitor who wants to avoid trouble need do is stay away.

In happier, lazier days police here were tolerant of demonstrations. They issued permits, dictated routes of march and demanded only a reasonable facsimile of peaceable assembly. There has been a sharp change in the official temper. In recent weeks no permits have been issued. On several occasions both the American embassy and the Soviet embassy have been guarded by Tommy-gun-toting army grenadiers. When students attempted to demonstrate near the Mexican Normal School—they were demanding the reinstatement of cashiered Otón Salazar as head of the teachers' union—1000 policemen and firemen were on hand to subdue the unruly.

President López Mateos has passed the word that the political situation will not be permitted to get out of hand. Until just the other day, wealthy David Alfaro Siqueiros, Mexico's greatest living artist, was peacefully painting a large mural for the Chapultepec castle. But Siqueiros is also head of Mexico's Communist Party. When two students were shot in a tussle with police near the Zócalo plaza, Sequeiros issued this challenge to the government—"No peace until all political prisoners are freed."

López Mateos accepted the challenge. He put Siqueiros in jail on a charge of "social dissolution." This rude handling of a supposedly sacrosanct international celebrity is pretty good evidence the president means what he says.

Campaigning With Kennedy (Continued from Page 27)

speech ideas on a pad, looked up and said, "That man Salinger. He's got a fine, gruesome sense of humor."

After the usual cheers and speeches at the Anchorage Airport, we climbed into several small puddle-jumper planes and flew about forty miles to a rough, grassy field near the Alaska State [get that proud new word, "State"] Fair at Palmer, Alaska. Our cars and buses slipped and churned through the mud into the fair grounds, pushed by many willing hands. After Kennedy's informal talk, a student told him that one of his teachers was William Shirk.

"Shifty Shirk? Why, Shifty was a classmate of mine," said Kennedy. "When you find a classmate who's a professor, you realize you're getting old. And besides, I've aged ten years on this campaign already." The forty-three-year-old senator seemed to take relish in this quick-aging process, but he still looked, in the Alaska twilight, more like a man of thirty.

Then came the hedge hop back to Anchorage and the motorcade into that bustling city which was a frontier village only a few years ago. We went past the Salty Dog and other old-time saloons to a plush—and expensive—hotel. It was ten o'clock by the time Kennedy got up to speak before a crowded hall.

"It is now four A.M. in Massachusetts," he said. "This is the latest speech I've made since the time, fourteen years ago, when I was a very junior candidate for Congress, relegated to the tail end of one of those long Democratic rallies in Boston." Early next morning we took off by jet plane for Detroit, Michigan. And so it went, day after day, until the days and nights and weeks seemed to merge into a measureless flow of time.

"What day is it?" I asked a colleague.

"Never mind the day," he said. "What month is it—September, August or October?"

In putting this phantasmagoria on paper, I will try to hit some of the high spots of drama and comedy, the strange side lights, the personal behind-the-scenes exchanges, the discomforts and delights of high-speed Presidential campaigning, 1960 style. I will touch only briefly on Kennedy's speeches and debates—you can absorb these for yourself via newspapers or the air waves. My concern here is primarily with the mood and personality of Mr. Kennedy himself, as seen by one who traveled with him during this critical time for him, for Mr. Nixon and for all Americans.

As a reporter, I will be as objective as I can. But I must point out that since I first came to know Senator Kennedy well, in the summer of 1959, my liking and admiration for him have steadily increased. Doubtless many reporters who have been closely associated with Mr. Nixon regard him with a similar esteem. Since I am prejudiced, the reader must make his own fair discount, as a juror does for the testimony of a witness who, though admittedly biased, is trying his best to be honest. Incidentally, I have supported Mr. Eisenhower in the past and still consider him a great man.

Campaigning such as Kennedy's—and I believe Nixon hits a comparable pace—is an ordeal compounded of fatigue,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

occasional hunger and thirst, almost constant noise and hullabaloo and a hundred petty harassments. Oversleep by half an hour, and there's no time for breakfast. When the motorcade is running an hour late at noon, as usual, you skip lunch. When an aide sprints to buy wayside hot dogs, the last has just been devoured by the hungry crowd. The bus carries no drinking water; by midafternoon of a hot, dusty day, the Kennedy entourage is crying for water as piteously as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.

One day in Reading, Pennsylvania, I became desperate. As the bus halted in the square, I jumped out, skirted the milling crowd, ran two blocks and found a "lounge bar" near the Abraham Lincoln Hotel. I dashed in and begged the bartender for a gallon jug of water. He hustled around, found a gallon mayonnaise jar, hastily rinsed it and filled it to the brim with water and ice cubes. He didn't want a cent for his trouble, but I persuaded him to accept a dollar to ease the conscience of his parched beneficiaries. This great and good man gave me his name as Shorty Shrank, a Pennsylvania Dutchman—may blessings ever attend his footsteps.

Loping back to the square in time to hear Kennedy's speech, I spilled about a pint of the water over my shirt, tie and suit. No matter; the remaining seven pints, shared around straight from the jar, made me a hero for a day. What if the water had a tang of mayonnaise? Everybody agreed it was delicious.

Other minor inconveniences—toes trampled, shoes muddied, buttons torn off and clothes ripped in the struggle to get through the jam-packed crowds (but the pretty and practical hostesses were ready with needles and thread when we got back on the plane). Then came the waiting in line to shave in the cramped, vibrating washrooms of planes; no laundry; luggage and topcoat mislaid in Pocatello; two typewriters missing in San Antonio; "all circuits busy" as forty reporters rush to make long-distance calls; everybody jittery when planes try unsuccessfully to land despite fog and surrounding mountains above Asheville, North Carolina; ditto—late at night—over Cheyenne, Wyoming. And then, "Hey! Jim Blank—he's been on the wagon for nine years and now he's hitting the sauce again. We got to help him—save your black sheets [carbon copies] for him until we can get a couple quarts of coffee into him."

All the annoyances were borne the more cheerfully because we knew the candidate was working as hard as any three of us put together. While we rode in an air-conditioned bus, he was balancing atop his convertible, exposed to dust, heat, cold, sun, rain, wind and all the embarrassing attentions of unrestrained adulation. Reporters might file two or three stories and "add leads" a day. Meanwhile, Kennedy was making ten speeches a day—each different—blistering and spraining his fingers with thousands of handshakes, and waving his weary arms in cordial greeting to admirers strung out along endless miles of street and highway.

Observing Senator Kennedy through five grueling weeks, I never once saw him lose his high-spirited composure. Occasionally, however, there were breaches in his normal good humor. More than once I saw his face flush with anger. The first and most dramatic time was at the airport in Los Angeles, where we arrived—in ninety-seven-degree heat—after a wilting day of whistle-stop speeches down the San Joaquin Valley. Tired as he was, and suffering from an ominous hoarseness, Kennedy granted requests for a press conference. One reporter read to him from a statement issued shortly before by a group of ministers, including Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. The statement suggested that Kennedy, if elected President, would be "under extreme pressure by the [Catholic] hierarchy" to bring American foreign policy into line with Vatican objectives.

Senator Kennedy, the statement continued, had asserted that he would not bow to such pressures, but "this unresolved conflict leaves doubt in the minds of millions of our citizens." The reporter asked whether the senator would comment on the Peale statement.

Kennedy was silent for a moment. We saw the flush spread upward from his throat into his tanned, suddenly tense face. When he spoke, it was in a low voice, well controlled, but icy with scorn.

"I would not respond to Doctor Peale," he said.

A few of the reporters laughed nervously; from the others came—contrary to their custom—a warm murmur of applause. After about ten seconds a reporter began another question, but Kennedy raised his hand for attention. His face was still flushed, but his mind was working with its usual swiftness. He knew that he had won the approval of the reporters present with seven scornful words. He also realized, instantly, that this was not enough, not an adequate reply, for the millions of Americans who regarded Doctor Peale with affection and respect; who would learn of Kennedy's terse reply only via the newspapers or the air waves; who would not understand the exasperating impact of such a question, casting doubt upon his loyalty to his country and to his oath of office and sprung upon him in the hot evening of an exhausting day. Therefore, Kennedy raised his hand; therefore, he proceeded to expand his seven-word retort into a reasoned reply of some five hundred words.

What he said was the same, in substance, as the widely quoted and praised statement which he was later to make before the [Protestant] Ministerial Association in Houston, Texas. But now his sentences were bitten out under the stress of a controlled yet powerful emotion. His phrases were spontaneous, unpolished, sometimes repetitious. For that very reason, perhaps, they were eloquent to our small, intent group who watched his face and heard his voice. Cold print cannot convey the same vivid effect, but I will give a few excerpts.

> Our Constitution is very clear on the separation of church and state; I have been very clear—and precise—in my commitments to that Constitution, not merely because I take the oath which is taken to God but also because I believe it represents the happiest—the happiest arrangement for the organization of a society.
>
> Therefore, I believe in that theory—just as strongly as Doctor Peale or anyone else. I don't know what I can do, except to state that as my conviction—state that as the philosophy which would guide me in the Presidency, state that as my record. . . .

He said no more about his record. But the minds of the listening reporters, many of them ex-servicemen, went back to Kennedy's experiences in the war.

> Beyond that it just becomes a question whether—whether *in 1960 we are going to* carry out the Constitution, which says there shall be no religious tests for office, or whether we are going to decide, because I was born a Catholic and live a Catholic, that I am unfit to hold office.

The next question, a stumbling but human inquiry from a young reporter who looked hardly old enough to shave, broke the tension and relaxed the grim lines in Kennedy's face.

Question: "Due to the fact that your wife is going to have a baby and you have said it is going to be a boy, there are a lot of us expectant fathers who would like to know your secret of knowing that it is going to be a boy.

Senator Kennedy: "My wife told me. You will have to ask her." (Laughter.)

Later in the tour Kennedy—perhaps feeling that his anticipation of a boy baby was unfair to girl babies—clarified his position on this vital issue. Asked in an informal interview whether he was hoping for a boy, the Democratic standard-bearer replied, "I know it sounds terrible and treasonous, but I would be just as happy to have another daughter."

At this writing, the senator's only child is Caroline, probably the only three-year-old girl to have a two-engine Convair 240—Kennedy's campaign plane—named after her. Certainly no little girl has ever had her name inscribed on the bow of so conspicuous a flying machine—one which has been watched for so eagerly by waiting multitudes in a hundred airports from Maine to Alaska to Texas. As the graceful plane comes into view, there are excited cries of "Here he comes! It's him!" And there are gasps and cheers as plane *Caroline* slants down to a swift and expert landing under the deft guidance of pilot Howard Baird.

... ...

Rumor

Unlike butter on bread
Or money on debts,
The wider it's spread
The thicker it gets.

Richard Armour

... ...

Mr. Baird, who looks more like a calm, modest farmer type than like a former hot-shot wartime pilot of Navy torpedo bombers, is the one member of the Kennedy entourage who dares veto the orders of the nominee. If Kennedy wants to land when things look too soupy to Baird's experienced eye, Baird simply says, "No." Baird is not a man for much talk. I suspect that he considers Kennedy a fine man and a statesman, but one who, when it comes to airplanes, is just another waterbound PT-boat commander. On one foggy evening, I remember, Kennedy was ready to go in, and the landing tower at the small mountain airfield said O.K. Baird said no. Later it was learned that the man in the tower, apparently sharing the impatient eagerness of the waiting thousands, had dangerously overestimated the height of the cloud ceiling.

Presiding in Kennedy's plane is a charming and competent young lady, Janet des Rosiers. Because of the smiling alacrity with which she performs all the duties of an airline hostess, most visitors to the plane assume that to be her profession. Actually she is a top-notch executive secretary who, at the behest of the senator's family, has added hostessing to her other skills. She prepares the meals for the senator and his guests, whether they be aides, reporters or politicos, and looks after their comfort. She is also ready at any time to take down Kennedy's dictation as fast as he can speak it—and that's fast.

When Kennedy can spare a half hour for a meal, he likes good food. At such times Miss Janet fixes him a bowl of New England fish chowder or tomato bisque, soft scrambled eggs or a prime sirloin steak—also milk, coffee and sometimes in the evening a bottle of beer. When pressed for time, he will eat any food within reach. On one fast-rushing afternoon I was with him in the compartment of his plane when he realized that he had not eaten since breakfast and that we were landing in a few minutes. He called to Miss Janet.

"Got anything ready?"

"Only hot frankfurters," she said.

"Good. Bring me three franks, a soft drink and a glass of milk."

She was back in an instant with the order. Within two minutes, as we continued to talk, he put away this conglomerate nourishment so fast that he seemed virtually to inhale it. Indeed, all of us on this campaign steeplechase had to gobble or go hungry. When I had my first meal at home after weeks on the run, I glanced up from my plate to see my wife looking at me uneasily.

"Where's the fire, doc?" she asked. "You're wolfing your food like a starving lumberjack."

Plane rides, long trips by car or bus or train, all these can be boring. Yet I, who get bored as easily as the next man, never felt boredom in my weeks of campaign travel. Why? For one thing, the enthusiasm of cheering, jumping, laughing crowds is infectious. Secondly, I found the panorama of faces along the way endlessly enthralling. They are a cross section of all America—white and colored, old and young, rich and medium and poor, men and women and children. At first the faces are expectant; they light up when they see their hero; and when he waves and smiles at them ("Right *at* me," as they all say afterward), they become radiant with affection or happy laughter. And after he passes by, the people pound one another on the back with such cries as, "He's a winner!" . . . "What a man!" . . . "He's our boy!"

Call it mass hysteria if you wish, but I think it has a deeper significance. In my opinion, it reinforces the inner spirit of a candidate for the Presidency. Whether the next occupant of the White House is Kennedy or Nixon—who also has his cheering throngs—he will have with him always the memory of those faces. If he is ever tempted by selfish ambition to deviate from the paths of duty and honor and compassion, those faces of America—raised to him in radiant hope and faith—will inevitably strengthen him for the fearsome responsibilities he must bear.

The apparently irrational hoop-la and strain of the campaign has a further value. The stress is cruel, but it tests, better than could an examination by a learned panel of doctors, the present strength of the candidate's mind, body, nerves and stamina. On the other hand, I do think both candidates should be protected more carefully than they are from the ever-present possibilities of accidental injury.

Kennedy's good looks and personality exercise a magnetism on the women-folks—whether they be grandmas or teen-agers—comparable to that which I have observed earlier in the campaigns of Franklin Roosevelt and Dwight Eisenhower. We could see this attraction every day along the campaign trail as the gals, old and young, jumped up and down, smiled ecstatically or uttered piercing shrieks. Sometimes the manifestations were even more spectacular. One day in New Jersey, as I was fighting my way through the crowd a few steps behind Kennedy, a middle-aged woman, straining forward, managed to pat Kennedy's sleeve. Then she burst into tears. I paused beside her, as she mopped away the tears with her handkerchief, and asked her why she was crying.

"Because—because he's so *beautiful*," she said and wept anew. Realizing there was nothing I could do to help in such a severe case, I plunged again into the mob.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't think this appeal to the feminine is being overlooked by old political pros who are backing Kennedy. One of these, a hardheaded Connecticut lawyer, gave me an interesting example. "In our state we have a town which, believe it or not, has separate voting machines for men and women. In the 'fifty-two campaign we canvassed the voters of that town with great care. We came up with a prognostication we believed to be accurate. Come election night, and the men's voting machines registered as we expected. But the women's machines went haywire. They showed a far larger vote than we had figured, and it was top-heavy for Eisenhower. Apparently flocks of usually nonvoting women went to the polls to pull the lever for Ike, and many regular Democratic women voters switched. I think Kennedy has a similar personal appeal."

As for the boredom factor, there was another reason for its absence in traveling with Kennedy. His every speech—and I listened to more than 150 of them—was different from the others. Of course, there were favorite themes, recurrent in many of his talks. Even then, the approach, the words, the emphasis varied—and above all, his style and manner. His platform performance was as unpredictable as Babe Ruth at bat. You never knew whether the Babe would strike out, hit a homer, pop up sky high or pound the ball into the ground so hard that it cleared the infield on first bounce.

So with Kennedy. Sometimes, carried away by the tide of his own swift thoughts, he would talk so fast—this is his frequent oratorical fault—that even I, right up front and familiar with his enunciation and thinking, could scarcely follow him. As for the great majority of listeners, his meaning sped right past them. When they applauded him, it was not because they understood what he was saying, but because they liked him and felt he was trying hard to communicate important ideas in which he sincerely believed. You may remember how the crowds used to cheer Babe Ruth even when he struck out—they could see he was putting his heart into those swings.

Most reporters, listening to such high-speed speeches, found it impossible to take adequate notes. They were saved by the fact that Kennedy was accompanied by one of the best two-man stenographic teams I ever saw. They were Charles (Chic) Reynolds, whose flying fingers caught Kennedy's every word on his stenotype machine, and Ken Bowers, a demon typist who transcribed directly from Reynolds's stenotape. Then Reynolds would snatch the sheets from Bowers's typewriter and crank them through the duplicating machine. Within a quarter of an hour or so after a speech, there would be accurate transcripts available for all the reporters. In examining these, I was always surprised to find that Kennedy's remarks, delivered extemporaneously with machine-gun tempo, hung together and made good sense in print. Thus the entire record of Kennedy's public campaign talks is being preserved, for accurate subsequent quotation by friend or foe.

Kennedy discovered the abilities of these two men during his long service with Sen. John McClellan's Labor-Management Rackets Committee. Bowers and Reynolds, working for the committee, recorded much of the interminable and shocking evidence given in its hearings.

When Kennedy remembers to speak without breaking the speed limits or straining his vocal cords—and he is improving in this respect—he uses a conversational tone which is at once engaging and persuasive. He also uses this tone in answering questions. At this he is impressively effective, whether the inquiries come from worried theologians—as at Houston—from steelworkers in Pennsylvania, from tobacco farmers in North Carolina, from coal miners in West Virginia, or from hecklers on the sidewalks of New York. After a long day in Manhattan, he came out to greet an impatient crowd waiting in the street outside his hotel. He waved and smiled. An aide said, "Any questions to ask the senator?"

From the crowd came a bawling, derisive voice, sharp with the accents and cynicism of the East Side: "What time is it?"

Kennedy replied blandly, "Quarter to six. Next question." Very simple. Yet it brought a roar of laughter from the crowd. The heckler was not heard from again.

Kennedy is accompanied by a gifted group of speech writers, headed by his close friend and adviser, Theodore Sorenson. They collaborate with Kennedy on prepared speech texts for every stop. They have long since resigned themselves to seeing their daily masterpieces flutter to the ground as Kennedy discards them and takes off on his own line of thought. This happens about 97 per cent of the time. The only three times that I can remember Kennedy following his prepared text were (1) in his brief opening statement to the Protestant ministers assembled to question him in Texas, (2) in a Baltimore speech in which he addressed his remarks to the special attention of Khrushchev and (3) in a talk to a large and friendly crowd in the famous Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Each of these involved delicate questions of foreign policy or religious belief, and Kennedy did not want to take the chance of a careless word. Even then, I noted as he spoke that he improved his text in the direction of brevity.

Sometimes in his speeches Kennedy has reached a level of moving eloquence. Late one night in Portland, Maine, he held an outdoor audience of thousands in the palm of his hand. Teen-agers ceased from squealing, and veteran reporters, under the spell, forgot to take notes. The speech, broadcast only locally, and too late for most of the morning papers, got little national attention. Yet to me it seemed his best. Later, when I studied the speech in transcript, I found it not notably better than some of his hurried rapid-fire efforts. But for some unknown reason, that night, he was in the vein, speaking with a power comparable to that of great orators of the past.

On a few other occasions he wrought a similar magic, notably late one night in Oakland, California. Looking back, I recall that in Oakland, as in Maine, he spoke after a long and fearfully tiring day. Maybe he had caught what athletes call a second wind. Maybe it takes a lot of punishment to slow Kennedy down to a tempo which the audience can appreciate.

In his various nationwide TV appearances—except in his answers to questions, when he customarily seems deftly on the ball—his performance has been adequate but not exceptional. Kennedy looked good on his first TV debate partly because Nixon, usually a polished debater and TV personality, seemed inexplicably off form, drawn and worried. It has been suggested that something went wrong in Nixon's make-up department. Kennedy is spared this hazard, since he uses no make-up. In the second debate, Nixon was in much better form; Kennedy continued to handle himself well in the face of stronger opposition.

In looking back over the dramatic moments of the tour, I remember one day when "the very stars in their courses," or rather the skies and the storm, seemed to be working for the Democratic nominee. It was an important occasion for Kennedy, when he was to unveil the specific measures he proposes for meeting the nation's grave and complex problems of food surpluses and declining farm income. He was speaking before a huge and intent crowd of Midwest farmers at the National Plowing Contest in Sioux Falls, South Dakota—usually a reliably Republican State.

This time Kennedy, who seldom speaks for more than ten or fifteen minutes, planned to speak for half an hour and to follow a text he had laboriously prepared and checked over with the advice of noted farm leaders and agricultural economists. As he took the platform, the black clouds above were spitting rain. There was lightning on the horizon and a grumble of distant thunder. Kennedy drew damp chuckles from the huddled crowd with: "I regret the rain; but as the Bible tells us, it rains on the just and the unjust alike, on Democrats as well as Republicans."

Then he plunged doggedly into his prepared speech. Each wet page, as he finished and discarded it, was caught and carried away by the scurrying wind. The rain pelted harder. Halfway through his speech Kennedy paused and looked up. "Because of the rain," he said, "I am going to place all of this in the record, with copies available for the press and all of you . . . I don't want to stand you all out in the rain where you might catch cold—or at least a city man from the East might catch cold. But I do want to make two or three more points before I close."

Then, reverting happily to the extemporaneous, he went into a few of his favorite themes. "Ours is a great country, but we can make it a greater country. It is powerful, but we must make it more powerful. I ask your help. I promise you no sure solutions, no easy life. The years ahead, for all of us, will be as difficult as any in our history. There are new frontiers for America to conquer, in education, in science, in national purpose—not frontiers on a map, but frontiers of the mind, the will, the spirit of man. . . ." (I quote from my blotted and almost illegible notes.)

He spoke well; and as he spoke, a gap opened in the black clouds, the rain stopped and the South Dakota sun shone down on him and the crowd with startling brilliance. As he closed, he got a round of applause which, a veteran Midwest reporter told me, was the warmest he had ever heard at a National Plowing Contest from the notoriously undemonstrative farmers.

As we climbed back into the plane, a reporter asked Salinger, "Say, Pierre, who arranged those superb theatrical lighting effects?" Salinger remained silent, puffing his cigar and smiling enigmatically. THE END

NEXT WEEK

CAMPAIGNING WITH NIXON

By Stewart Alsop

THE GARRO MURDER IN CHICAGO:

CRIME WITHOUT REASON

By John Bartlow Martin

WHEN HUSBANDS GET TRANSFERRED:

WHO? ME? MOVE?

By Joyce Kissock

IN COLOR:

THEY'LL NEVER TAME THE EVERGLADES

By John Bird

SEARS, ROEBUCK IN SOUTH AMERICA:

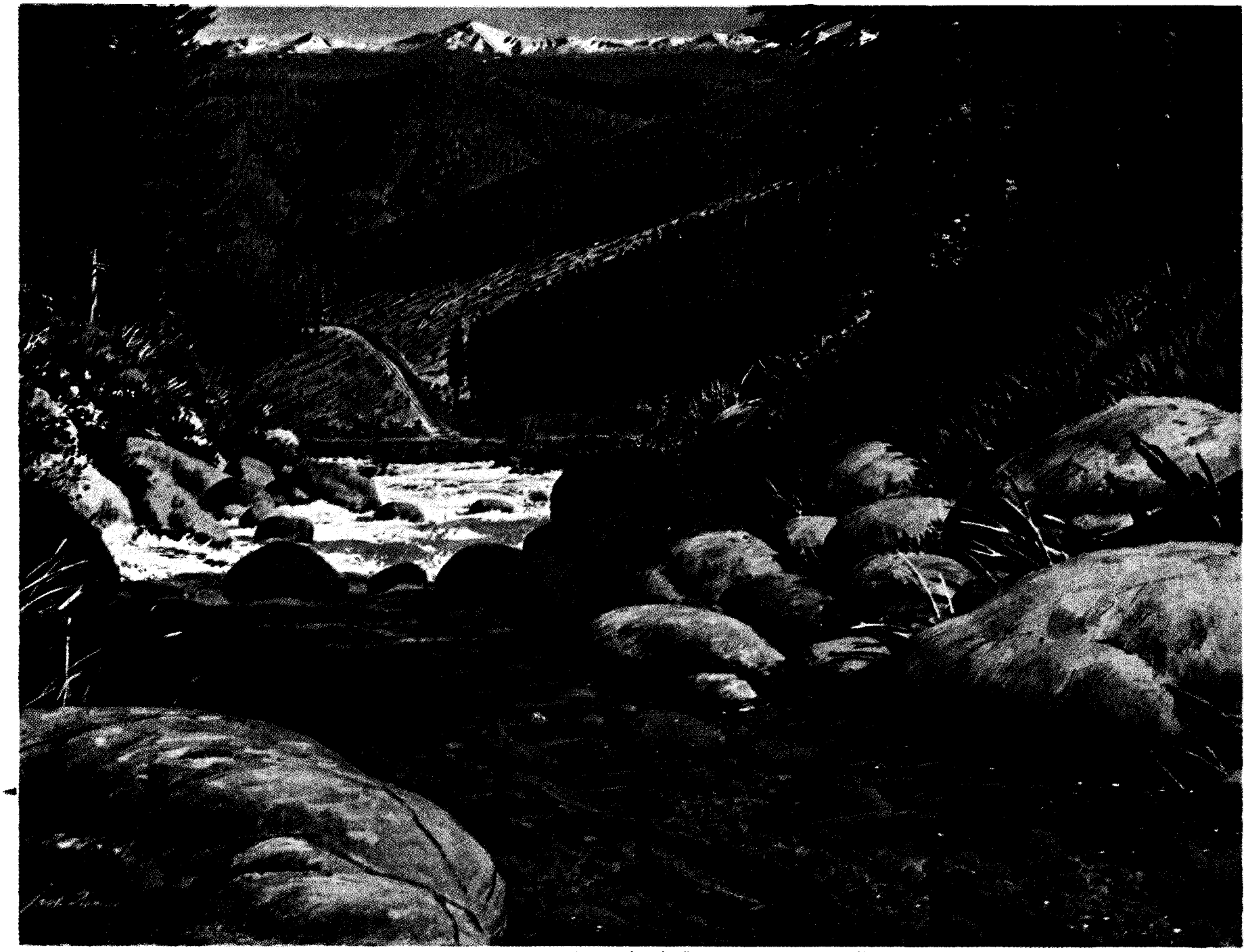
YANKEE DON'T GO HOME

By Harold H. Martin

A NEW NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL, AUTHOR OF "THE PHILADELPHIAN":

THE SOLDIER

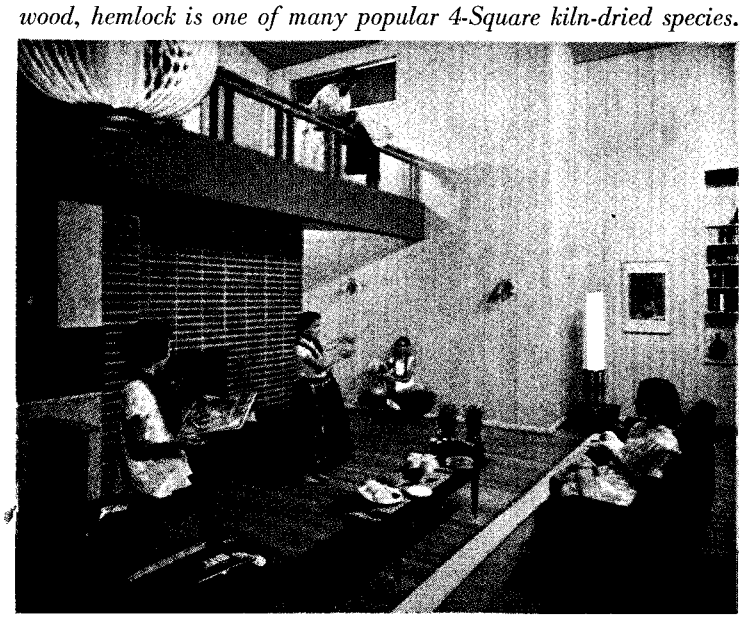
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



STEELHEAD return from the distant ocean to spawn in a sparkling, clear stream on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm. The myriad streams and lakes on our lands are protected by the same sustained yield practices that are perpetuating our timber supply and other forest resources.

virgin forests cannot meet tomorrow's demand for wood

The rich golden color tones of west coast hemlock add a warm note of elegance in this modern interior. A remarkably versatile, durable wood, hemlock is one of many popular 4-Square kiln-dried species.



Since colonial days the United States has drawn its wood supply principally from the great virgin forests throughout the land. This cannot go on indefinitely. The amount of old-growth timber that remains in commercial forests is limited.

To provide a perpetual flow of wood, old-growth timber ultimately must be replaced by managed forests containing tree crops of various ages. As these crops successively mature they can be harvested and the land reforested again in endless cycles.

A gradual transition from old-growth to second-growth forests has been in progress on Weyerhaeuser tree farms for many years. However, since it takes 60 to 100 years for our major tree species to grow to sawlog size, considerable time is still needed before the new tree crops we are establishing can sustain continuous harvests. In the meantime, old-growth timber and thinnings from young forests must supply our mills.

Weyerhaeuser lands are intended to provide wood, water, wildlife, recreation and payrolls forever. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington, for a colorful free booklet.*

Weyerhaeuser Company

Manufacturer of lumber, plywood, wood pulps, paperboards, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboards, particle boards, Ply-Veneer, and bark and wood fiber products.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Creature of the Snows (Continued from Page 34)

Looking at the snapshot with professional scorn, Ed had said, "These things are indistinct. I think he's selling you a bill of goods."

"No," the boss said, "we checked on the guy. He really did make the glider flight. We've had experts go over that blowup. The picture's genuine. Those are naked biped, erect-walking creatures." He flipped the picture irritably. "I can't publish this thing; I want close-ups, action shots, the sort of thing our subscribers have come to expect of us."

He'd lighted a cigar slowly. "Bring me back some pictures I can publish, Ed, and you can write your own ticket."

"You're asking me to climb Mount Everest," Ed said, carefully keeping the sarcasm out of his voice. "To search for this plateau here," he tapped the shoddy photograph, "and take pix of—what are they, biped, erect-walking creatures, you say?"

The boss cleared his throat. "Not Mount Everest, Ed. It's Gauri Sankar, one of the peaks near Mount Everest. Roughly, it's only about twenty-three thousand feet or so high."

"That's pretty rough," Ed said.

The boss looked pained. "Actually it's not Gauri Sankar either. Just one of the lesser peaks of the Gauri Sankar massif. Well under twenty-three thousand. Certainly nothing to bother a hot-shot exparatrooper like you, Ed."

Ed winced, and the boss continued, "This guy—this glider pilot—wasn't able to pin-point the spot, but he did come up with a pretty fair map of the terrain—for a pretty fair price. We've checked it out with the American Alpine Club; it conforms well with their own charts of the general area. Several expeditions have been in the vicinity, but not this exact spot, they tell me. It's not a piece of cake by any means, but it's far from being another Annapurna, or K-Two, for accessibility."

He sucked at his cigar thoughtfully. "The Alpine Club says we've got only about two months of good weather before the inevitable monsoons hit that area—so time, as they say, is of the essence, Ed. But two months for this kind of thing ought to be plenty. Everything will be first class; we're even including these new gas guns that shoot hypodermic needles, or something similar. We'll fly the essentials in to Katmandu and air-drop everything possible along the route up to your base at"—he squinted at a map—"Namche Bazar. A Sherpa village which is twelve thousand feet high."

He smiled amiably at Ed. "That's a couple of weeks' march up from the nearest railroad, and ought to get you acclimatized nicely. Plenty of experienced porters at Namche, all Sherpas. We've lined up a couple of expert mountain climbers with Himalayan background. And expedition leader will be Doctor Schenk—top man in his field."

"What is his field?" Ed asked gloomily.

"Zoology. Whatever these things are in this picture, they're animal, which is his field. Everyone will be sworn to secrecy; you'll be the only one permitted to use a camera, Ed. This could be the biggest thing you'll ever cover, if these things are what I think they are."

"What do you think they are?"

"An unknown species of man—or subman," his boss said, and prudently Ed remained silent. Two months would tell the tale.

But two months didn't tell. Oh, there were plenty of wild rumors by the Nepalese all along the upper route. Hushed stories of the two-legged creature that walked like a man. A monster the Sherpas called Yeti. Legends. Strange encounters; drums sounding from snow-swept heights; wild snatches of song drifting down from peaks that were inaccessible to ordinary men. And one concrete fact: a ban, laid on by the Buddhist monks, against the taking of any life in the high Himalayas. What life? Ed wondered.

Stories, legends—but nothing else.

Two months of it. Starting from the tropical flatlands, up through the lush, exotic rain forest, where sun struggled through immense trees festooned with orchids. Two months, moving up into the arid foothills, where foliage abruptly ceased and the rocks and wind took over. Up and ever up, to where the first heavy snow pack lay. And higher still, following the trail laid out by the glider pilot—and

Fire Fall

By Herbert Merrill

Something jars the sky to send
Stars tumbling down, end over end,
Catching fire and leaving trails
Behind them like red swallowtails,
Till they're no longer stars at all
But only cinders left to fall,
And then a little ash, I guess,
And finally only nothingness.
Now I can sort out fact and fiction
And blame this holocaust on friction,
But what the something is that jars
The autumn night and shakes the stars
Like apples off a tree. . . .
Well, I
Have never found out what or why.

what impelled a man, Ed wondered, to soar over Mount Everest in a homemade glider?

Two months, during which Ed had come to dislike Doctor Schenk intensely. Tall, saturnine, smelling strongly of formaldehyde, Schenk classified everything into terms of vertebrate, invertebrate.

So now, standing on this wind-scoured ridge with the shadows falling into the abysses on either side, Ed peered through ice-encrusted goggles, watching Schenk arguing with the guides. He motioned to the ledge above, and obediently the Sherpas moved toward it. Obviously that would be the final camping spot. The two months were over by several days; Schenk was within his rights to call it quits. It was only Ed's assurances that the plateau they were seeking lay just ahead that had kept Schenk from bowing out exactly on the appointed time; that and the burning desire to secure his niche in zoology forever with a new specimen: biped, erect-walking—what?

But the plateau just ahead, and the one after that, and all the rest beyond had proved just as empty as those behind.

A bust. Whatever the unknown creatures were the glider pilot had photographed, they would remain just that—unknown.

And yet, as Ed slogged slowly up toward where the porters were setting up the bright blue-and-yellow nylon tents, he was nagged by a feeling that that odd-shaped pinnacle ahead looked awfully much like the one in the blurred photograph. With his unfailing memory for pictures, Ed remembered the tall, jagged cone that had cast a black shadow across a snowy plateau, pointing directly toward the little group that was in the center of the picture.

But Schenk wasn't having any more plateaus. He shook his head vehemently, white-daubed lips a grim line on his sun-blistered face. "Last camp, Ed," he said firmly. "We agreed this would be the final plateau. I'm already a week behind schedule. If the monsoons hit us, we could be in serious trouble below. We have to get started back. I know exactly how you feel, but—I'm afraid this is it."

Later that night, while the wind moved ceaselessly, sucking at the tent, they burrowed in sleeping bags, talking.

"There must be some basis of fact in those stories," Ed said to Doctor Schenk. "I've given them a lot of thought. Has it occurred to you that every one of the sightings, the few face-to-face meetings of the natives and these—these unknowns, has generally been just around dawn, and usually when the native was alone?"

Schenk smiled dubiously. "Whatever this creature may be—and I'm convinced that it's either a species of large bear, or one of the great anthropoids—it certainly must keep off the well-traveled routes. There are very few passes through these peaks, of course, and it would be quite simple for them to avoid these locales."

"But we're not on any known trail," Ed said thoughtfully. "I believe our methods have been all wrong—stringing out a bunch of men, looking for trails in the snow. All we've done is announce our presence to anything with ears for miles around. That glider pilot made no sound; he came on them without warning."

Ed looked intently at Schenk. "I'd like to try that peak up ahead—and the plateau beyond." When Schenk uttered a protesting cry, Ed said, "Wait; this time I'll go alone—with just one Sherpa guide. We could leave several hours before daybreak. No equipment, other than oxygen, food for one meal—and my cameras, of course. Maintain a strict silence. We could be back before noon. Will you wait long enough for this one last try?" Schenk hesitated. "Only a few hours more," Ed urged.

Schenk stared at him, then he nodded slowly. "Agreed. But aren't you forgetting the most important item of all?" When Ed looked blank, Schenk smiled. "The gas gun. If you should run across one, we'll need more proof than just your word for it."

There was very little wind, no moon, but cold, the cold approaching that of outer space, as Ed and one Sherpa porter started away from the sleeping camp, up the shattered floor of an ice river that swept down from the jagged peak ahead.

They moved up, hearing only the squeak of equipment, the peculiar gritty sound of crampons biting into packed snow, an occasional hollow crash of falling ice blocks. To the east already a faint line of gray was visible; daylight was hours away, but at this tremendous height sunrise came early. They moved slowly, the thin air cutting cruelly into their lungs, moving up, up.

They stopped once for hot chocolate from a vacuum bottle, and Ed slapped the Sherpa's shoulder, grinning, pointing ahead to where the jagged peak glowed pink and gold in the first slanting rays of the sun. The Sherpa looked at the peak and quickly shifted his glance to the sky. He gave a long, careful look at the gathering clouds in the east, then muttered something, shaking his head, pointing back, back down to where the camp was hidden in the inky shadows of enormous boulders.

When Ed resumed the climb, the Sherpa removed the long nylon line which had joined them. The route was now comparatively level, on a huge sweeping expanse of snow-covered glacier that flowed about at the base of the peak. The Sherpa, no longer in the lead, began dropping behind as Ed pressed eagerly forward.

The sun was up, and with it the wind began keening again, bitterly sharp, bringing with it a scent of coming snow. In the east, beyond the jagged peak just ahead, the immense escarpment of the Himalayas was lost in approaching cloud. Ed hurried as best he could; it would snow, and soon. He'd have to make better time.

But above, the sky was blue, infinitely blue, and behind, the sun was well up, although the camp was still lost in night below. The peak thrust up ahead, near, with what appeared to be a natural pass skirting its flank. Ed made for it. As he circled an upthrust ridge of reddish, rotten rock, he glanced ahead. The plateau spread out before him, gently sloping, a natural amphitheater full of deep, smooth snow, with peaks surrounding it, and the central peak thrusting a long black shadow directly across the center. He paused, glancing back. The Sherpa had stopped, well below him, his face a dark blur, looking up, gesticulating frantically, pointing to the clouds. Ed motioned, then moved around, leaning against the rock, peering ahead.

That great shadow against the snow was certainly similar to the one in the photo—only, of course, the shadow pointed west now, when, later, it would point northwest, as the sun swung to the south. And when it did, most certainly it was the precise —— He sucked in a sharp, lung-piercing breath.

He stared, squinting against the rising wind that seemed to blow from earth's outermost reaches. Three figures stirred slightly, and suddenly leaped into focus, almost perfectly camouflaged against the snow and wind-blasted rock. Three figures, not more than a hundred feet below him. Two small, one larger.

He leaned forward, his heart thudding terribly at this twenty-thousand-foot height. A tremor of excitement shook him. My Lord—it was true. They existed. He was looking at what was undeniably a female and two smaller—what? Apes?

They were covered with downy hair, nearly white, resembling nothing so much as tight-fitting leotards. The female was exactly like any woman on earth—except for the hair. No larger than most women, with arms slightly longer, more muscular. Thighs heavier, legs out of proportion to the trunk—shorter. Breasts full and firm. Not apes.

Hardly breathing, Ed squinted, staring, motionless. Not apes. Not standing so erectly. Not with those broad, high brows. Not with the undeniable intelligence of the two young capering about their mother. Not—and seeing this, Ed trembled against the freezing rock—not with the sudden affectionate sweep of the female as she lifted the smaller and pressed it to her breast, smoothing back hair from its face with a motion common to every human mother on earth. A wonderfully tender gesture.

What were they? Less than human? Perhaps. He couldn't be certain, but he thought he heard a faint gurgle of laughter from the female, fondling the small one, and the sound stirred him strangely. Doctor Schenk (Continued on Page 86)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING . . . SATURDAY STYLE

Yes . . . the Bob Borleys and the Gus Fuhrmans, friends and neighbors in Dubuque, Iowa, own shares in one of America's electric companies. They are typical of 4,000,000 shareholders in these companies.

Meet Bob Borley, specialty salesman. He and his wife, Janann, have 3 girls and a boy, from 8 months to 10 years old. Bob's hobbies are golf, baseball and winter sports.

And meet Gus Fuhrman, real estate dealer, who often gives Bob a hand with a Saturday morning project. He and his wife, Jane, are the parents of 2 boys, 11 and 18. Gus' favorite sports are boating, baseball, football and winter sports.

These are some of the down-to-earth Americans who have invested their savings in one of America's independent electric companies. There are more than 300 such companies, owned by people much like yourself.

You are a *direct owner* if you are one of the 4,000,000 stockholders. And if you have a savings account or life insurance, or if you're in a pension plan or a mutual fund, you are likely an *indirect* owner. Because banks, funds and insurance companies often invest savings and premiums in electric company securities.

These companies of yours serve 4 out of 5 users of electricity. They double their supply of electricity every 10 years, to make sure there's enough. They build billions of dollars worth of new power plants a year—pay investors for the use of their money—and produce around two billion dollars in taxes a year besides.

And they've kept the price of electricity down while almost everything else goes up.

Isn't it strange that some people are trying to change all this? They want the federal government to take over more of the electric business. Already more than $5,000,000,000 of taxpayers' money has gone into this so-called "public power." And billions more are asked!

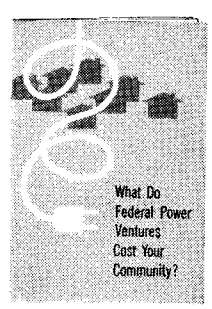
Spending more billions isn't necessary. The independent companies can do the job. But most Americans don't know the story. Like to learn about it? This coupon will bring you a new, free booklet of facts and figures.

POWER COMPANIES
Room 1124-A
1271 Ave. of the Americas
New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me, without charge, the material checked below:

☐ "What Do Federal Power Ventures Cost Your Community?"

☐ Names of companies that sponsor this message



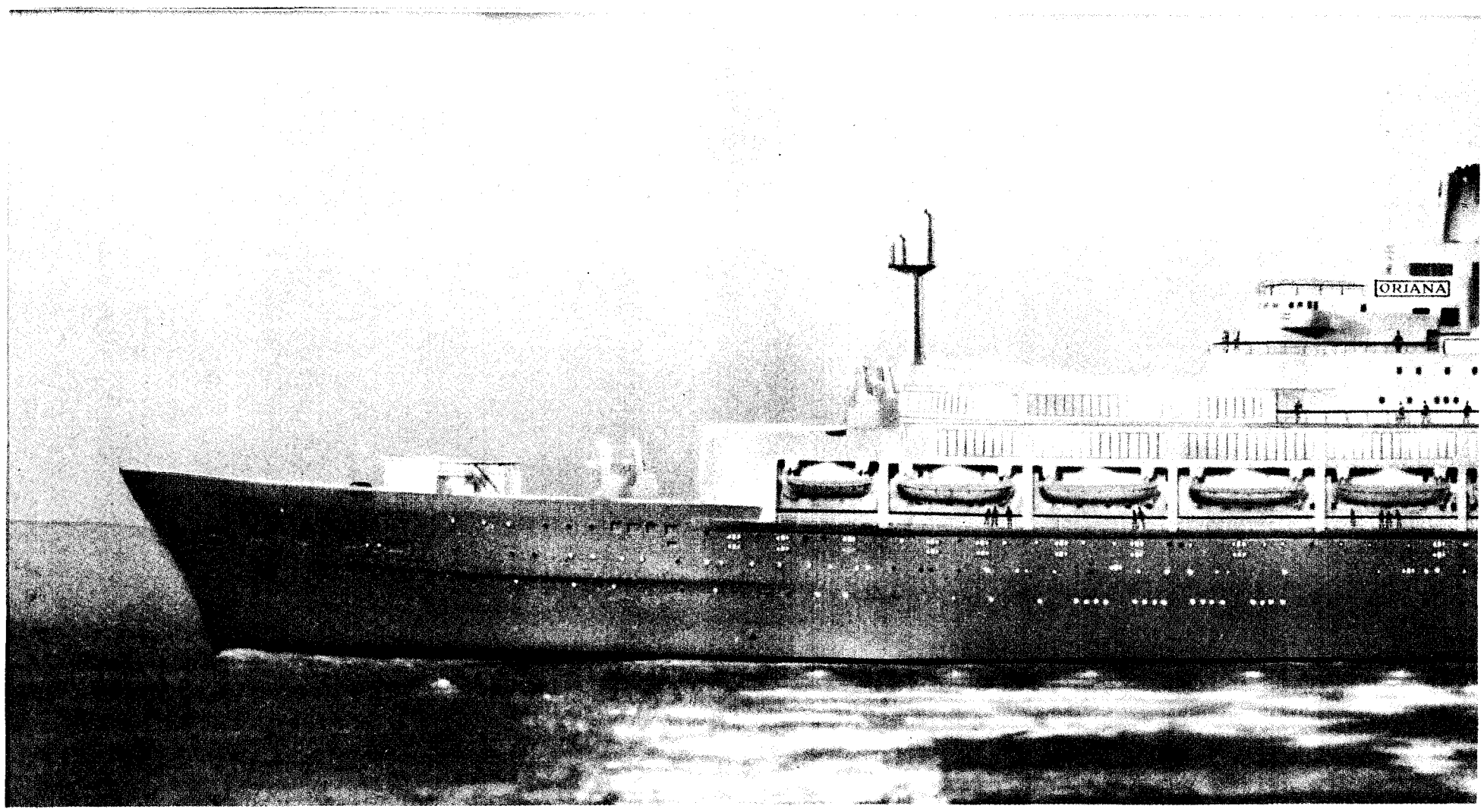
Name _____
(Please print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____ State _____

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On February 7, a majestic new British ship makes the Pacific the world's most comfortable ocean!

P&O-Orient's new 40,000-ton S.S. Oriana sails February 7 from San Francisco on her maiden voyage to the South Pacific, Mediterranean, and Europe. Your fare: as little as $15 a day!

ORIANA is the first of two new superliners to join P&O-Orient's fleet of 16 fast passenger liners. She was launched in November 1959, by H.R.H. Princess Alexandra of Kent.

The 40,000-ton *Oriana* carries 638 first class and 1496 tourist class passengers. She is longer (804 feet) than two football fields. Yet she can sail *sideways* up to a dock as gently as you'd park a car. Her cruising speed of 27½ knots cuts the record time between the West Coast and London by almost two weeks!

903 British seamen

Five minutes after you've stepped aboard this remarkable new ship you'll know why the Pacific has suddenly become the world's most comfortable ocean.

There are 903 British seamen aboard *Oriana*—almost one for every two passengers. You feel as though you were on a luxurious private yacht. Teak decks are spotless. Paint and brightwork sparkle in the sunlight. A steward is never more than a finger's wave away.

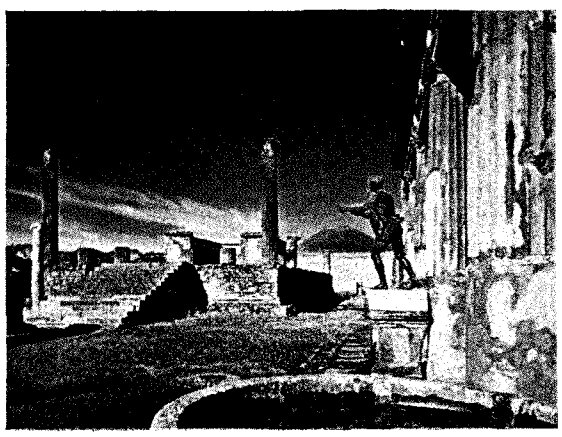
Every first class cabin has its own private bath or showers, as do many in tourist class. There is a special tap for ice water in each cabin. All cabins are air-conditioned. Some even have their own television sets.

Seagoing television

Oriana is the first ship ever equipped with a complete closed-circuit television system that can pick up and rebroadcast European, American and Oriental programs. Each cabin has a radio speaker with individual controls which offer a choice of two channels.

There are eleven passenger decks on *Oriana* with more things to do than you find in most fair-sized cities. The ship's diagram at right will give you a guided tour of a few of the decks. Exact locations are pin-pointed by letters.

There is a fully equipped two-story theater **(A)** for feature movies, television shows and concerts.



Temple of Apollo at Pompeii. Vesuvius still grumbles and smokes in the background.

Five open decks

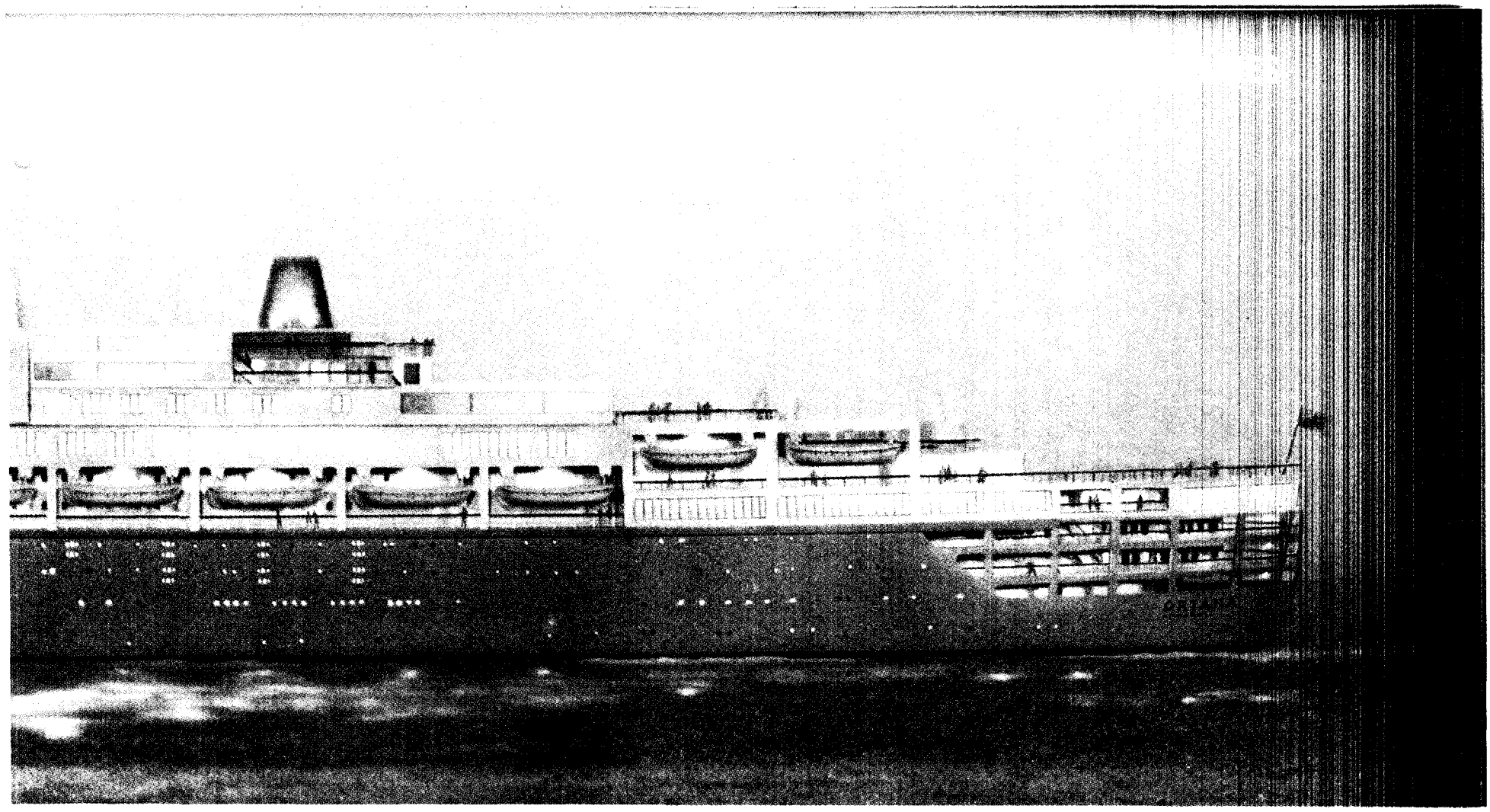
Oriana has three swimming pools **(B)** two in tourist and one in first class. Each is happily near a seagoing sidewalk café where you can quench your thirst with tankards of English ale.

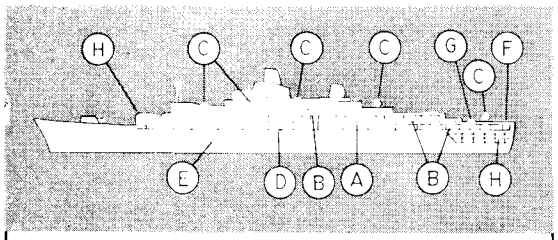
There are five games decks **(C)** open to the gentle sun and trade winds for days of tennis, quoits, shuffleboard and cricket, and nights of starlit dancing.

In first class you can eat in the Grill **(D)** which has walls of silver coins and a charcoal grill where steaks are broiled to your order. Or in the magnificent Restaurant **(E)** that is paneled in Brazilian Rosewood and glowing silks from Thailand.

Probably the most spectacular lounge afloat on any ocean is in *tourist* class on *Oriana*. The Stern Gallery **(F)** has a 130-foot sweep of windows that look out over the wake stretching serenely back to the horizon. Just forward of this is a lovely 250-foot long ballroom **(G)** that runs the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





A. Theater **E. 1st Class Restaurant**
B. Swimming Pools **F. Stern Gallery**
C. Games Decks **G. Tourist Ballroom**
D. Silver Grill **H. Children's Areas**
(See text for details)

full width of the ship and has its own orchestra.

If you bring your family you'll have plenty of time for yourself. Children have their own play decks and game rooms **(H)** supervised for you by English nannies. At night when you go out you can get an automatic baby sitter put in your cabin that will flash a light on the main switchboard if your child gets restless and cries.

How to plan your trip

You can sail on the maiden voyage of *Oriana* to Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, Ceylon, the Mediterranean and Europe for less than you'd pay at a resort hotel. As little as $15 a day!

If you like, you can make the maiden voyage the first part of a trip around the world. Or you can get off along the way and sail home on another P&O-Orient liner. Read the itinerary below. Then make *your* choice.

February 7: *Oriana* sails from San Francisco.

February 8-9: Los Angeles. You have time enough here to explore Hollywood and Disneyland.

February 13: Honolulu. Ever felt like beachcombing? Waikiki is made for going native.

February 19: The Fiji Military Forces Band greets you at Suva with a stirring concert.

February 22: Wellington. It's summer now in New Zealand (you follow Spring and Summer around the world the entire way) so bring light clothes.

February 25-March1: Sydney. If you like kangaroos, horse racing and delightful people, Australia is for you. Tip: Go across country to Fremantle where you can pick up your ship again for the trip to Ceylon.

March 11: Colombo. Fascinating temples, tea plantations and bazaars. Best buy: star sapphires.

March 14: Aden. An Arabian Nights' world. From here you sail up the Red Sea past Mecca to Suez.

March 17-18: Egypt. You can get off at Suez and drive part way along the Canal. *Oriana* sailing across the desert makes an unforgettable picture.

March 20: Naples. The Mediterranean's most beautiful port. Pompeii is only 20 minutes away by train.

March 22: Gilbraltar. Free-port paradise for shoppers. Spain is just the other side of the city gates.

March 24: You land at Southampton in time for England's glorious Spring.

What does it cost?

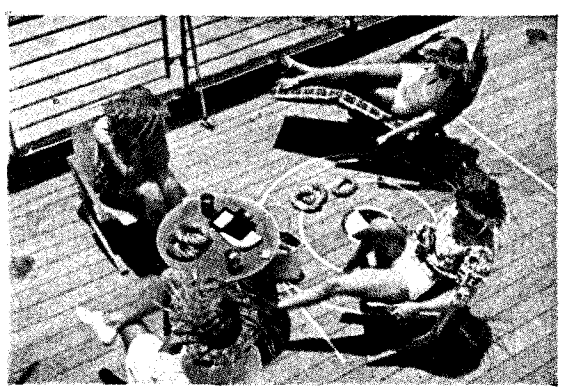
P&O-Orient Lines offer you a delightful *choice* of ways to sail the Pacific.

If you want to be comfortable, keep an eye on your budget, and still travel in good style—you can go P&O-Orient's tourist class. If you feel like spreading yourself lavishly, you can go first class.

Fares for *Oriana's* maiden voyage from the West Coast to England range from $1170 to $2610 first class, and from $731 to $977 tourist class. The fare is lower if you get off at an intermediate port. You save ten per cent on your ticket by taking a *round trip* on P&O-Orient. And the same saving applies if you fly back.

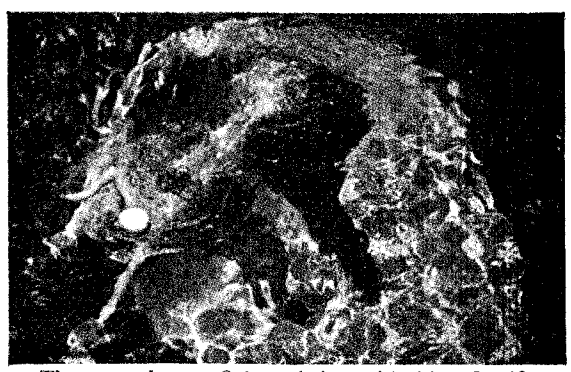
Your travel agent will be glad to show you cabin plans and make all reservations for you. Why not see him *now* and start your plans well ahead of time?

For free illustrated literature on *Oriana* and the routes of the P&O-Orient fleet, write: Dept. 7, P&O-Orient Lines, 155 Post St., San Francisco 8. Branches: Los Angeles, Seattle. Elsewhere in U. S.: Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents.



Oriana has five open decks for sun and games and moonlit dances. The palm hats are from Fiji.

"Sundowners" at a seagoing outdoor café in the South Pacific. A dry martini sets you back 20¢.



Three pools on *Oriana* brim with blue Pacific water. Children have their own paddling pools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 82*) had assured him that no animal was capable of genuine laughter; only man.

But they laughed, those three, and, hearing it, watching the mother tickling the younger one, watching its delighted squirming, Ed knew that in that marvelous little grouping below, perfectly lighted, perfectly staged, he was privileged to observe one of earth's most guarded secrets.

He should get started, shooting his pictures; afterward he should stun the group into unconsciousness with the gas gun and then send the Sherpa back down for Doctor Schenk and the others. Clouds were massing, immensities of blue-black. Already the first few flakes of snow, huge and wet, drifted against his face.

But for a long moment more he remained motionless, oddly unwilling to do anything to destroy the harmony, the aching purity of the scene below, so vividly etched in brilliant light and shadow. The female, child slung casually on one hip, stood erect, hand shading her eyes, and Ed grinned. Artless, but perfectly posed. She was looking carefully about and above, scanning the great outcroppings of rock, obviously searching for something.

Then she paused. She was staring directly at him.

Ed froze, even though he knew he was perfectly concealed by the deep shadows of the high cliff behind him. She was still looking directly at him, and then, slowly her hand came up. She waved.

He shivered uncontrollably in the biting wind, trying to remain motionless. The two young ones suddenly began to jump up and down and show every evidence of joy. And suddenly Ed knew.

He turned slowly, very slowly, and with the sensation of a freezing knife plunging deeply into his chest, he saw the male less than five yards away.

It was huge, easily twice the size of the female below. And, crazily, Ed thought of Schenk's little lecture, given what seemed like eons ago, in the incredible tropical grove far below, and six weeks before, where rhododendrons grew in wild profusion and enormous butterflies flitted about: "In primitive man," Schenk had said, "as in the great apes today, the male was far larger than the female."

Hallowe'en mischief night is when you're supposed to laugh off the kind of vandalism that goes on all year long.

JOHN W. MAXSON JR.

The gas gun was hopelessly out of reach, securely strapped to his shoulder pack. Ed stared, knowing there was absolutely nothing he could do to protect himself before this creature, fully eight feet tall, with arms as big as Ed's own thighs, and eyes (*My Lord—blue eyes!*) boring into his. There was a light of savage intelligence there—and something else.

The creature made no move against him, and Ed stared at it, breathing rapidly, shallowly and with difficulty, noting with his photographer's eyes the immense chest span, the easy rise and fall of his breathing, the large, square, white teeth, the somber cast of his face. There was long, sandy fur on the shoulders, chest and back, shortening to off-white over the rest of the magnificent torso. Ears rather small and close to the head. Short, thick neck, rising up from the broad shoulders to the back of the head in a straight line. Toes long and definitely prehensile.

They looked intently at each other, across the abyss of time and mystery. Man and—what? How long, Ed wondered, had it stood there, observing him? Why hadn't it attacked? Had it been waiting for Ed to make a single threatening gesture—such as pointing a gun or camera? Seeing the calm awareness in those long, slanting, blue eyes, Ed sped a silent prayer of thanks upward; most certainly if he had made a move for camera or gun, that move would have been his last.

They looked at each other through the falling snow, and suddenly there was a perfect instantaneous understanding between them. Ed made an awkward, half-frozen little bow, moving backward. The great creature stood motionless, merely watching, and then Ed did a strange thing: He held out his hands, palms up, gave a wry grin—and ducked quickly around the outcropping of rock and began a plunging, sliding return, down the way he'd come. In spite of the harsh, snow-laden wind, bitterly cold, he was perspiring.

Ed glanced back once. Nothing. Only the thickening veil of swift-blowing snow, blanking out the pinnacle, erasing every trace—every proof that anyone, anything, had stood there moments before. Only the snow, only the rocks, only the unending wind-filled silence of the top of the world. Nothing else.

The Sherpa was struggling up to him from below, terribly anxious to get started back; the storm was rising. Without a word they hooked up and began the groping, stumbling descent back to the last camp. They found the camp already broken, Sherpas already moving out. Schenk paused only long enough to give Ed a questioning look.

What could Ed say? Schenk was a scientist, demanding material proof: If not a corpse, at the very least a photograph. The only photographs Ed had were etched in his mind—not on film. And even if he could persuade Schenk to wait, when the storm cleared, the giant, forewarned, would be gone. Some farther peak, some remoter plateau would echo to his young ones' laughter.

Feeling not a bit bad about it, Ed gave Schenk a barely perceptible negative nod. Instantly Schenk shrugged, turned and went plunging down, into the thickening snow, back into the world of littler men. Ed trailed behind.

On the arduous trek back, through that first great storm, through the snow line, through the rain forest, hot and humid, Ed thought of the giant, back up there where the air was thin and pure.

Who, what was he, and his race? Castaways on this planet, forever marooned, yearning for a distant, never-to-be-reached home?

Or did they date in unbroken descent from the Pleistocene—man's first beginning—when all the races of not-quite-man were giants; unable, or unwilling, to take the fork in the road that led to smaller, cleverer man, forced to retreat higher and higher, to more and more remote areas, until finally there was only one corner of earth left to them—the high Himalayas?

Or were he and his kind earth's last reserves: not-yet-men, waiting for the opening of still another chapter in earth's unending mystery story?

Whatever the giant was, his secret was safe with him, Ed thought. For who would believe it—even if he chose to tell?

Something Light (Continued from Page 38)

Catherine. "We just didn't dare hope! We're all *for* it! If you've any doubts, just wait while I fetch Toby and Paul!"

"Stepmamma, your health!" said Paul gravely a short while later. "We shall still doubtless address you as Louisa, but we may as well practice stepmamma too."

There they sat, the family of Louisa's dreams, assembled dressing-gowned about her bed. Catherine was back on its foot, Paul occupied the dressing stool and Toby squatted on the rug. All had brought tooth mugs; Paul nipped down for a bottle of lime juice and a soda siphon, in which heady mixture—for so in the circumstances it was—to drink Louisa's health.

"Don't say it!" repeated Louisa anxiously. "For heaven's sake don't jump the gun! He hasn't asked me yet."

"But he will," said Paul confidently. "We've seen it in his eye. It was only you we had any doubts about, dear Louisa. There must be more to our dad than one suspected."

"I believe Louisa likes us," said Catherine gently.

"Well, I've always wanted a family," confessed Louisa. It wasn't strictly true; she hadn't wanted one until about a week ago. But now that she did, she wanted one so earnestly, the exaggeration was surely forgivable.

"So do we want a stepmamma," said Paul warmly. "The fact is, dear Louisa, you've turned up in the absolute nick of time."

"In fact, if you hadn't turned up," said Catherine dreamily, "I dare say we'd have been found all laid out in sizes beside the gas oven."

"Being all, you see," explained Paul, "practically poised for flight on the edge of the family nest. Only it happens to be smeared with birdlime."

"He means dad," glossed Toby.

Louisa was so shaken that her fair picture of the Clark family life seemed to dissolve suddenly before her eyes. All she could think of to say was, "You shouldn't call your father birdlime."

"I thought it a rather neat metaphor," apologized Paul. "And it is, you know, exactly how he's behaving."

"You forget how much Louisa doesn't know yet," said Catherine practically. "We may have given her quite a shock."

"Yes, you have," said Louisa, recovering her forces with a bang. "You ungrateful cubs! Good heavens, with a father who buys his daughter a horse ——"

Catherine sighed. "If you only knew," she said gently, "how I hate that horse!"

Dismayed and astounded afresh, Louisa instinctively glanced at the boys for confirmation that she'd heard aright. But both nodded gravely.

"It's quite true," said Paul. "She loathes its guts."

"I'm always feeding it, and grooming it, and cleaning up after it," sighed Catherine, "and polishing acres and acres of leather for it, and then when I'm utterly exhausted, I have to go out and *ride* it. Even if it snows, I have to come back glowing with healthy exercise—actually my feet are always frozen—and start feeding and grooming and polishing ——"

"But your father told me," protested Louisa, "you were mad about horses!"

Catherine looked at her patiently. "He'd read somewhere in a paper that all teen-agers were mad about horses. Just because I quite enjoyed hacking once a week didn't mean I was mad about them. But that never occurred to him. Because he's never thought of me as an individual. I was just a mad-about-horses teen-ager."

"She never *asked* for a horse," put in Toby loyally. "It just came."

"As a lovely surprise," agreed Catherine with irony. "The day after I left school, there it was. Outside the front door. Lindy holding it and grinning all over her face. And no wonder, because whatever dad paid for it, he was done. It's a horrible horse. But he went and asked her which was my favorite, and she palmed Tomboy off on him."

"Well, that was when you should have said you didn't want it," said Louisa sharply.

Catherine looked at her again. "If *you* found a horse outside the front door, and your father bursting with glee because he was giving you such a wonderful surprise, could *you* have said you didn't want it?"

"Perhaps not," admitted Louisa.

"People talk about children being ungrateful," said Catherine somberly. "They don't know what children go though, *not* to seem ungrateful. Then dad led me round to the old outbuilding—I knew there'd been some sort of alterations going on there, but I thought it was just for improvements—and there was this lovely little stable, for me to look after all by myself and ruin my hands!"

There was a short pause. Though Louisa was beginning to see Catherine's point of view, her sympathies were still far more with Mr. Clark. He might have been in error, but wasn't the imaginative generosity of such a gift something quite remarkable?

"Wasn't it still wonderfully kind of him," persuaded Louisa, "to give you Tomboy?"

"It was a bribe," said Catherine sternly. "Like the boys' Vespas. To keep me in the nest—because he thought I was mad about horses. What I want to be is a nurse, not a stable hand. That's what the row was about, I don't know if you heard, last night."

Now they were back to really important matters. Not that the Tomboy excursus hadn't been useful in its way; as each young Clark realized, it had softened Louisa up. She was, in fact, still recognizing an in-the-circumstances forgivable error: not horsewomanly, the neatness that had so struck her the first time she saw Catherine, but a nurse's—apt to meet with confidence the most formidable of sisters' eyes. Not a bowler hat were those neat braids designed for, but a nurse's cap.

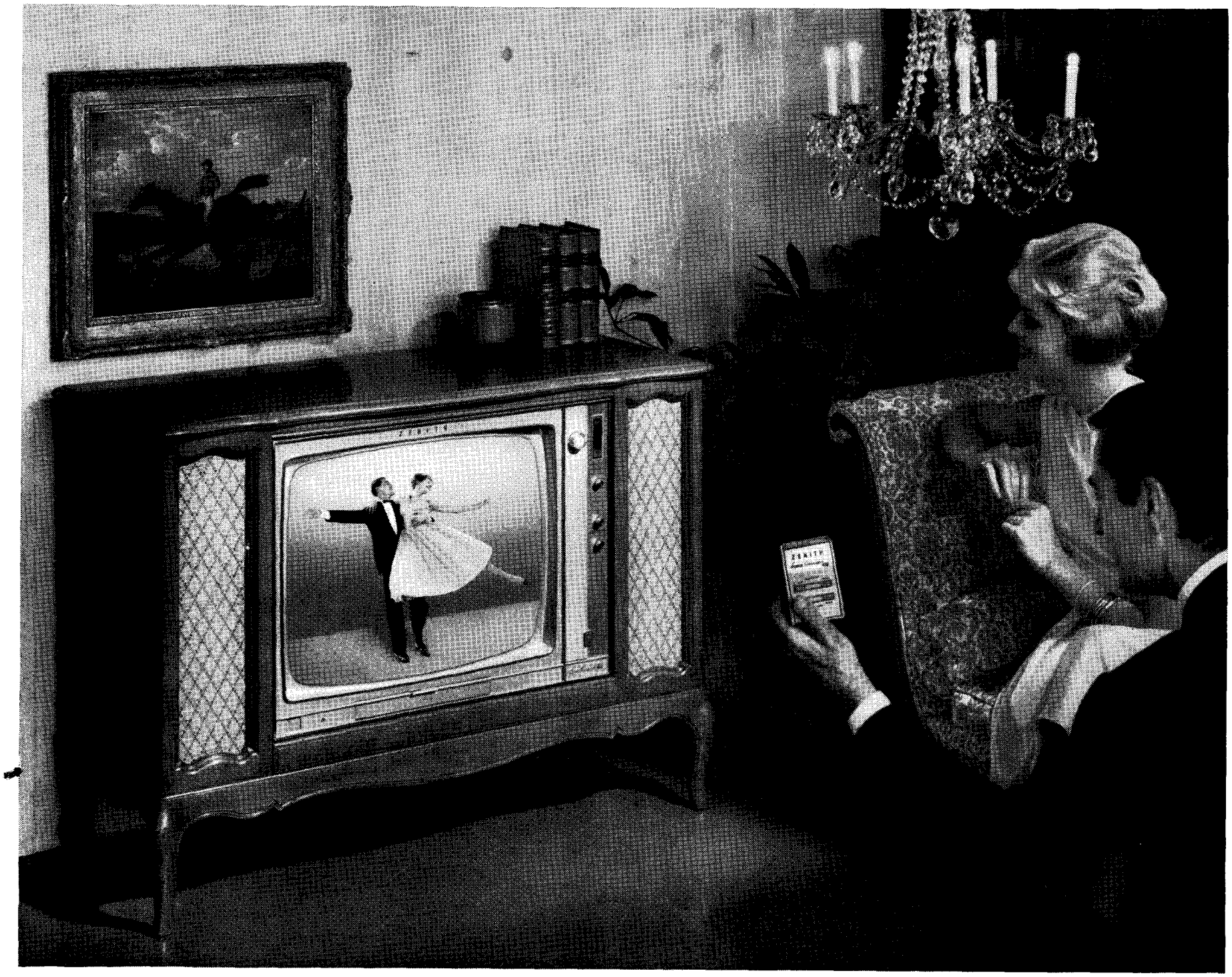
"It's quite true," repeated Paul in this fresh context. "It's what she's wanted to do ever since I can remember. She goes to the hospital here every day as an aide. She has to tie Tomboy up with the ambulances."

"Can you think of anything more respectable," continued Catherine bitterly, "than nursing? From dad's attitude you'd think I wanted to join the chorus of the Folies Bergère. Simply because I'd have to live in a hostel! As for the boys ——"

"Jets," said Toby simply.

"Jet engines," corrected Paul. "D'you know, Louisa, we're both of us such bright boys, (*Continued on Page 88*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

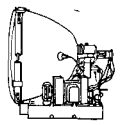


See what over 1,000,000 others see in Zenith Space Command remote control tuning!

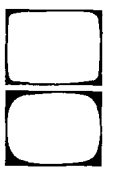
This is the way to watch television! Relax in your easy chair. Touch a button on the control unit you hold in your hand to tune TV from across the room with silent sound. Original and exclusive Zenith Space Command® remote control TV tuning turns TV on and off, changes channels, adjusts volume, shuts off sound while the picture stays on. No cords, no wires, no batteries. Not an extra-cost accessory—it's built right in.

Zenith's new Glare-Ban Screen substantially erases glare and room reflections. This startling new tube face virtually soaks up highlight reflections. The reflection of a lighted table lamp, for example, is practically eliminated. Even reflections from a window in daylight are absorbed. Zenith makes watching TV easier, far more pleasant.

This year's most advanced TV is still made mainly by hand. At Zenith the TV chassis —the part of any TV set where precision workmanship counts most—is completely handcrafted. Hundreds of circuit connections are carefully wired and soldered by hand. You enjoy the best possible television performance—the greatest freedom from service headaches.



Zenith's 23″ Picture Window TV lets you see more of the picture even in the corners. You get 280 square inches of rectangular viewing area—23″ overall diagonally. But not only is the picture bigger, Zenith's exclusive Sunshine® picture tube gives you a better, brighter picture; Zenith's exclusive Cine Lens® face plate gives you better picture contrast.



Above: The Zenith Touraine, Model F3385H from the Zenith Decorator Group. Elegant French Provincial styling in genuine cherry veneers and solids, $575.00*. Zenith handcrafted quality TV starts as low as $149.95*.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. IN CANADA: ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO, ONT. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 42 years of leadership in radionics exclusively.
Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in the Southwest and West Coast. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

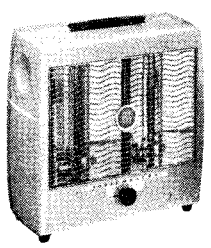
NEW! Super De Luxe Automatic Heater with Thermostat and Pushbutton Controls $39.95*.

TOASTMASTER "instant heat"
portable electric heaters

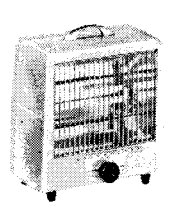
Cold? Not your family! Not when you've got a Toastmaster heater with the exclusive "instant heat" element that goes from cold to hot *instantly!* Depend on it to satisfy your need for quick, extra warmth wherever and whenever you want it.

Touch a button on the new pushbutton heater (above) and it gives the exact heat intensity you want: high, medium, low or positive off. Gives both radiant and blower-forced heat, as do all Toastmaster automatic heaters. Radiant heat only from the Toastmaster economy heater (below, right).

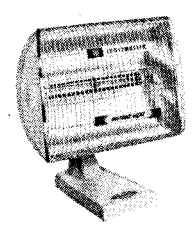
All have a safety tip-over switch that turns heater off if it is upset. Cabinets stay cool to the touch. AC only.



De Luxe Automatic Heater with Thermostat Control $29.95*.



Compact Automatic Heater with Thermostat Control $19.95*.



Economy Radiant Heater. Efficient. Reflector tilts up or down, $14.95*.

*Recommended Retail Prices

TOASTMASTER®
First in Electric Homewares

TOASTMASTER DIVISION, McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY

McGRAW-EDISON

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw-Edison Co., Elgin, Ill., and Oakville, Ontario ©1960

(*Continued from Page 86*) Rolls would take us on as apprentices in the next batch? They've practically applied for us, through our head. What one means to say," added Paul, pointedly echoing his sister, "is that one isn't trying to join the Foreign Legion. One would simply have to go and live in carefully selected digs. Only, being under age, we need dad's signature on the dotted line."

"Hospital matrons want it too," said Catherine sadly. "That was what the row was about."

"Couldn't we forge it?" asked Toby suddenly.

"A fat lot of good that would do," retorted Paul. "He'd come and buy us out, or something equally embarrassing. Besides, we now have hope. We have Louisa. As soon as she marries our dad the whole picture changes, because we shall no more—to quote his favorite sickener—be leaving him all alone."

Louisa felt it time to speak up on her own account. "Yes, but what about *me?*" she demanded indignantly. "You don't seem to realize that what I want is a family!"

They regarded her with their usual bright intelligence.

"That's what Cathy thought," said Paul. "But surely it isn't too late to start?"

"Look at Sarah, wife of Abraham," encouraged Toby.

"Thanks," said Louisa. "What I'm trying to get into your heads is that I want a family *now*. It's not fair if I marry your father and you all clear out next day."

"Ah, but think how we'd come back," said Paul swiftly. "With you here, Louisa, we'd be back whenever we could—rushing home to our stepmamma. You'll find you'll like it much better than having us here all the time."

"Personally, I'd call it ideal," offered Catherine. "Just think, Louisa—all week a blushing bride, then on Sundays, *wham!* a mother of three. If that isn't having the best of both worlds, tell me what is. Dear, dear Louisa, say you will!"

"But I haven't been asked!" cried Louisa.

"Of course he'll ask you. We know he'll ask you. Then as soon as he feels safe and cozy, you can talk to him about us ——"

"Only she mustn't leave it too long," put in Paul anxiously. "We want to get our applications in."

"Louisa must handle it as she thinks best. Of course, there's no question of her going after just a week—and I dare say our dad needs a little time."

"Yes, but before June the thirtieth, or we'll have to wait another year."

"Well, that gives her nearly a month. That ought to be loads. Then the gates will open ——"

"The nest will fall ——"

"No more birdlime!"

Louisa looked from one radiant face to another; at something in her glance the children paused.

"We aren't rushing you, are we?" asked Catherine anxiously.

"No," said Louisa. "But aren't you fond of your father at all?"

It was as though she'd thrown a cloth over a bird cage. Louisa deliberately allowed the silence that followed to prolong itself, while the children's attention concentrated.

"He's fond of you, you know," said Louisa.

They looked at each other. Tacitly the word was left with Paul. "But that's just what we don't," stated Paul thoughtfully. "Quite honestly, *we* think he's just got a thing about families. We think that if we weren't his children, he'd probably rather dislike us."

"But you are his children, as he's your father. Aren't you fond of him at all?"

Almost unexpectedly a little cat's-paw of uneasiness ruffled their calm. As they looked at one another again, Louisa thankfully recognized at least an attempt to be fair.

"When we were little ——" began Catherine uncertainly. She broke off, evidently recalling, as might a centenarian, the days of her youth. "When I was really little, he once made me a doll's house with dormer windows."

"When I was about ten and had mumps, he read Kipling to me," acknowledged Paul.

"He used to be pretty good about fireworks, on Guy Fawkes'," recalled Toby.

For a moment, while Louisa held her breath, rockets burst above the windows

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We are no longer on a party line."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of a homemade doll's house; a boy sat up in bed listening to the tale of Mowgli.

"If you think we don't *mind*, not loving our father," said Catherine abruptly, "you couldn't be more mistaken. It's not just that we worry, quite enormously, over what sort of complexes we may be building up; we'd much *rather* love him. Only when he just clamps down like birdlime on all our absolutely vital projects, it makes him very difficult to love."

Louisa sat back against her pillows and let a tide of happiness flow over her. How earnestly had she longed to *do* something for Catherine and Toby and Paul! Now a gift greater than she'd ever contemplated lay within her power: by setting them free to fly, she could give them back their love for their father.

"All right," said Louisa as lightly as she could. "I'll do my best. And I promise you not to marry him until he's signed on the dotted lines!"

Catherine kissed her first, then Toby, then Paul. It was like having a litter of puppies on the bed, thought Louisa; only they weren't puppies, they were a family.

Breakfast next morning was even pleasanter than Sunday's. Warm as the sunshine that streamed through the windows, the children's affection streamed out toward Louisa; and now she had no fears of what the fair show might conceal. Moreover, they were particularly careful not to embarrass her by any suggestion of complicity; and when Mr. Clark suggested that no doubt Cathy meant to profit by such a fair morning to take Tomboy out early, no one so much as caught her eye.

When Louisa went round collecting laundry, she found they'd all made their beds.

She left Mr. Clark at table; he for once was being unusually slow. "Would you mind," asked Louisa, "if I didn't stay to pour your coffee? I want to get on with the wash." She had a pretty shrewd idea that this wouldn't offend him, and it didn't.

She had the kitchen to herself, for Mrs. Temple, frustrated in clearing away breakfast, observed that all things being equal she might as well trot off to her own dhobi. "In the washing machine," observed Mrs. Temple, adding, "If you're still at that lark in a month's time, I'll eat my old man's hat." Louisa was perfectly agreeable; she had formed the daring project of attempting, when the rest of the wash was done, to iron a shirt, and greatly preferred to be free of the cynical and experienced Temple eye.

"*A month!*" thought Louisa, echoing Mrs. Temple—and plunging a half dozen socks into blood-temperature suds. Why, years could pass before she tired of such delightful employment! It still pleased her that Mrs. Temple had said a month; a month was the latter's general time unit, the equivalent of indefinitely. Mrs. Temple no less than the children, it seemed, considered her as a fixture! And let but a week or two more lapse, thought Louisa happily, just going quietly on as they were now—*che va piano va sicuro*, softly, softly catchee monkey—and she was pretty confident herself that such would be her happy fate.

Without in the least meaning to go back on her word, she had an idea that it might be wise to postpone her good offices on behalf of the children as long as possible—until Mr. Clark, as they'd said themselves, felt really cozy and safe.

Happily Louisa soaked and squeezed and rinsed out socks. She had a dozen pairs out in the orchard before ten.

It hadn't occurred to her, all this time, to wonder what had become of Mr. Clark. Subconsciously she presumed he'd taken himself off like the children. But just as she'd put in the third batch of woolens to soak, there at the kitchen door, coffee cup in hand, Mr. Clark appeared. In the other hand he held two more coffee cups, neatly piled on a plate.

As the children had made their beds for her, so now their father was clearing the breakfast table. Louisa's heart beat faster.

"I thought you were gone," said Louisa inadequately.

"So I should be," agreed Mr. Clark. "So I shall be in a few moments. I just thought I'd bring out these."

"Put them down, will you?" said Louisa. "I'll wash up afterward."

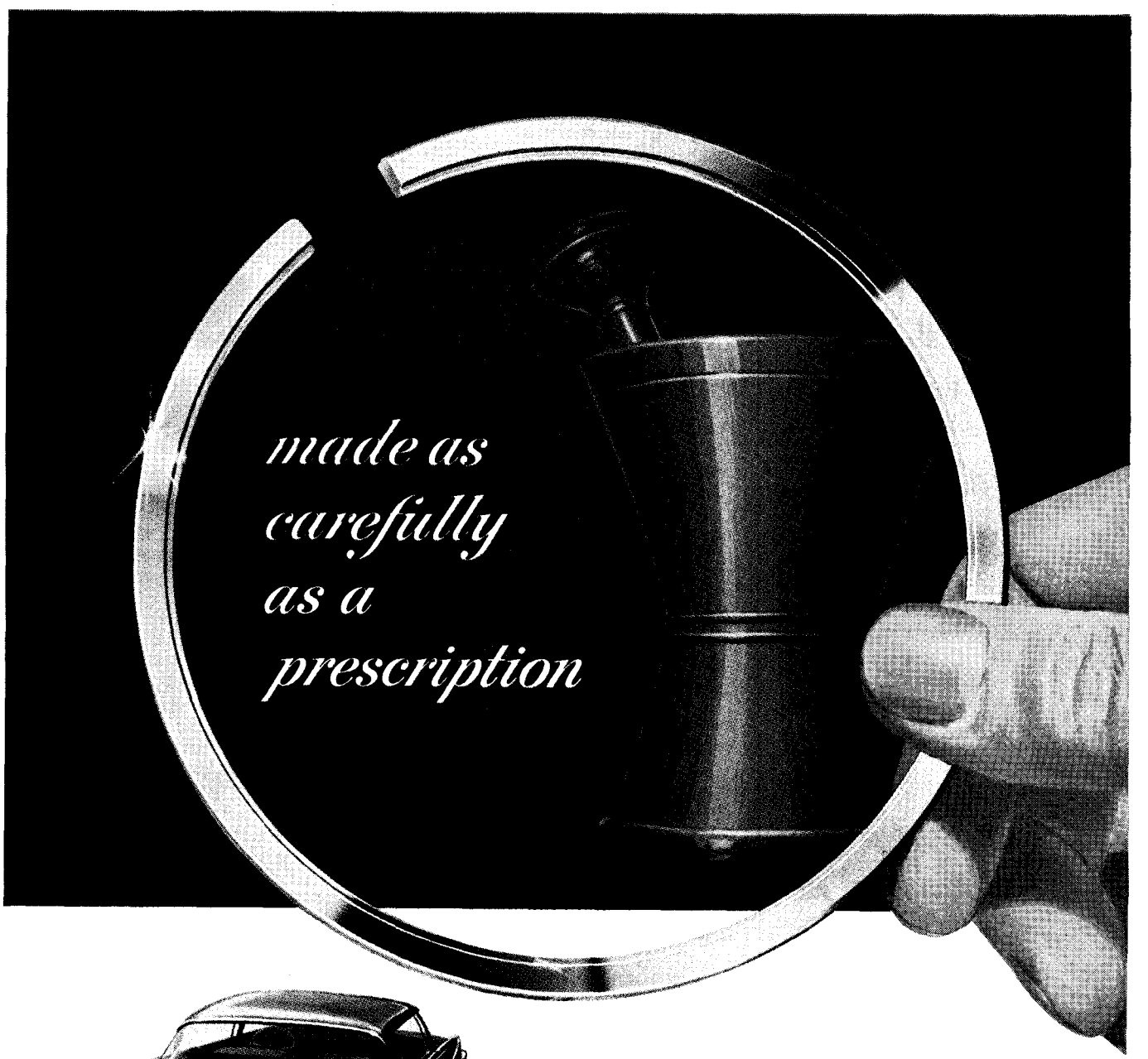
"What are you so busy at now?" inquired Mr. Clark.

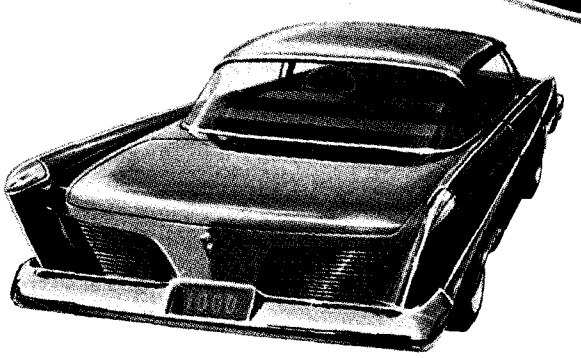
Actually what Louisa had in the suds at that moment were his own long thicks. What a delightfully intimate circumstance! But instinct warned her to suppress it. She suspected in Mr. Clark a more than maiden modesty about his underwear. And while she hesitated, Mr. Clark said, smiling at her, "If you imagine I didn't hear last night, I did. All the children chattering in your room!"

For a moment Louisa was thoroughly disconcerted. Hadn't she just decided to wait before taking up the children's battle? But if the opportunity turned out as fair as it promised, it might have to be seized. Just at the moment, however, she hastily threw Toby's shirt into the suds as well, in order to have something unembarrassing to pull out.

"I must say I liked to hear it," continued Mr. Clark. "Not, of course, as a regular thing, bedtime is bedtime; but just for once I admit it pleased me very much. It seemed to confirm an opinion."

Louisa's heart started thumping again. If the opportunity turned out as fair as it





■ The very life of your engine depends on the quality of the piston rings you use. That's why Perfect Circles are made as carefully as a prescription compounded by your pharmacist.

This superior quality pays off in thousands of extra *miles of sustained power and economy.*

When your Doctor of Motors—your skilled mechanic—prescribes new piston rings, his first choice is Perfect Circle. He knows PC rings are preferred for original equipment and replacement by the world's leading makers of passenger automobiles, racing cars, trucks, buses, farm machinery, construction equipment and boats. Get Perfect Circles—best for any engine. Perfect Circle Corporation, Hagerstown, Indiana; Don Mills, Ontario, Canada.

PERFECT CIRCLE *Chrome Piston Rings*

PISTON RINGS • PRECISION CASTINGS • POWER SERVICE PRODUCTS • SPEEDOSTAT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Research finds new fast way to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery

Today there's a fast new way to shrink hemorrhoid tissues, stop pain and itching—all without surgery. The name of this medication: The PAZO Formula.

CLINICALLY TESTED BY DOCTORS. The PAZO Formula does *more* than just shrink hemorrhoid tissue. It also contains specific ingredients to relieve pain and itching promptly, fight infection, promote healing, and lubricate membranes.

WORKS FAST. Soon after using The PAZO Formula, you sit, stand, walk, and enjoy active sports in *comfort*. This superior over-all medication brings symptomatic relief even to long-time pile sufferers.

AVAILABLE NOW in stainless suppositories or ointment at your druggist's. Get faster, more complete relief without surgery. Get . . .

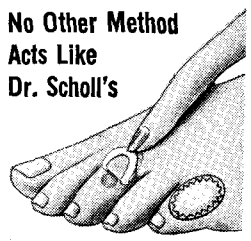
The PAZO® Formula

Another Fine Product of Grove Laboratories

Corns

1. Pain stops fast
2. Corns quickly removed
3. Corns, sore toes prevented
4. New or tight shoes eased

No Other Method Acts Like Dr. Scholl's



No waiting for the *kind* of relief you want when you avail yourself of the *multiple* action of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Relief starts in *seconds* . . . corns are removed in a jiffy . . . new or tight shoes are eased. Get this fast relief today. Sold everywhere.

Super-Soft Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

MORE INCOME!

OF COURSE! Write to the address below and we'll send you details about a money-making offer. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
770 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

RESISTS BLISTERING

Kyanize

the good choice in PAINTS

promised —— What if the opportunity was for her? Mr. Clark overcome by sudden recklessness?

She found just enough breath to say she was very glad.

"I wonder if you can guess what I thought it sounded like?"

The soap suds rose in a sort of enormous meringue as Louisa, now unconsciously, added a pair of Paul's pajamas.

"It sounded like the hum of a happy hive."

Lunatically Louisa tipped in some half pound of soap flakes. Meringue thickened to porridge.

"About the queen bee."

By this time there were thick, glutinous suds not only all over the draining board but also all down the front of Louisa's apron. Probably there were suds in her hair. One at least Louisa wiped off her nose. But it was with as much confidence as though she'd just emerged from a beauty parlor that she at last turned to meet Mr. Clark's eye.

"What were they talking to you about?" asked Mr. Clark.

Reaping the fruit of her forethought, Louisa pulled out Toby's shirt. It was so full of soap it felt like a chamois; however the mere attempt to wring it afforded her a moment's grace. She needed one; the sudden shift of focus from her own future back to the children's was peculiarly unwelcome. But the opportunity to speak for them—Mr. Clark stood waiting inquisitively—wasn't so much offered as absolutely thrust upon her.

"Well, about their ambitions," said Louisa nervously.

"Ah! In the publishing business," nodded Mr. Clark. "Naturally it will be some years before the boys join me; but I'm glad to know they have ambitions about it! I dare say," he added whimsically, "they've some rather revolutionary ideas?"

"Well, yes," said Louisa.

"I fully anticipate so. Paul will probably want me to put out primers of Russian by the direct method—whatever that may be!"

What the deuce was Louisa to say next? Her impulse, on purely selfish grounds, was to cozy Mr. Clark on every point; but Louisa had made a promise not to Mr. Clark but to the children; and she kept it.

"I'm afraid it's a bit more revolutionary than that," said Louisa. "They want to go and make jets."

The sun still shone outside. The big kitchen, warmed by both sun and Louisa's reckless use of hot water, was still as warm as a greenhouse. Yet from some quarter blew a chilly wind. The big mound of soapsuds slowly collapsed.

"So that was what they were talking to you about," said Mr. Clark ominously. "I hope you gave them no encouragement?"

"I tried not to," apologized Louisa, "only they seemed to have everything so worked out. And if they really *can* go to Rolls's ——"

His glance cut her short. It wasn't definitely accusing, but it cut her short.

"That headmaster of theirs has much to answer for," said Mr. Clark coldly. "I don't blame my sons; but I shall see their headmaster today."

"Honestly, I don't believe anyone's been influencing them," persisted Louisa. "They've both got very strong characters—like yours. I believe it's just that they both know exactly what they're interested in; and it's jets."

"Machinery!" snapped Mr. Clark contemptuously. "Didn't I give them their Vespas?"

"And how wonderfully understanding of you!" agreed Louisa eagerly. "In fact, what really worries them," said Louisa, skipping several intermediate stages, "is that they'd have to go and live in digs."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Mr. Clark bitterly. "That the idea of leaving the family roof arouses at least some little worry. To me it's simply unnatural." He paused, and with an unexpected gesture dropped his hand—as he might have dropped it on Toby's head—on Toby's shirt. "Isn't their natural place here with their father?" asked Mr. Clark sadly.

Louisa hesitated. She found both plea and gesture deeply touching; yet by some trick of memory what struck her most was Mr. Clark's reference to himself in the third person. It was a locution she recalled of old—"If you'd only show your aunt a little gratitude" or "Your aunt is only doing her best for you"—and Louisa recalled also how extraordinarily irritating she'd found it. She did her best to put the memory aside.

"They'd be home quite often," pleaded Louisa. "They're looking forward to that already. All of them!"

"All of them?" repeated Mr. Clark incredulously. "*All* of them? Do you mean to say that Cathy, too, has some such preposterous notion—of leaving home?"

Whether because she'd just remembered Aunt May or whether from sheer nervous strain, Louisa suddenly lost her head.

"But she's told you about it herself!" cried Louisa impatiently. "Just as the boys have told you about Rolls's! For heaven's sake, you can't pretend you don't know *anything!*"

The hand on Toby's shirt abruptly dropped. "I am not aware of 'pretending' in any sense," said Mr. Clark coldly. "All three of my children have, I agree, from time to time talked a great deal of rubbish to me; naturally I paid no attention."

"That wasn't very respectful," said Louisa sadly.

Fortunately he misunderstood her. His look softened. "I'm glad you agree with me there. I did, as I thought, end the whole foolish business—at least as concerned Cathy—so recently as on Saturday night; I'm only sorry she brought it up again to pester *you* with." He smiled. "I see she got round you!" accused Mr. Clark. Accused and forgave, as it were, in the same breath. "My daughter Cathy is a very beguiling young miss. No doubt a nurses' hostel seems very glamorous to her; no doubt she sees herself as a modern Florence Nightingale. But if you were as accustomed to handling a family as I am," said Mr. Clark, now quite mildly, "you would realize that there are times when to seem harsh is to be most truly kind."

Louisa—she couldn't help it—thought of birdlime.

"I dare say the boys got round you, too," added Mr. Clark forgivingly. "Young fools! Someday naturally they will leave the ——"

"Nest?" supplied Louisa.

He looked pleased. "I like to know that you think of it as that too. When my sons are old enough to marry, and if they find nice, suitable girls—not the sort who'd be content with mechanics!—I shall naturally expect them to leave. But until that day arrives, the place of all three is obviously here at home with their father."

He looked confidently at Louisa for agreement. He was reckoning, and rightly, on her natural desire to take his side. He knew just as well as Louisa, did Mr. Clark, what was in the wind! But he reckoned without Aunt May.

"I do wish," exclaimed Louisa uncontrollably, "you wouldn't keep calling yourself their father!"

A last soap bubble rose and burst as Mr. Clark's brow grew dark. "Since I *am* their father ——" he began, ominously again.

"Yes, of course, but haven't you ever noticed how irritating it is," begged Louisa, "to the young? I mean, look at Hamlet; 'Let not thy *mother* lose her prayers, Hamlet!'—one can't wonder that he almost throttled her. I'm only trying to help," said Louisa.

"You make it hard for me to believe," stated Mr. Clark. He paused, regarding her, all too obviously, with fresh eyes. "In fact, what I'm beginning to believe, though with what disappointment I can hardly express, is that you would positively abet my children in their foolishness."

It was at this point that Louisa, ever a realist, recognized herself in the position of one who may as be well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb.

"Yes, I do," said Louisa brusquely, "because it isn't foolishness. I've never in my life met three such thoroughly sensible young people making such thoroughly sensible plans. I only wish you'd given birth to Hugo Pym—or any of the Pammies! Then you *would* have something to complain about! But there's another thing as well," said Louisa, pausing in turn, "something that as an outsider I dare say I've no right to talk about at all. Only I must, because it's so important."

Mr. Clark waited.

"They all *want*—Catherine and Toby and Paul—to be able to love you again."

He didn't flinch; he froze.

"It's only your holding them back," continued Louisa recklessly, "from everything they want to do—Paul and Toby from going to Rolls's, Catherine from taking her training as a nurse—that's made them stop loving you. They remember Guy Fawkes Night and—and everything. Can't you see what a serious thing it is," pressed Louisa, "to stop the flow of love?"

She made no more impression than the bird of legend brushing its wing across the granite pillar.

"A disappointment all the more bitter," said Mr. Clark, going on from where he'd left off, "in that I had built, I admit, certain hopes. I will be frank: I had hoped to see a united (*Continued on Page 92*)

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

An election year is when farmers are apt to judge a fertilizer by the salesman.

Anybody who looks like his passport photo really needs a vacation.

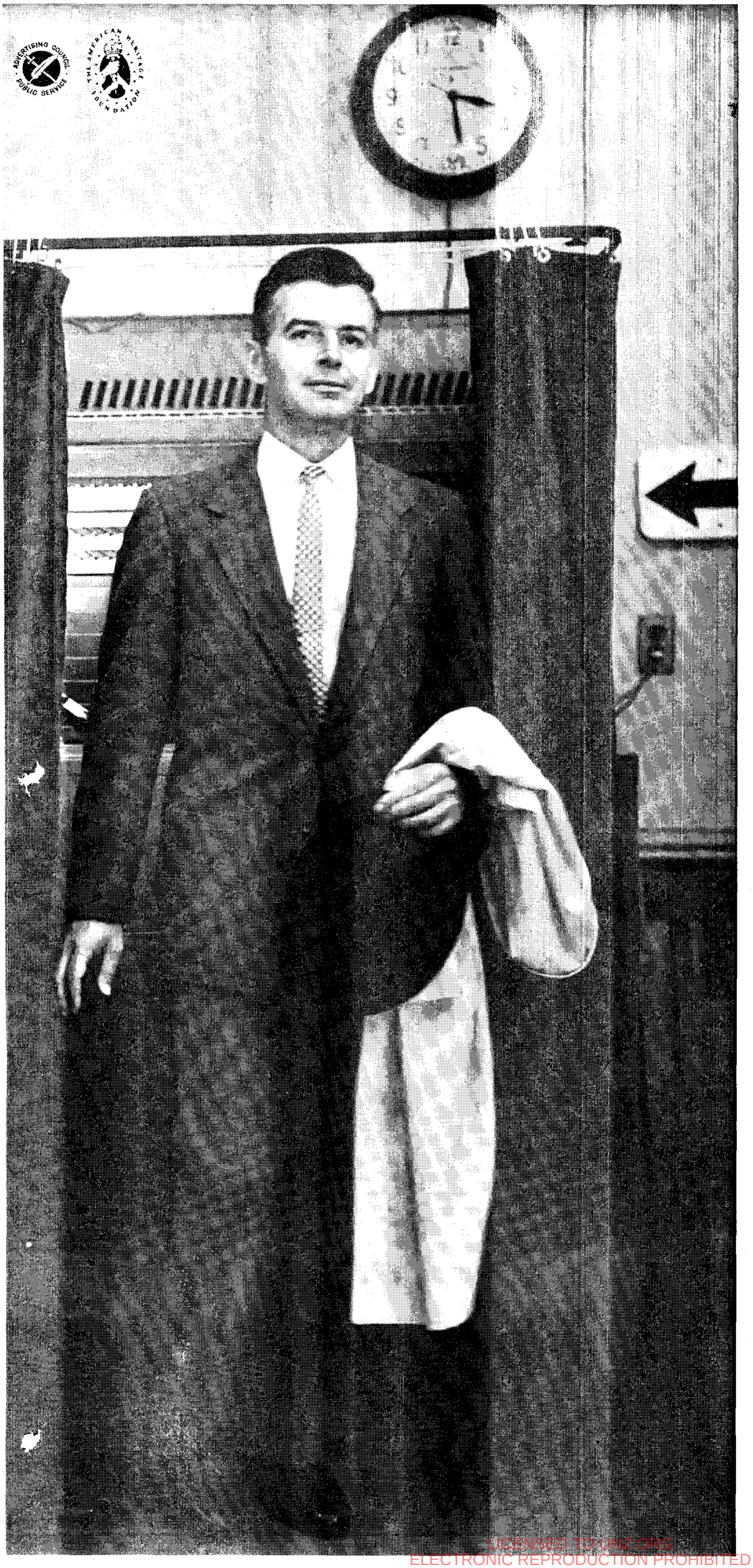
A man who plays golf for pleasure probably isn't very good at the game.

In some cases, when a woman makes a fool of a man, it's an improvement.

A road map is what you use to find out where you made the wrong turn.

A speaker's few well-chosen words are liable to be lost in the bulk of what he has to say.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The One Vote that Won the Election

By
Vice President Richard M. Nixon
and
Senator John F. Kennedy

On November 8, the United States will go to the polls. This is one of the most important elections in the history of our country. Every single vote is needed. Every single vote is important. For even though many people don't know it, election after election has been won by just "one vote."

Last year, for example, two Mayors in Minnesota were defeated by one vote. (It is interesting to note that one of these men had, himself, failed to vote.)

In 1954, John Robsion, Jr. of Kentucky, was re-elected to Congress by one vote in each precinct. And that year, four Senatorial contests were won by as small—*or smaller*—a margin!

In 1948, the Presidential election was decided by less than one vote in each precinct of two states—California and Ohio.

Your vote—your one single vote—may be the one that makes the difference. It can switch a state's electoral vote from one Presidential candidate to another. It can make or break a Governor. It can elect a Senator or a Congressman. So on Election Day, November 8th, don't stay home. Don't think your one single vote doesn't count. Your vote may be the one that counts most. This is your country. Let your voice be heard! (*This advertisement is donated by this publication in cooperation with The American Heritage Foundation and The Advertising Council.*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 90*) and happy family benefiting by your affection for many a year to come."

"So had I," said Louisa sadly.

"Instead of which it seems that your presence has been positively disruptive."

"I suppose it *was* because I was here they felt they could get cracking," admitted Louisa. "Because they felt you wouldn't be left all alone."

Cool as a hardened villain—in the circumstances—Mr. Clark lifted his eyebrows.

"They could hardly imagine your remaining after they were gone? That would scarcely, I think, be suitable. However, after all you have told me—and, more importantly, after all they have seen fit to tell *you*—the inmost secrets of our family life bandied with a complete stranger! I begin to feel their absence almost preferable. *Let* my children leave me!" exclaimed Mr. Clark with sudden vigor. "It is possible I may be less lonely than they expect! With no childish likes and dislikes to consider ——"

For some reason the image of a Saxon head and ruddy cheeks flashed into Louisa's mind. Could it be a *reflected* image?

"—I may even find the permanent companionship of a wife," said Mr. Clark cruelly.

Then he did something Louisa was never to forgive. He sat down at the kitchen table and took out his pen and checkbook and wrote her out a check.

"I imagine five guineas will be sufficient?" said Mr. Clark. "For a week?"

"As I've had my keep as well, yes," said Louisa.

He held his pen poised, as though he'd expected more gratitude for his liberality.

"You have also done a certain amount of laundry work?"

"Five guineas covers that too," said Louisa. "Just sign on the dotted line, will you? Because when you get back tonight, I shan't be here."

Painful as this experience was, Louisa got something more out of it than five guineas. At last she had met a man she positively disliked. She was no longer indiscriminately fond of men. Once again packing her zebra-patterned housecoat into her airline giveaway bag, Louisa took from the thought what comfort she could.

"I must say you get around," observed the milkman. "How was the grub this trip?"

"Just plain family fare."

"Well, why not treat yourself to a spot of cream?" suggested the milkman.

"Look," said Louisa, "I may be what suffragettes chained themselves to railings for. I may be the *femme sole* with all her rights ——"

"I remember you telling me," said the milkman.

"—but all I've got out of it is that I can't afford cream. So lay off the high-pressure salesmanship."

"I'm not on commission," said the milkman, hurt. "That goes for yoghurt too, no doubt?"

She hesitated. "Keep it on till the dairy cuts up rough," said Louisa. "At any rate I've got a profession."

She still had a profession. It was a defeat, in a way, to subside upon it; Louisa was still intellectually convinced, on behalf of all *femmes soles*, as to the desirability of either rich or steady husbands—now with a family thrown in. But each of her own three attempts in this field having failed, at least she had a profession to fall back on.

Let's face it, thought Louisa. *I'm where I started. From now on it's the dogs.* Which made it all the more a pity that she'd forgotten, that last morning at Broydon, to load her camera. The shot Louisa now visualized was an absolute world-beater:

She saw Ivor and Ivan on the cover of a topflight picture magazine. She saw herself getting a gold medal for it. She saw everything, in fact, but the actual print, which didn't exist.

Yes, and why doesn't it exist thought Louisa grimly. *Because my mind, that's why, wasn't on the job.*

It had been on Jimmy Brown; Louisa perceived that if she was to make anything of her profession at all, she'd better stick to it.

Mentally she burned her matrimonial boats; and being never one to do things by halves, immediately after a thin breakfast telephoned Hugo Pym.

"My dear Louisa!" cried Hugo warmly. "I've been trying to get hold of you for days! How did he like it?"

It took Louisa a moment to think back—past Mr. Clark, past Jimmy Brown, to F. Pennon.

"It's all off," said Louisa baldly.

"My dear girl," returned Hugo firmly. "I simply don't believe you. It's too ridiculous."

"Not ridiculous. Sad."

"I meant fantastic," Hugo corrected himself. "Good heavens, Louisa, only a couple of weeks ago there I saw you with my own eyes absolutely wallowing in devotion! Absolutely biting my head off at the least breath —— Are you sure," suggested Hugo hopefully, "it isn't just a lovers' tiff?"

"Quite sure."

"I mean it would be a pity if I couldn't put on my Aristophanes just because you've had a slight run-in with your intended."

"Dear Hugo, I feel for you," said Louisa. "I'm still not going to marry anyone at all," finished Louisa.

Deliberately she burned her boats. Her visit to Soho was at an hour deliberately chosen to encounter Mr. Ross.

"Keeping up on the job till the last?" joked Rossy.

"It's all off," said Louisa.

In the very tones of Hugo Pym, Mr. Ross demanded, "What d'you mean, it's all off?"

"I'm not going to get married. I've changed my mind."

At least Rossy had no ax to grind. His concern was disinterested. It was nonetheless extremely irritating to Louisa's current mood.

"If there's a door still open, I'd like you to talk to my sister. She had doubts herself—though I must say not many. Why don't I get you together?"

"I wouldn't waste her time," said Louisa, "though thank you all the same, Rossy dear. I'm back on the old stand: Datchett, Photographer of Dogs."

Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, still had her profession; but it was at a low ebb.

A peculiar mood of cheese-paring seemed to have settled over the entire dog world. No client old or new, during the days that followed, wrote or telephoned to ask Louisa's services. Already grudging each penny, Louisa herself wrote or telephoned—without results.

Her chief liquid assets were the two bottles of brandy pressed on her by F. Pennon when she left Bournemouth. Carried round to a famous wine merchant in St. James's Street, so astonishing—and authentic—were their labels that they almost doubled Louisa's capital; even so, it was under thirty pounds.

When the thought of hocking her camera entered her mind, Louisa realized that the time was past for any false pride. After all, hadn't she always photographed *en plein air?*

"Look, Rossy," said Louisa, "outside Burlington House, do they ever have dogs with them?"

Mr. Ross considered her with what had become a habitual expression of affectionate disapproval. "Not that I recall," said Mr. Ross. "It's the quarantine."

"But just now and again?" pressed Louisa. "They can't all be foreign visitors! Don't tell me you've never seen a Peke in Piccadilly! What I mean is, would the boys mind if I strung along?"

"I'm not sure I quite see what you're getting at," said Mr. Ross uneasily.

"Well, *you* say, 'Take your picture, lady ——'"

"'Madam,'" corrected Rossy. "Sometimes adding," he admitted, "'in that lovely hat.'"

"Well, *I'd* say, 'Take your dog?'"

Mr. Ross hesitated. Rossy's co-operation was vital to her. Louisa made a final effort.

"Look, Rossy," said Louisa again, "this may be something really big for me. It may be a whole new career. I swear not to poach! Unless there is a dog, I'll just be admiring the view. Just tell the boys to give me a chance—and you can remind 'em there'll be no whip-round now for a wedding present."

It wasn't her words that swayed him. The boys enjoyed giving wedding presents. They liked to feel the generous, sentimental glow. What swayed Rossy was the expression on Louisa's face.

"O.K.," sighed Rossy. "I'll tell 'em. Though you'd still do better, in my opinion, to have a word with sis."

Highhearted nonetheless stood Louisa next morning outside Burlington House. Rossy's word, however reluctantly given, had gone round. Josh and Manny grinned at her companionably; from the opposite side of the street Benny sketched a double-handed boxer's salute. And if it took a certain courage on Louisa's part so to decline to the pavement, she'd always been, if nothing else, courageous.

She was there in readiness soon after ten—coffee-colored linen suit, beechnut boutonniere brushed free of mites, an appearance altogether as undashing as she could make it. She felt the beechnuts a particularly reassuring touch—for country cousins. Until eleven, however, not so much as a schipperke crossed her field of vision. Mr. Ross bagged a brace of Texans; Josh, an Australian; Benny opposite, a turbaned Sikh. Loyally Louisa hung back, fingering the camera about her neck only as might any tourist; and as at last a dog appeared, loyally the boys hung back in turn, leaving her a clear field.

Surprisingly it was a Sealyham trotting on a lead. Louisa hardily advanced. "Take your dog, madam?" said Louisa.

Her prospects, anthropoid and quadruped, at least halted. Surprisingly again the anthropoid wasn't the regulation tweed-clad, country-type Sealyham owner, but a fluttering blonde.

"Ducky, someone wants to take your picture!" fluted the anthropoid to her quadruped. "Shall us say yes?"

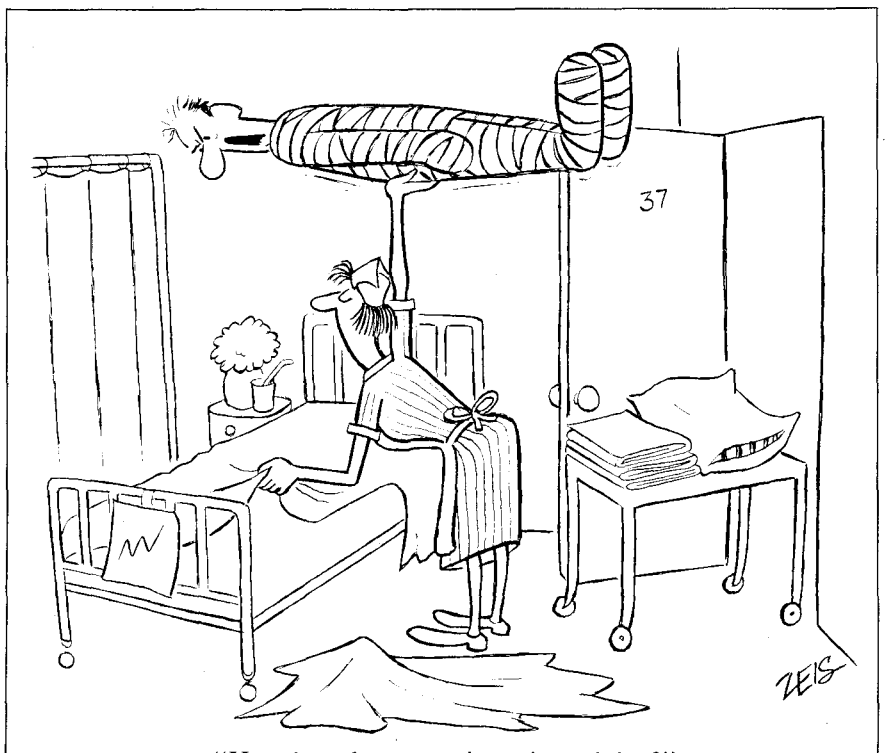
Louisa was already down on one knee. Behind her she felt Rossy and Josh emanating waves of encouragement—all disapproving thoughts forgotten, urging her on to make good. The pavement was comparatively unencumbered, the sun was in the right place and the moment practically historic as Louisa—the first canine specialist in Piccadilly—dropped to one knee and set her shutter at one three-hundredth.

Unfortunately the quadruped said no.

With an absolute reflection of Freddy's most ill-tempered glance—called to the telephone, so to speak, in the middle of a cigar—Ducky jerked free his lead and attacked a telegraph messenger. "Stop him!" shouted Mr. Ross. "Catch the beggar!" shouted Josh. "My poor frightened lamb!" wailed the blonde. Ducky raced on, snapped at two more Sikhs in passing, and nipped a South African delegate to an economic conference. The latter came out best; as Ducky plunged through the traffic, with the *élan* of his ancestral impis, he plunged after, and at least brought back news of Ducky's disappearance into the ladies' room opposite Green Park Underground.

Meanwhile the pavement round Louisa had become quite crowded. If opinions diverged—all the foreigners agreeing with one another that all dogs were dangerous, all the British agreeing that it was a shame to frighten them—Louisa was equally censured all round. As a policeman approached, she felt the eyes of even Josh and Rossy fixed on her in justified rebuke.

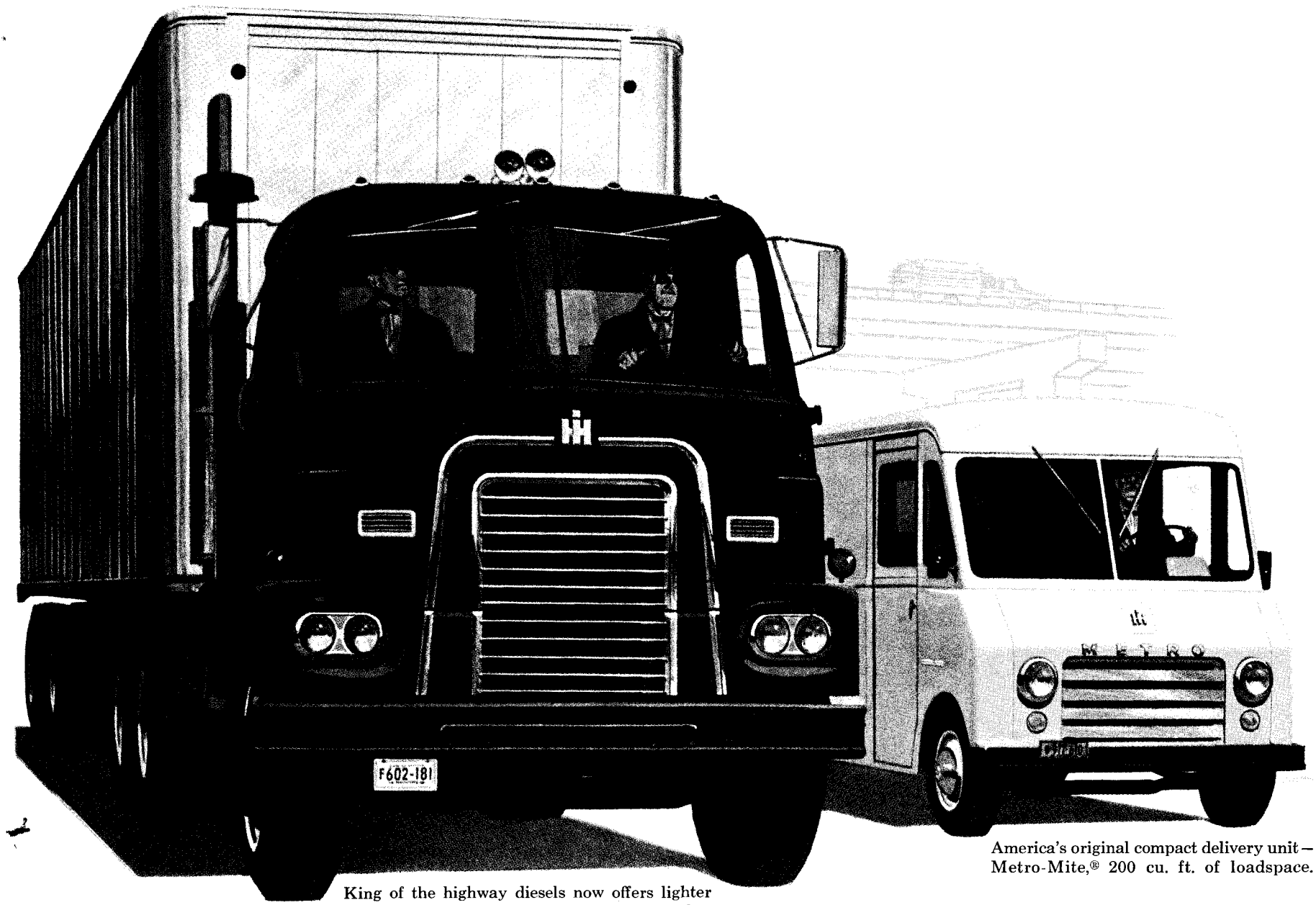
"Now then, what's all this?" inquired the policeman. (*Continued on Page 94*)



"How long have you been in training?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



King of the highway diesels now offers lighter weight aluminum cabs, diesel power up to 375 hp.

America's original compact delivery unit—Metro-Mite,® 200 cu. ft. of loadspace.

If you're looking for the right truck, you've turned to the right page!

If you don't see it here, you will certainly find it within the world's most complete line of trucks. INTERNATIONAL Trucks range from the smallest multi-stop unit to the largest highway and off-highway models . . . offer more power options and features to keep your job going right, and service that safeguards your original investment. See your INTERNATIONAL Dealer or Branch soon!

Workhorse six-wheelers with all-truck V-8's or "sixes" take rugged terrain in stride.

INTERNATIONAL® TRUCKS

GET BETTER SERVICE WHERE YOU GOT A BETTER TRUCK – AT INTERNATIONAL!

International Harvester Company, Chicago • Motor Trucks • Crawler Tractors • Construction Equipment • McCormick® Farm Equipment and Farmall® Tractors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 92*)

"See what I mean?" sighed Mr. Ross.

"He was frightened by the horrid camera!" wailed Ducky's owner.

"Now he's probably biting ladies right and left," said the delegate rather jovially. "You'll have to send for a policewoman."

Fortunately Ducky chose this moment to reappear. No one could have guessed from his demeanor that he'd just been whacked on the bottom with a cleaner's broom; he ambled back through the traffic with all the dreamy, dignified assurance of an absent-minded professor. The sight of the policeman, however, appeared to give him pause; with what Louisa couldn't help feeling an absolutely cynical switch to pathos, he began to shake all over. "What a shame!" cried everyone—with the exception of a few foreigners—as Ducky crept back to his mistress's protection. "He was *frightened!*"

At least the policeman moved off. He wasn't looking for trouble. His eye just registered the presence, at the scene of the riot, of Louisa and Josh and Manny and Mr. Ross.

"See what I mean?" repeated Mr. Ross. "Dogs won't co-operate. We're on tricky enough ground as it is, and if one of the public got bit ——"

"O.K.," said Louisa sadly. "You needn't go on."

"It's not we don't want you, it's just that we can't afford the risk."

"O.K.," sighed Louisa, and made the best amends she could by going straight home.

If at this point Louisa plumbed her professional nadir, there is always this about a nadir, that any subsequent motion must inevitably be upward. Unless, of course, the pendulum has stopped.

Louisa's view was that it had. Perhaps this was because she wasn't eating enough. The debacle in Piccadilly had thoroughly dismayed her; during the succeeding week, in a panic attempt to conserve her capital, she not only didn't pay any bills but she ate less and less. Louisa was down to a steady diet of bread and margarine; she was very nearly pinching Number Ten's yoghurt before the pendulum swung up again.

It hadn't stopped after all. It had but paused to gather momentum.

"There was a letter for you," said the milkman. "I brought it up."

"Does it look like a bill?" asked Louisa.

"No, stuck down," said the milkman. "Very nice-quality envelope."

"What's the postmark?" asked Louisa, still wary.

"Chesham Oaks," said the milkman. "Best part of Bucks."

It was as a sort of propitiatory libation that Louisa took, along with the envelope, a spot of cream.

She looked at the signature first: Sybil Fox. The name meant nothing to her, but below was typed the encouraging word, Secretary. Also the paper itself was crested.

Dear Miss Datchett: Lady Mary Tablet asks me to inquire whether you would be free to come down next Thursday the eleventh, at 3:30, to photograph her corgis? There is a good train from Baker Street at 2:36, and a bus from the station yard will drop you at Chesham Hall. There is no need to bring any lighting apparatus, as the photographs will be taken out of doors. I may add that Lady Mary was very much struck by some pictures of poodles you had in the *Tatler*—she thinks they belonged to some film actress, but cannot remember the name—and would rather like the same sort of thing. Will you kindly let me know if this date suits you, also your fee? Lady Mary suggests three guineas, to include the finished prints.

Yours truly,
SYBIL FOX
Secretary

Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, kept her head.

The fee suggested, for half a working day, including prints, was outrageously low; and something told her it was all she could shake down. On the other hand, there is no world more snobbish than the dog world; the corgis of a Lady Mary Tablet would have their own built-in publicity.

Louisa kept her head, but with increasing difficulty. It was her chance at last. A really good job done on Lady Mary's corgis could put Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, into the very top class.

And how had it come to her, that chance? Through keeping her mind on the job. Inconceivable, in Green Park—before she'd heard from F. Pennon, before remembering Jimmy Brown, before encountering Mr. Clark—that she should have forgotten to load her camera! *If I'd kept my mind on my work at Broydon,* thought Louisa, *I'd have syndicates bidding now for that shot of Ivor and Ivan.* It was astonishing, now, to remember how easily she'd let the rot set in; she'd just felt jaded one morning and had a talk with the milkman about Ibsen. Was that really all? Had no more than that been sufficient to arouse her so disastrous impulse toward matrimony? It seemed so; not otherwise now could Louisa account for her subsequent aberrations.

I was a fool, but I've learned my lesson, thought Louisa. *I'm not the marrying sort. But what I am is a darned good photographer of dogs, and here's my chance, it's all I ask, and I'm going to take it.*

She answered Miss Fox, Secretary, by return of post. To telephone or telegraph might look overeager. The three days that intervened before the eleventh she spent mostly in bed, conserving energy; also she dipped so far into her capital as to add to her diet of bread and margarine, sardines and kippers.

Taking every possible pain with her appearance on the crucial day, Louisa oddly enough found herself dressing for Chesham Hall as for the pavement outside Burlington House—discreet coffee-colored linen and spray of beechnuts on shoulder. This time, however, she added a hat, a practically county hat, a green-felt pork pie once worn by Bobby at Cannes. Louisa stuffed as much of her hair under it as she could; her rowdy locks were always a weak point when it came to inspiring professional confidence, and she was taking no chances.

Before boarding her train she looked for a compartment without a man in it—men in trains constituted a particular hazard. All too often, getting out at their destinations, they told Louisa how much better they felt for talking to her, leaving Louisa flat as a pancake. Sometimes she even had to get out herself—once, and three stations early, to accompany a nervous juvenile to his audition at a local rep—which was how she'd first met Hugo Pym. At that hour, half-past two in the afternoon, and headed out of London, the train was by no means full. On the other hand, this allowed the native passion for privacy full play; to each carriage its solitary occupant—the worst possible hazard—and past each Louisa's experienced eye hurried her on. As she reached the last, doors were being slammed all down the train; Louisa nonetheless, perceiving again a solitary male within, hesitated. The young man looked cheerful enough, indeed uncommonly so; but appearances could deceive, and Louisa was taking no chances. Sticking her head through the door, Louisa asked forthrightly, "Are you in any sort of trouble?"

As well he might, the young man looked surprised. But only for a moment. He was evidently a true child of his age. "Is it for the telly?" he countered interestedly.

"No, just a private poll," said Louisa.

"Then put me in the opposite column," said the young man, disappointed, but still cheerful.

Louisa entered and relaxed. The train drew out. With a whole side of the carriage to herself, she had plenty of room for her long legs. She stretched them comfortably out and deliberately slackened every muscle, allowing herself to be swung with the train's motion limp as a rag doll. If now and then there was a jolt, it didn't worry Louisa; it merely kept her from dozing completely off. *An hour of this is just what I need,* thought Louisa. *It must be as good as Zen.*

She didn't exactly kick off her shoes, but she loosened her heels; the train did the rest. At eye level opposite, an impression of Burnham Beeches pleased without exciting; rather soothed.

"Aren't you going to take it down?" inquired the young man.

"Take what down?" asked Louisa thoughtlessly.

"Why I'm in the other column."

Louisa continued to contemplate Burnham Beeches. Once again she'd bought it; but this time she didn't mean to pay. As the young man waited expectantly, Louisa said, "I don't need to take it down; I've a trained memory. But fire away," she added, deliberately closing her ears.

It was still impossible that something shouldn't percolate. The train had decided to run with uncommon smoothness; the young man leaned enthusiastically toward her. However unwillingly, Louisa picked up certain vital statistics: name something like Hally How, age twenty-something, National Service somewhere overseas, present occupation some sort of clerk. Dim, decent Hally How! Behind dropped eyelids Louisa's thoughts wandered to the Meares' dachshunds: so easy to photograph, decent little clerks of the dog world.

"After *which,*" said Hally How earnestly, "we were finally able to get married."

Whereas borzois, in their skiing trousers, had always the air of being off to winter sports.

"I don't know if you're married yourself?" pressed Hally How.

Louisa shook her head. It would be nice for him if he thought she was memorizing, but really she didn't care.

"You ought to try it," said Hally How earnestly. "I can't tell you how—how smashing it is. And what self-confidence it gives a chap. Fr'instance, you must have wondered why, at this time of day, when I work in London, I'm headed out of London."

"It doesn't matter," murmured Louisa.

"I'll tell you. It's Marlene's birthday. 'I've a good mind to take the day off,' I told her, 'in celebration. Why don't I phone and say influenza?' She wouldn't have it. Her mum was in the A.T.S.—searchlights, a very picked bunch, I've heard tell, and brought Marlene up according. 'Go along to the office, ask for the afternoon,' said Marlene. 'Tell 'em why you want it, and I'll have a smashing tea laid on for when you get back.' Never doubting, d'you see, that I'd pull it off. Which is the whole secret," said Hally How. "Mind you put it in."

"Sure," murmured Louisa.

"I set it up to the boss without a frill. 'I would very much like the half day off,' I said, 'on account of it's being my wife's birthday. In fact, I intended to take the whole day off,' I said, 'only Marlene wouldn't stand for me having flu.' And d'you know what he replied?"

"No," said Louisa.

"'Your wife's made more of a man of you than the army,' he said. 'Take her out shopping and buy her a new hat.' As I intend," said Hally How, "up to three quid. If any of this is immaterial ——"

Louisa shook her head; or rather the train shook it for her.

"I'm glad, because I've often wondered how much is missed, when taking polls. But as we're getting to my station, I'll just recap: What puts any chap in the O.K. column, nine times out of ten, is happy matrimony; and for women, of course, even more so."

Louisa swung her feet up on the seat and stretched frankly recumbent for another thirty minutes of Zen.

Not that she needed it. She felt indeed like a successful candidate after a particularly grueling examination. Such a build-up for matrimony but a month before would have thoroughly distracted her from the job in hand. But not now.

Louisa had settled for a profession. Beyond the stately portal of Chesham Hall beckoned solid fame, solid fortune. It was without either regrets or misgivings that Louisa Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, got out at the right station and mounted the waiting bus.

It was a stately portal, all right. Louisa gazed appreciatively at carved stonework scrolling up to an escutcheon above, at a great oak door ajar upon squares of black and white marble, with beside it a brass bellpull, beautifully polished. *Staff!* thought Louisa, as she pulled it, and confidently awaited the arrival of a butler.

In the few moments' interval that followed she noted, more practically, the excellent condition of all the paint. Chesham Hall, a rarity among stately homes, was as well kept up as Mr. Clark's Glenarvon; moreover, it was not merely being kept up, but was being improved, for Louisa sighted, on the south flank, what looked like an old winter garden under such scaffolding as suggested additions. Mentally congratulating the aristocratic owners upon either a transatlantic marriage or a successful bout with the income tax, Louisa congratulated herself too; it seemed out of the question that Lady M.'s check—such things had been known to happen—would bounce.

A butler answered. He was so perfect a specimen, from his graying hair to shoes polished like the bellpull, Louisa momentarily suspected he'd been hired from the local rep. But his reserved, inquiring glance, as he in turn surveyed Louisa, was surely the result of more than clever direction; reserved and inquiring as it was, it explicitly placed her—somewhere between a collector for charity and an ex-service salesman. Without rancor, but firmly, she enlightened him.

"I," said Louisa, "am Datchett, Photographer of Dogs. I have an appointment with Lady Mary Tablet for three-thirty." *And let that,* she added mentally, *teach you a lesson, my man!*

Undoubtedly he looked more respectful. "An appointment did you say, madam?"

"To photograph Lady Mary's corgis."

"I will inform

(*Continued on Page 96*)

Loaded Question

The truly ingenious missiles
Currently being amassed
Impel a person to wonder:
What'll they think of last?

Richard Wheeler

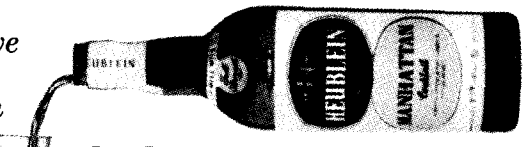
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What this country needs is a good 25¢ Manhattan"

IT'S HERE! YOURS TO COMMAND...READY-TO-SERVE AT HOME! Haven't you sometimes felt—while pouring the same old plain liquor—that *cocktails* would have made a far *bigger* impression at your party? Whatever it was that held you back, forget it! For when you serve Heublein Cocktails, you pour *ready-mixed* perfection. And—drink for drink—these *cocktails cost less than plain whiskey!* Manhattans, Daiquiris, Extra Dry Martinis . . . all are made with choicest liquors, expertly proportioned. No work. No fuss. Just pour on-the-rocks—straight from the bottle. From coast to coast, smart people are serving Heublein Cocktails. Well over 20,000,000 were enjoyed in America last year.

9 KINDS—FULL STRENGTH—READY TO POUR ON-THE-ROCKS Manhattan, Dry Manhattan, 55 proof. Extra Dry Martini, 67.5 proof. Vodka Martini, 60 proof. Old Fashioned, 62 proof. Daiquiri, Whiskey Sour, Side Car, 52.5 proof. Stinger, 50 proof. G. F. Heublein & Bro., Hartford, Conn.

You've got it made with

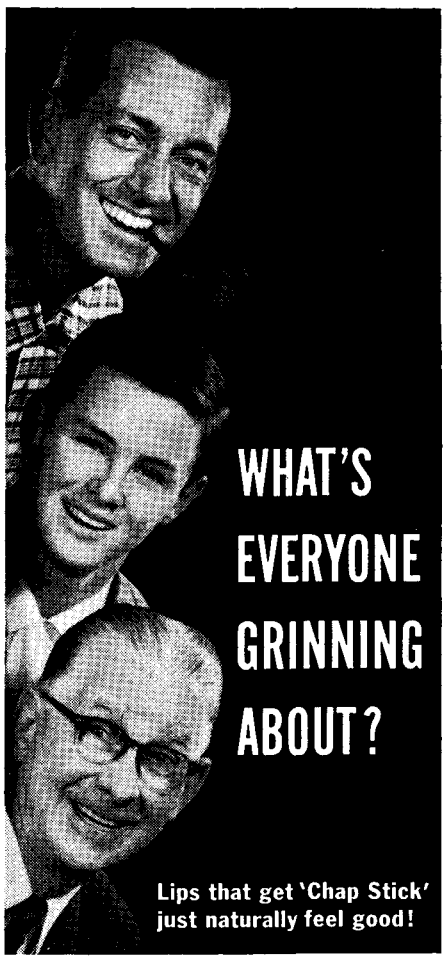


HEUBLEIN COCKTAILS

(pronounced Hugh-Bline)

Also enjoy Heublein Cordials 20 delicious flavors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Great boon to mankind—'Chap Stick'! Solves so many lip problems. Soothes and comforts smokers' lips...cold-sore lips...dry rough-tough weatherbeaten lips. Relieves fast!

- Famous *medicated* healing formula.
- So effective, it's *America's leading lip balm!*

Get *genuine* 'Chap Stick'—look for the black and white case. 'Personalized' with each user's own mark.

Makes lips feel great!

A FAVORITE IN CANADA • CHAP STICK CO., LYNCHBURG, VA.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

STOPS ITCH—RELIEVES PAIN

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) – discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters – money back guarantee.

WHY NOT EARN MORE?

You can easily earn extra money by selling magazine subscriptions in your free time. Thousands of our representatives made their start by asking for our generous commission offer. No obligation. Address a postal today!

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
771 Independence Square Philadelphia 5, Pa.

NO MUSS . . . NO FUSS!

KRYLON SPRAY PAINT

DRY IN MINUTES!

IF YOU PRIZE IT . . . KRYLON-IZE IT!

(*Continued from Page 94*) her ladyship you have arrived," said the butler, exiting within.

He still didn't invite Louisa to follow, but if she were to wait anywhere, on so fine an afternoon, she rather preferred to be outside. Indeed the prospect before her, as she strolled a little way past the tall windows and sat down on a stone bench, was one of great beauty. On either side of the drive—about five minutes' walk long, even for Louisa—stretched a miniature parkland of lush grass and handsome trees. Clumps of oak or beech, rising like islands in a green sea, made each its stately point; each in turn led on to the next; and over all lay the temperate sunlight proper to an English nobleman's country seat.

This, thought Louisa, *is the sort of place I shall come to often.*

Why not? Her foot once within a first stately portal, how many other stately portals might not open to her? And remain open? No one knew better than Louisa the conservatism, as a class, of stately-portal owners; until a favorite photographer of either their dogs or their children actually died or went gaga, to that same photographer they stuck with a loyalty Louisa now perceived as admirable. In her own field the *doyen* already touched seventy; Louisa sincerely hoped he'd get the O.B.E. before packing up, but when he did pack up, why shouldn't she herself step into his shoes? *Not that they'd ever give me the O.B.E.*, thought Louisa, leaping the next twenty-five years. *I'm not the right type.* It was a pity; the suffragettes would have been proud of her. But even without any explicit honor in view, what rewarding weekends might not lie ahead, photographing ducal pooches behind stately portals!

All I'll need, thought Louisa, *is one really good dinner dress.* And she determined to watch the *Times* personal column for the next Model Disposing of Balenciaga Wardrobe.

The sun lapsed a degree while she contemplated grouse served by footmen. For the first time in her life it struck her as fortunate that she had a taste for game. It struck Louisa, and rightly, that the nobility no less than F. Pennon might like to see a woman eat. She saw herself as a more than acceptable, as a positively popular weekend guest—pressed by dukes to stay over Monday.

And I can do it, thought Louisa, mentally upending a couple of boarhounds to support a coat of arms. She couldn't help wishing corgis more heraldic; but there was the glamour aspect as well—which had obviously appealed to Lady Mary. Louisa trusted that many a duchess, observing how Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, had glamorized Lady Mary with just a couple of corgis, would hasten to be superiorly glamorized with borzoi or Peke. *It's my chance and I'm going to take it*, repeated Louisa to herself. *I'm going to bleed and die and get the best shot since Gelert.*

More time had passed than she realized in these happy plans. It was nearly four o'clock before a woman with an inherited face and hairy tweeds came loping toward her from the house.

"Miss Datchett? You poor dear!" exclaimed Lady Mary remorsefully. "I've kept you waiting *hours!* Johnson couldn't find me. I'm so ashamed I could *die!*"

"That's all right," said Louisa. "The light's fine. You do want them—your corgis—taken out of doors?"

Lady Mary clutched her head. "But that's just what's so *awful!* I don't know how to tell you! They aren't *here!* They're in Scotland. They went up yesterday with the boys. I'm so madly sorry, but my secretary must have made a real bloomer. So I'm afraid there's nothing for it," finished Lady Mary brightly, "but to call the whole thing off."

It was an irrelevance that Louisa at this moment observed upon Lady Mary's lapel a spray of beechnuts matching her own. Could it be Number Ten who was going to get into the top class? She pulled herself together. "I'm madly sorry too," said Louisa formally. "The fact remains that I'll have wasted half a day. Let alone my fares ——"

"But of course you'll come again," consoled Lady Mary, "when they're back. My dear Miss Datchett, you mustn't be cross with me! Be cross with poor Fox if you like—as I must say I often am myself—but you and I are just companions in distress!"

Possibly because there is a solidarity among professional women, Louisa remained unconvinced. Herself and Miss Fox, felt Louisa, were what suffragettes had chained themselves to railings for—not herself and Lady Mary.

"I'm not cross with anyone," said Louisa. "I'd just like three guineas."

Lady Mary started back like a thoroughbred hunter before a knacker's cart.

"But my dear good creature," she protested, "isn't that perfectly—I'm sure you'll see it is when you've had a moment to think—*absurd?* I mean, three guineas just for nothing at all!"

Louisa looked at the scaffolding on the south wing. How much was *that* going to cost? "For a wasted half day," she corrected stubbornly.

"Ah, but what would you have been doing with it?" countered Lady Mary. "You'd have been having your hair done, or at a movie. I know what happens with a spare afternoon in town! Instead of which, here you are in the fresh air, enjoying a nice little outing ——"

"I didn't want an outing," said Louisa. "And my fee is three guineas."

Lady Mary looked injured, but resigned. "If you really *insist*—though this isn't the way one's usually treated—I'll tell my secretary to send you a check."

"If she's as inefficient as you make out, I'd rather have cash," said Louisa.

Lady Mary brightened again. "But my dear Miss Datchett, I haven't any cash! I never carry sixpence! I'm just at my secretary's mercy! I do truly, don't imagine I don't, appreciate your position—but only Fox knows where to find my checkbook."

"O.K.," said Louisa. "Where is she?"

"As a matter of fact, she left yesterday too," said Lady Mary, "for a holiday in Athens. Something poor I could never afford! So until she comes back I'm afraid we're really at a standstill. But I shan't forget! And now I'm going to send Johnson out to you," said Lady Mary kindly, "with a nice ——"

She paused; the kindliness twinkled to democratic bonhomie.

"—with a nice *cuppa!*" finished Lady M.

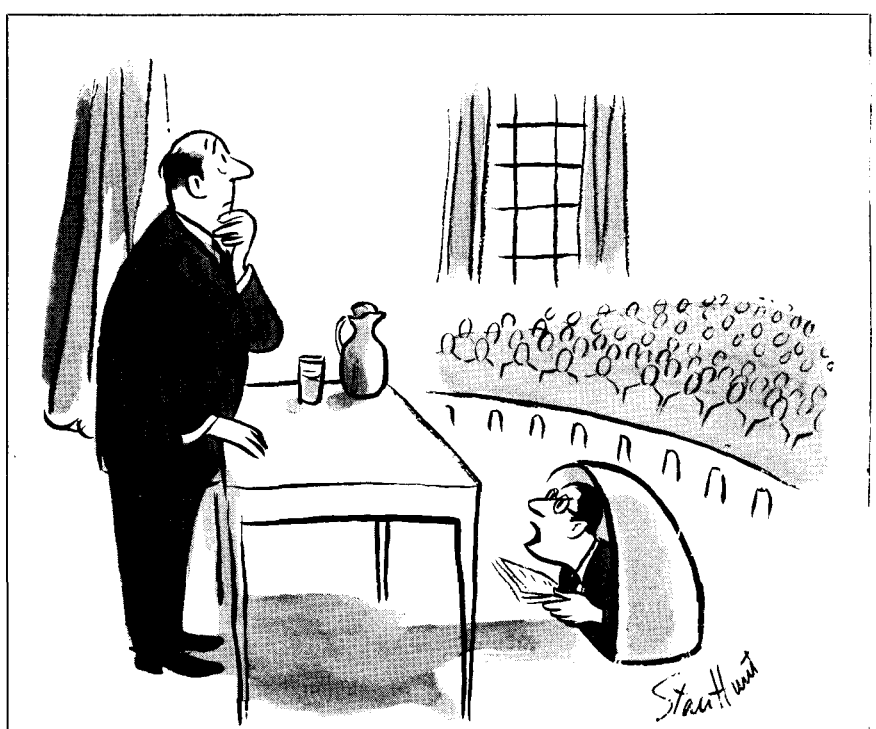
Louisa didn't wait for it. Instead, with what she hoped was sufficient dignity, she walked out.

Straight-backed, with sufficient dignity, she reached the drive's end; and there, outside the great gates, on the grassy bank behind the bus stop, for the first time in her adult life she sat down and cried.

When she'd wept in a Broydon attic, she'd been a child and her tears were all too natural—for loving if casual parents, for no more balloons brought back from a *palais de danse*. What she wept for now was the collapse of a career. After ten years' work, after establishing herself—or so she'd fondly believed—as Datchett, Photographer of Dogs, she hadn't been able to squeeze three quid out of Lady M. She was so little established that anyone with a title could do her down. Here Louisa was possibly in error. With a steak inside her, instead of sardines, the issue might have been different. But the upshot, whatever its cause, was as disastrous to her confidence and to her self-esteem as to her pocket. Outside the gates of Chesham Hall, on the grassy bank behind the bus stop, Louisa sat with unchecked tears running down her face.

Only the wind, from time to time, dried them. No fellow traveler appeared, to rouse her pride or even a spark of vanity; in addition to all else, she'd just missed a bus.

No wolf appeared either. The road was unfrequented; but Louisa sensed a deeper reason. Any number of men might have come by without one stopping to make a pass at her. What attracted them of old—at a bus stop, outside a telephone booth, in any public place—was their recognition of her special gift for aid and succor. Wolf out of work, recalled Louisa, wolf misunderstood by wife, wolf needing musical instrument got out of hock. Now that she plainly needed aid



"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and succor herself, they'd pass by. Louisa didn't blame them, she wasn't resentful; there it just was.

She turned her back on the road and wept anew. In folklore the tear has its special place. Thus Louisa, weeping, invoked stronger forces than she suspected.

Sheer animal instinct for warmth had driven her into a last patch of sunlight; when the car stopped, and a man got out, she had her face half-buried in the hedge. Her hat lay beside her, pulled off long since, or perhaps pushed off by stiff hawthorn twigs; the declining sun turned her foxy head to gold.

"You look as though you're wearing a halo," observed Mr. McAndrew. "Though I must say it's not a thought that would have occurred to me at Broydon."

So far as Louisa was concerned, this was the end. Of all men living, the last she'd have chosen to find her so disconsolate was Mr. McAndrew.

She looked at him and hated him. Everything about the man—his calm and solidity, even his good car, his good clothes—pointed all too painfully to her own vagabond dishevelment. The recollection of how she'd slammed him down at Broydon Court, and at Stack's in the Strand, made the impossibility of doing so now—from a sitting position by the roadside, face and hands wet with tears, her very hat like a beggar's cap beside her—all the more humiliating. As a first move toward readjusting the situation, she rose stiffly to her feet.

"If it's the bus you want, you're previous," observed Mr. McAndrew. "There's none due for an hour."

"I've been waiting for an hour," retorted Louisa. To her extreme annoyance, as she reached down for her hat, she felt her knees tremble; she had sat too long without stirring, while the heat of the day declined to evening chill. The sudden support of a large, warm hand under her elbow, however, merely annoyed her more; she flinched back as from a viper and took a grip of the bus sign instead.

"They pass every three. It's a very poor service," said Mr. McAndrew. "Why not let me drive you where you're going?"

"Because there happen to be two things I particularly enjoy," said Louisa, holding her eyes wide open to let the wind do its best. "One is fresh air, and the other is a nice bus ride."

"Don't be foolish," said Mr. McAndrew mildly. "We'll stop on the way for a drink."

"Do I look as though I needed a drink?" snapped Louisa, rather unwisely.

"To be truthful, aye," said Mr. McAndrew. "You're shivering with cold. Not that it doesn't seem to be a habit with you," he added censoriously. "I've not forgotten all that champagne yet."

"When you were so ridiculous about your whisky," retorted Louisa.

"Be your opinion what it may, you're still shivering," said Mr. McAndrew. "Will you get into the car?"

There was no bus for another hour. However odious in other respects, Mr. McAndrew was undoubtedly reliable as to timetables. And when Louisa did get a bus, or if she walked to the station, she had no idea when the next train was. Why cut off one's nose to spite one's face? Louisa got into the car.

Within a matter of minutes she nearly got out again.

It had been easy enough, after but the briefest period of conjecture, to connect Mr. McAndrew's appearance outside Chesham Hall with the scaffolding over the hall winter garden; didn't he specialize in stately homes? So far, so good; Louisa's curiosity was satisfied—for she must have been a little curious—without the need to encourage Mr. McAndrew, instead of slamming him down, by showing it. But as she considered the circumstances more fully, a really horrible suspicion stirred.

"Did you by any chance pinch that *Tatler* I left at Broydon Court?" asked Louisa abruptly.

Mr. McAndrew grinned. "There was a pair of very fine ankles pictured in it—along with the couple of wee dogs."

Louisa wasn't deceived. That would-be salacious grin masked, she was almost sure, the even more repulsive aspect of a good Samaritan.

"Did you by any chance show it to Lady Mary Tablet?"

"I might have done."

"Did you by any chance suggest me to photograph her beastly corgis?"

"Not at all. That was entirely her own notion," affirmed Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa wasn't deceived. On top of all else, he had managed to do her a good turn. His mere proximity now revolting, she glanced at the car door, half-minded to pull it open and hurl herself out. They weren't doing much over thirty—or if she did break her neck, what matter? Wouldn't a broken neck solve her every problem? So felt Louisa, at the moment, most sincerely; nor was the thought of Mr. McAndrew's being involved in all the nuisance of an inquest at all displeasing. While she hesitated, however—indeed while she still had him in the witness box—the latter so far misread her look as to reach across and wind the window up, then back for a light-tweed overcoat which he pulled about her shoulders. The resultant warmth was so grateful that Louisa at least temporarily abandoned thoughts of suicide. Moreover, she had just remembered a comeback.

"It may still interest you to know," retaliated Louisa, "that your Lady Mary Tablet has just gypped me out of three guineas."

She continued to feel humiliated nonetheless. Probably no car of its size ever bore a greater burden of resentment and humiliation and general ill feeling.

When they stopped, not long afterward, it was at a very small village inn. The benches against the walls were so narrow and hard that if Louisa suddenly recalled the Meares it was only to hope that when they left her at the station ——

How long ago? Only a month? To Louisa it felt like a lifetime.

—they'd been able to sip their one small sherry apiece in gayer surroundings. Louisa couldn't think of any other reason for thinking of the Meares, though perhaps the landlady's expert glance—in this case how mistaken!—showed a slight diminution of umbrage as before a thoroughly respectable couple. *It's his size*, thought Louisa vaguely, watching Mr. McAndrew insert himself between narrow bench and narrow table. She looked about again; for all charm of *décor* there was a stuffed pike, under glass, behind the bar. The leaves of a pair of rubber plants shone with a sickly, mortuary phosphorescence—probably boot polish. In all, it was one of the most depressing hangouts Louisa had ever struck, and thus at least matched her mood.

"Not that the Meares would notice," mused Louisa aloud.

They were the first words she had spoken for some time. Mr. McAndrew looked at her. "I'm glad the cat hasn't got your tongue altogether," he remarked. "Who might the Meares be?"

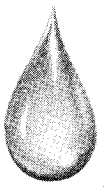
Impossible to go back to Kerseymere Kennels, to Teddy and Molly Meare standing hand in hand on a railway platform! Taking a short cut, Louisa explained, "Well, they were married."

"Most folk are," said Mr. McAndrew. "I don't see

(*Continued on Page 99*)

Ordinary Glass or Oriental Jade?

You can't see the difference but an art dealer can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.



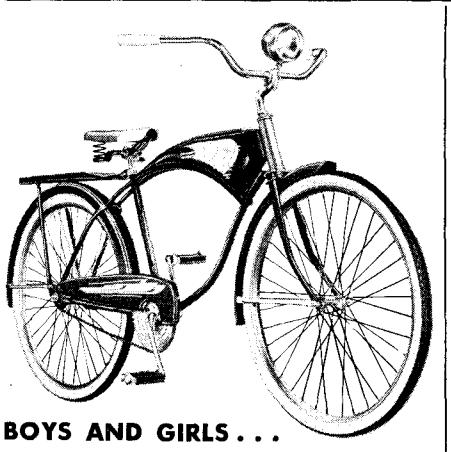
Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?

You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania... at better dealers everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA

Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA



BOYS AND GIRLS...

WANT A BIKE?

YOU can easily earn a deluxe bicycle just like this beauty... This exciting brilliantly finished bicycle is equipped with gleaming chrome rims and headlight, whitewall tires, chain guard and rear carrier—and the boy's and girl's models come in three sizes—20", 24" and 26".

To earn YOUR bike, send us seven 4-year LADIES' HOME JOURNAL subscriptions sold at the full U. S. price of $11.00 each to persons outside your own home. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Print the subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with coupon. We'll arrange for prompt shipment of your bicycle.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
772 Independence Square
Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania

I have sold_____subscriptions to persons outside my home. Enclosed are the orders and the full remittance of $_____.

Please send my bicycle to:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

Check model and size desired

☐ Boy's ☐ Girl's ☐ 20" ☐ 24" ☐ 26"

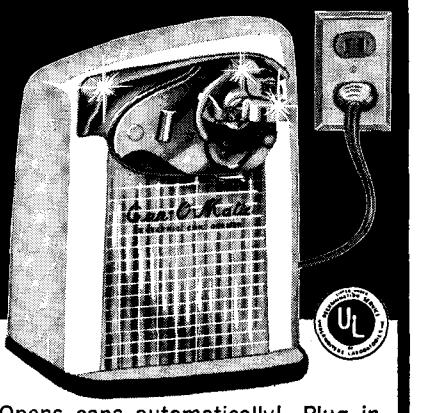
This offer good in Continental U. S. only, until March 31, 1961.

Sorry, no bicycles may be sold for cash.

NEW It's Electric

Can-O-Matic™

PORTABLE CAN OPENER



Opens cans automatically! Plug in anywhere. Beautiful, handy. Exclusive retractable legs for opening extra tall cans. Choice of colors. $24.95

Can-O-Mat

MOST BEAUTIFUL CAN OPENER MADE

Opens all cans. Wall type. All Chrome $7.95. Also in Copper, and Gay Colors. Others from $3.98.

Ideal Gift

WRITE FOR GIFT CATALOG P.

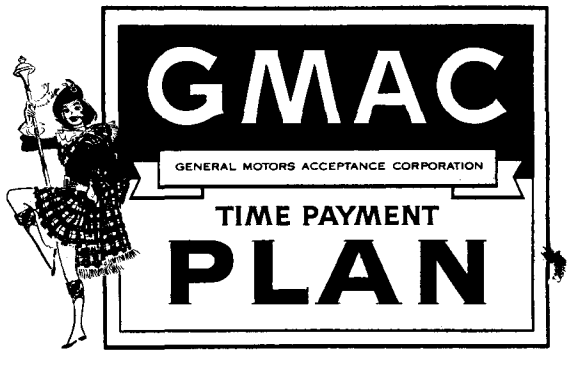
Rival

RIVAL MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City 29, Missouri

Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Looking for your money's worth?
Any General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can finance your car and your car insurance, also creditor life insurance, at reasonable cost.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 97*) what way that makes them so special."

"Yes, but she didn't know Teddy was a vet."

Mr. McAndrew glanced at Louisa's tumbler. She'd had only one small whisky, as yet unfinished.

"No doubt I'll plumb your mind in due time," he said. "I'm still glad to hear you've a few decent acquaintances. A vet's is a very respectable profession."

"Of course, I've never seen them since," said Louisa discouragingly.

But somehow, just as they'd have wished to do, the Meares broke the ice. Moreover, Louisa was now at that stage of fatigue when it is easier to talk than not. "They were really why I came to Broydon at all," she added, "to meet Jimmy Brown again."

"I understood the name was Freddy," objected Mr. McAndrew.

"No, Freddy was the one before," explained Louisa.

"The one before what?" inquired Mr. McAndrew patiently.

"The one I tried first, when I first thought of getting married at all."

"You surprise me," said Mr. McAndrew. "I'd never have credited you with such a sensible notion. From the way you carried yourself at Broydon Court, one would have thought photographing wee hounds, by which I intend canines in general," said Mr. McAndrew pointedly, "the whole aim of female existence. I never remember a woman," recalled Mr. McAndrew as he looked at her, "annoying me more."

Why the thought occurred to her Louisa had no idea. It occurred nonetheless. "Was it you," asked Louisa suddenly, "who kissed me when the lights went out?"

Now it was Mr. McAndrew's turn to flinch. He looked a little aside, then up at the stuffed pike. "Aye," admitted Mr. McAndrew. "Though more out of opportunism than anything else."

"Was it you who turned the lights out?" demanded Louisa, pressing her advantage.

"Certainly not," said Mr. McAndrew, recovering a little. "By my guess it was a silly young lad wishing to make a pass at a silly young lass. As I've told you, on my part it was sheer opportunism."

"I didn't even know who it was," said Louisa. "I thought it was Mr. Wray."

"Maybe he could have made a jump at that," agreed Mr. McAndrew.

"At least you're not jealous," said Louisa coldly.

"Of that wee fellow? How should I be?" said Mr. McAndrew. "It was only I you bothered to slam down. I repeat, I felt, if anything, rather an aversion for you."

"You came and took me out to lunch too."

"I've a maybe foolish dislike of eating alone," explained Mr. McAndrew. "Go on with what you were telling me. You had a notion to get married,"

Sadly Louisa thought back over the past weeks. "Well, I suppose it began with talking to the milkman about Ibsen."

"I don't know whether to give you another whisky or not," said Mr. McAndrew.

"Freddy would," said Louisa. "Actually I don't want one, but I've never, you must have noticed it, met any man freer with drinks. Freddy's is a wonderfully generous nature," said Louisa. "What I would like is something to eat."

"It surprises me you didn't marry him yourself," observed Mr. McAndrew, returning from the bar with a meat pie, "if such was your aim and you've so fine an opinion of him."

"It surprises me, too, now," acknowledged Louisa. "But perhaps it wasn't just Enid ——"

"The widow?"

"And butterfly on buddleia."

"I hope you're not running a temperature," said Mr. McAndrew. "Do you feel any warmer?"

"Warm as toast," Louisa assured him. It took her a moment to discover why; then she realized that she was wearing his overcoat. At some point she must have thrust her arms into the sleeves. As a garment it was far too big, but the ample tweed folds were wonderfully cozy over a linen suit.

"It's to be trusted you've a good thick dressing gown," said Mr. McAndrew worriedly.

"Two," lied Louisa.

"You'd better take that back with you," said Mr. McAndrew, obviously a hard man to deceive. "If it wasn't a butterfly on a buddleia—for heaven's sake!—put you off the old rip, tell me what did."

"Well, perhaps I felt even then—subconsciously, you know—that he was past starting a family."

"In my opinion it's an aspect that might have struck you outright," commented Mr. McAndrew.

"At least I'm not as old as Sarah, wife of Abraham," said Louisa irrelevantly. "I didn't know I wanted a family then myself. It was only after Mr. Clark ——"

"I'm glad to find you know your Bible," said Mr. McAndrew. "But just for the record, what's become of this Jimmy Brown?"

Louisa sighed. "He turned out to have something quite different in mind altogether."

"Ah!"

"Bamboo," corrected Louisa.

Mr.McAndrew went back to the bar and fetched a couple more meat pies.

"At least old Freddy taught me money isn't everything," mused Louisa. . . . "Won't you have one yourself? They're very good. . . . All I learned from Jimmy was to steer clear of bamboo—which I suppose was useful, too, in its way; now that I look back, I can see I spent far too much time in the pansy beds among the bamboos. . . . Isn't that pie all right?"

"It beats me how you can tackle a second," said Mr. McAndrew frankly.

"Well, I'm hungry," said Louisa. "I generally am," she added thoughtlessly.

"Oh my dear lass!" cried Mr. McAndrew, and at once fixed the stuffed pike again. "We'll find some decent place on the road," he promised in more normal tones. "Get on now to Mr. Clark."

Louisa sighed again. "One thing he taught me I hope I'll never be ungrateful enough to forget. I'd never really disliked a man before, I was so fond of them; after Mr. Clark I don't see how I can ever be such a sucker for them again. I only wish," sighed Louisa, "he hadn't had such a nice family."

A silence fell as she remembered Paul and Catherine and Toby; a tear fell, salting not unacceptably the meat pie.

"Is he the last?" prompted Mr. McAndrew.

Louisa nodded. "I've given it up," she explained. "I suppose you could say I've made a pretty fair fool of myself. But I only wanted to get married!"

"Well, there's nothing wrong with that," said Mr. McAndrew kindly. "Still, what a daft way, by your own account, you set about it! Don't you know that a woman wanting to marry should let herself be courted?

"For instance, if you'd thoughts of marrying me," continued Mr. McAndrew after a further pause and glancing only briefly at the stuffed pike, "you should begin by letting me take you out a bit first. To Sunday concerts at the Albert Hall, for example. So we'd get to know each other. D'you happen to be free this coming Sunday?"

"I think so," said Louisa.

"Then there's Kew Gardens," meditated Mr. McAndrew, "if the weather doesn't break. Wet or fine, there's the British Museum."

"Or Westminster Abbey," suggested Louisa.

"London's filled with suitable spots," said Mr. McAndrew. "The point I'm making is, that's how you should let yourself be courted."

"How long would it take?" asked Louisa anxiously.

"Say a year to eighteen months."

"Then I'm sorry, but I can't wait," said Louisa. "I don't mean I can't wait," she added hastily; "I mean that any job, anywhere, if I can find one, just now I'd have to take. Even in Australia as an assisted immigrant. At Broydon," confessed Louisa, "I was just putting on the successful-woman act. You thought I was successful, didn't you?" she asked wistfully.

"Indeed I did," said Mr. McAndrew. "Oh my dear lass!"

The thread of her thought momentarily broken, Louisa said uncertainly, "You called me that before."

"Let it pass," said Mr. McAndrew. "Though you might try my own given name of Andrew."

"Didn't your mother call you Andy?" asked Louisa.

"She did not. Nor am I seeking a mother," stated Andrew McAndrew. "In my view the man's part is to provide and cherish, not be taken care of like a bairn. D'you mean you're in a serious financial difficulty?"

"I suppose you could put it like that," agreed Louisa. "At least if I don't pay some rent pretty soon—and if I do I don't see how I'm to eat—I'll probably be sleeping on a park bench."

"Are you telling me you owe for rent?" demanded Mr. McAndrew incredulously.

"Aye," said Louisa, "and you should see the dairy bill."

"You're putting me in a very awkward position," complained Mr. McAndrew.

"It was your idea," pointed out Louisa.

"Might you not hold on for just a couple of months?"

"Well, I dare say I could borrow from old Freddy," offered Louisa.

"Don't speak merely to irritate me," said Mr. McAndrew. "Can't you see that what I'm being driven up to is a special license?"

Louisa sat back in his overcoat and let him worry it out. At last she was being taken charge of. Only because it wasn't in her nature to be unhelpful, she was moved to say something.

"Oh my dear lad!" said Louisa tenderly. "Oh my dear lad!" THE END

Football's Absent-Minded Professor (Continued from Page 30)

been the down-to-earth generalship of plain Ben Schwartzwalder.

Schwartzwalder approaches football with a dedication so total that routine matters of daily living often escape him. Around the Syracuse campus he has a reputation as the absent-minded professor of football. They say he forgets everything but his offense and his hole card—he is a poker player of considerable skill.

One of the university's fraternities lampooned him in its lawn display the week of the traditional game with Colgate last November. A poster in the form of a stenographer's notebook bore a list of reminders to "Ben" to pick up his laundry, call his wife, buy gas, get a haircut—and, incidentally, beat Colgate. This last item was no problem—Syracuse buried an outclassed Red Raider team, 71–0—but it is to be doubted that Schwartzwalder had as high a score on remembering personal errands that week.

"Ben can get lost in a phone booth," says Roy Simmons, a Syracuse athletic coach since 1925. "He forgets his wallet or his hat, he loses his pipes everywhere and he leaves his airplane tickets on the counter. But just mention a football play, even one ten years back, and Ben will tell you every blocking assignment. He has the best football mind I've ever seen."

Schwartzwalder's slender, attractive wife Reggie observes philosophically, "Ben's absent-mindedness is a fault he uses to advantage. He simply refuses to clutter up his mind with anything but football."

Reggie, the assistant coaches and Ben's secretary all struggle to keep him organized. They are not always successful. Three years ago, for example, Ben arose before his wife did to have breakfast with the team during preseason practice. Two days later Reggie Schwartzwalder discovered that her husband had been wearing his blue-chambray pajama bottoms to practice, thinking he had changed to slacks.

Says Val Pinchbeck, Jr., Syracuse's live-wire publicity man, "I've always been afraid that if we let Ben off the plane during a stopover en route to a game we might never hear from him again. He'd wander around forever, just thinking about football."

Schwartzwalder, a snub-nosed, firm-jawed, powerfully built man of five-nine, takes such ribbing in stride. "I hear this all the time," he says, pale-blue eyes glinting over the top of steel-rimmed glasses. "But there is one thing I'm determined to be right about, and that's football."

In 1959 Schwartzwalder was right all the way. No other major-college team ever dominated the National Collegiate Athletic Bureau statistics as Syracuse did last year. The Orangemen led in average yards gained per game (451.5), in rushing yardage (313.6) and in points scored (39). Correspondingly, the Orange defense, anchored by its "Sizable Seven" line, yielded the fewest yards per game (96.2) and the lowest rushing yardage (19.3). Four Syracuse opponents—Holy Cross, Pittsburgh, Boston University and U.C.L.A.—wound up with net losses in rushing.

The boys from Piety Hill—a nickname stemming from the fact that Syracuse began as a Methodist Episcopal institution in 1871—took most of their ten regular-season games so easily that the fans were rather disappointed when Syracuse won by only 23–14 in the Cotton Bowl against Texas, the country's fourth-ranking team. This year the Orange had returning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

players and rising sophomores of such quality that some experts predicted Syracuse would be even stronger than in 1959. The 1960 team got off to a winning start against Boston University and Kansas.

To keep the talent coming his way, Schwartzwalder scours the East on recruiting and speaking trips. Family social engagements often are passed up in favor of football matters. "We have made his life our life," says Mrs. Schwartzwalder of herself and their two daughters.

Ben himself declares, "I don't love recruiting. If it could be dispensed with I certainly wouldn't object." He once told publicist Pinchbeck, "I wish you could be my double—you know, like General Montgomery had during the war. Then you could go to all these banquets and I'd be free just to coach football."

His desk, always in disarray, is covered with plays scribbled on envelopes and scraps of paper. "I like to have free time to piddle around on scratch paper and see what I can come up with," he says.

This piddling has brought constant improvement in Schwartzwalder's system, which features what he calls a home-made offense. It is built around the "ride"—or belly—series, but operates with an unbalanced line. Earle (Greasy) Neale, who once coached Ben at West Virginia University and later steered the Philadelphia Eagles to a pair of National Football League championships, called the 1959 Syracuse attack the best college offense he had ever seen, particularly at hiding the ball.

Schwartzwalder is able to maintain the pace he does largely because he has the ability to relax whenever an opportunity presents itself. En route to speaking engagements, Ben always lets an assistant drive and, wearing comfortable old clothes, sleeps soundly in the back seat. Thirty minutes from his destination he wakes up, changes to fresh clothes and is ready for his talk, which he delivers without notes in a slow, deep, gravel-toned voice. He peppers his speeches with hillbilly humor.

As a World War II company commander for the 507th Parachute Infantry in the famous 82nd Airborne Division, Captain Schwartzwalder fell asleep in a tension-packed airplane circling over Normandy and awaiting the jump signal. "I was tired," Schwartzwalder, later a major and now a lieutenant-colonel in the reserves, explains laconically. "I knew in a few minutes I would need all the energy I could store. So why not sleep?"

In the ensuing engagement Schwartzwalder was wounded in the left hand. Infection brought the injury close to the amputation stage. After recovering he parachuted across the Rhine and fought in the Battle of the Bulge. Among his decorations is the Silver Star.

Schwartzwalder's knack of sleeping under difficulties is acquired. As a West Virginia undergraduate, the pressure of maintaining honor grades while also competing in wrestling and football made him an insomniac. Frequently he would holler at Kappa Alpha fraternity brothers to shut up.

Today Schwartzwalder says he decided this was a weakness he had to overcome. He found that if he concentrated his thoughts on something such as swimming or rowing a boat he could break his tenseness and soon fall asleep. He still uses this technique.

In idle moments at home he always reclines. Says Mrs. Schwartzwalder, "Someone asked me what was Ben's favorite chair, and I realized he doesn't have one. At home he's simply a person who never sits."

Jim Decker, the assistant athletic director at Syracuse, calls Schwartzwalder "the most relaxed coach I've ever seen." Decker says, "The most horrible thing I know is to be around a coach during that period of depression after a defeat. Ben has that period, but it's very short. Then he bounces right back and starts thinking of the next game."

Schwartzwalder works his team so hard during the week that games seem almost easy by comparison. Ex-Syracuse halfback Jimmy Brown, the National Football League's leading ball carrier the past three seasons with the Cleveland Browns, says he has found the pro practice sessions a welcome relief from Schwartzwalder's intensive training methods, which include rope climbing and endless wind sprints.

Ben admits, "If anything, we work too hard. But I learned in the paratroops what conditioning can do. We used to run six miles before breakfast every day."

Schwartzwalder remains a man of rugged good health. He has missed only one practice—because of Asian flu—since coming to Syracuse eleven years ago. Last winter, crisscrossing the nation to appear at banquets and coaching clinics, he had only one slight cold. He keeps going without resorting to special pills or nostrums. The only drug he ever takes is an occasional aspirin.

Schwartzwalder's energy has been needed at Syracuse. He arrived at a time when the four previous Orange teams had won only nine of thirty-four games. The situation was so bad that Clarence (Biggie) Munn gave the job a one-year try in 1946—four victories, five defeats—and scurried off to Michigan State.

All this was a far cry from the era after World War I when Syracuse was one of the country's strongest football schools, with sixty-three wins and only seventeen losses from 1919 through 1927. There has been good Syracuse football at other periods before and since, as during the 1930-36 coaching regime of Vic Hanson, who in his first six seasons won thirty-two, lost fourteen and tied five. The Orange continued to enjoy mostly winning seasons into the World War II years. So, when the postwar decline set in, football-minded alumni were up in arms.

During the intensive search for a successor to Reeves (Ribs) Baysinger, the luckless coach in 1947 and 1948, Syracuse athletic director Lew Andreas telephoned the athletic director at Penn State, Doctor Carl P. Schott, and asked if he had anyone to recommend. Schott immediately began praising Ben Schwartzwalder so highly that Andreas asked, "Does such a man really exist?"

Schwartzwalder had been a protégé of Schott's ever since Ben's college days at West Virginia University, where Schott was then dean of physical education. The youthful Floyd Burdette Schwartzwalder—Ben is a nickname supplied by a brother—was a nurseryman's son from Huntington, West Virginia. He had entered the university on a make-good football scholarship, and make good he did as a center and linebacker, although he weighed just 152 pounds.

Ben wasn't sure what he wanted to do when he finished school. Schott, who came to regard him as the best potential coach in the class of 1933, steered him into physical education as preparation for a coaching career. After Ben was graduated, the dean helped him get a succession of high-school football jobs in West Virginia. Then, in 1941, Schwartzwalder's last season before entering the service, Ben moved to McKinley High School in Canton, Ohio, at Schott's urging. Schwartzwalder recalls, "Doc told me if I wanted to improve I would have to continue to change jobs."

When Ben got out of the Army in 1946, it was Schott who arranged an interview for him at Muhlenberg College in Allentown, Pennsylvania. Ben landed the football-coaching job there. After three successful years, during which his teams were beaten only five times, he was awakened one night by a phone call at one A.M. It was Schott calling to tell him about the Syracuse possibility.

"I'm not interested in Syracuse," Ben said sleepily. "That's a graveyard for football coaches. Syracuse and Ohio State."

Schott persisted, and Schwartzwalder eventually took his advice once more and applied at Syracuse. Of the dozens of candidates, Ben was the only one who brought motion pictures of his team. Lew Andreas says the films quickly convinced the selection committee that Schwartzwalder was a thorough football technician.

The final decision lay with Chancellor William Pearson Tolley, an educator with considerable knowledge of football. As an undergraduate at Syracuse he had roomed with a tackle named Lynn (Pappy) Waldorf, later head coach at Northwestern and California. At thirty, Doctor Tolley had become president of Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania. There he quickly eliminated all aid to athletes.

He says now, "I was convinced that a small college has no business trying to have a good football team. A reporter asked me if my policy would be the same if I were president of a big college, such as the University of Pittsburgh. I told him no, that a big school should play good football and the team should be given administration support."

An interview quickly convinced Doctor Tolley that Schwartzwalder was the right man for Syracuse, and he approved the appointment. Announcement of Ben's selection triggered a fusillade of complaints that Syracuse had hired an unknown. The droll Schwartzwalder comments, "The alumni wanted a big-name coach, and they got a long-name coach." His long name means Black Forester, in German; Ben's father was of German descent.

Schwartzwalder found he could give only twelve scholarships per class at Syracuse. Although this added up to a total of forty-eight, it still was less than half the number available at most big-time football schools. "When Ben first came," says Doctor Tolley, "I did nothing for him I did not do for his predecessors. Ben was delighted to move to Syracuse and in no position to make demands."

Nobody had any national-championship dreams in those days. "I was hopeful," Ben says, "of doing some business with Colgate. Maybe to catch Cornell. We had no further horizons at the moment." Those were objectives enough; neighboring Colgate and Cornell both held lopsided edges in their long rivalries with Syracuse.

As Schwartzwalder labored through a 1949 season of four victories and five defeats he began to howl. "I complained everywhere," he says, "and the chancellor bawled me out for it. But they were doing so little for football that Old Ben was desperate."

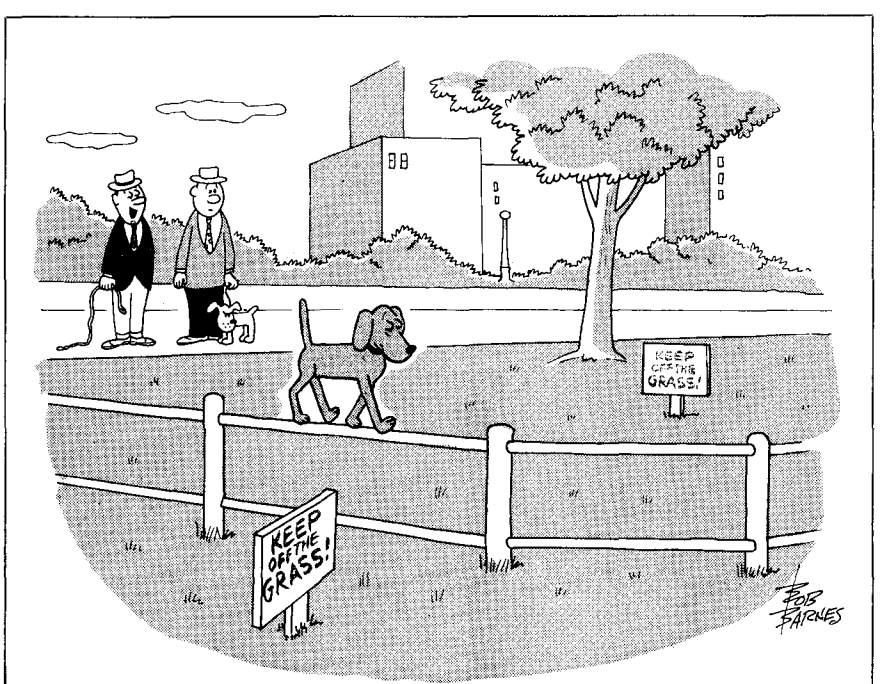
Schwartzwalder's 1949–59 record at Syracuse is sixty-six victories, thirty-four defeats and two ties. Fourteen of those defeats came in his first three years. Then in 1952, after Ben had continued to press his point with the chancellor in private, Doctor Tolley finally increased football scholarships from twelve to sixteen annually.

That same year, before the recruiting expansion had any effect on his varsity material, Schwartzwalder put together a seven-two record, the school's best in seventeen years. This brought Syracuse its first bowl bid—an invitation to meet Alabama in the Orange Bowl. Syracuse fans were ecstatic, but Alabama completely deflated them with a 61–6 victory.

Schwartzwalder puts the blame on himself for this humiliating defeat. "The amazing thing is that we could have been so gullible," he says. "They had a real pigeon. Everybody advised me not to work the team too hard, and we didn't. I never got any sleep. It was Ben go here, and Ben go there. The football squad never saw me except at practice, and they got the idea we were there to have a great time."

From a long-range standpoint the debacle probably served to stimulate the further development of football at Syracuse. The administration had painful evidence that the team still wasn't ready for the big leagues. Meanwhile the national publicity that preceded the Orange Bowl game had been gratifying, and so had the fat check that followed it. At Syracuse all athletic income goes into the university's general fund—and all athletic expenses come out of it.

Schwartzwalder chose this time to appeal for additional scholarships. Chancellor Tolley responded only with additional funds for recruiting expenses. He coupled this (*Continued on Page 102*)



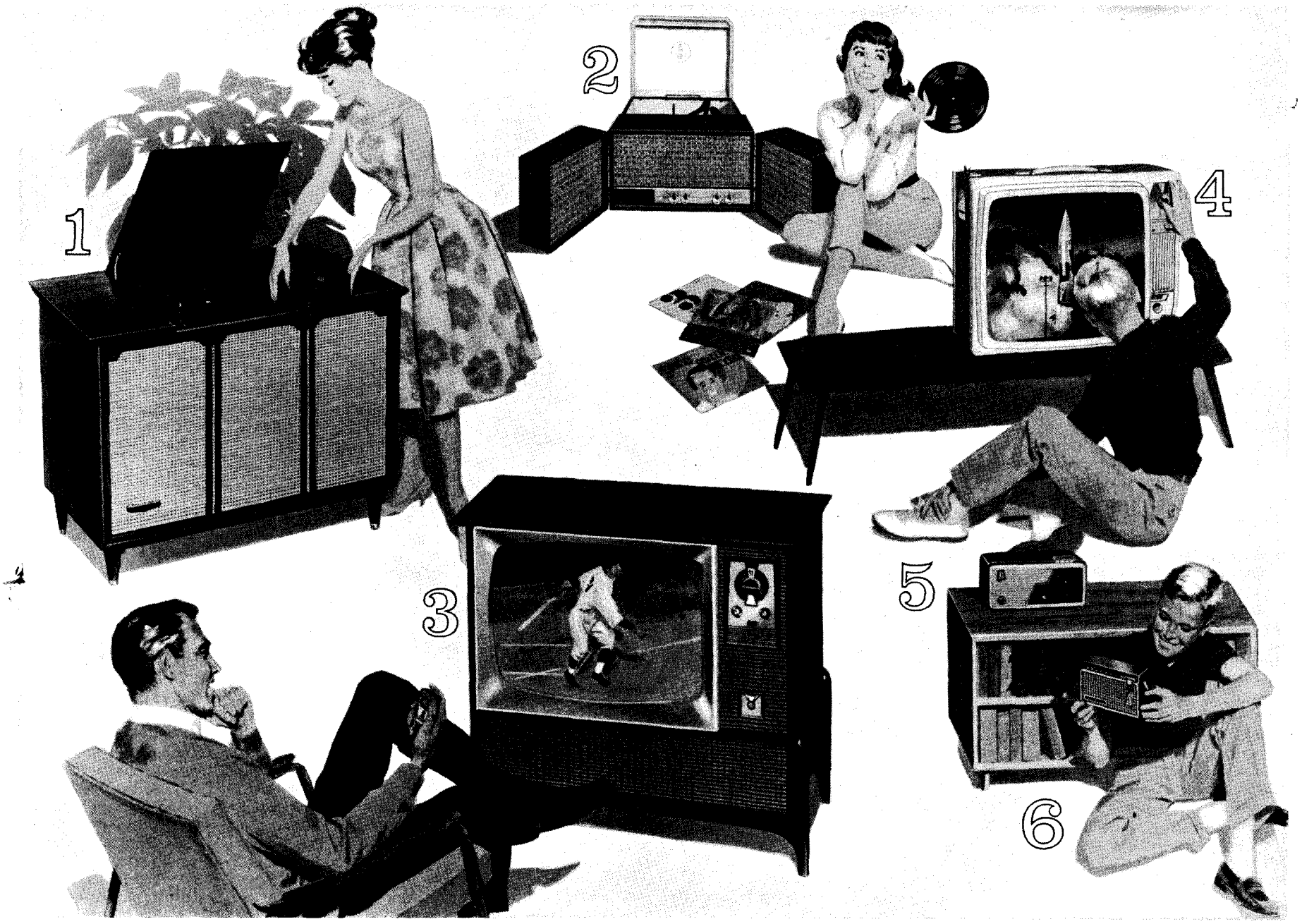
"Best of breed in the obedience trials."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Emerson

FIRST WITH VALUES PLUS



Emerson home entertainment products are plus-perfect! Tune in and listen... You've never heard such magnificent sound. Nor seen such pictures... So clear! So sharp! The world of entertainment comes alive right in your home. A look at the cabinets assures you they're beautiful enough to complement your finest furniture. From engineering, to craftsmanship, to sound and picture reproduction – Emerson and only Emerson gives you everything you want in home entertainment – PLUS!

1 **3 Dimensional Stereo AM/FM PhonoradiO with 5-Speaker Sound System Model 941**

New 3 Dimensional Stereo amplifier, with speaker systems, that separate bass sound into giant central woofer, directs left and right channels into separate speaker systems. Five matched speakers. AM/FM radios for stereo listening. Automatic 4-speed record changer.

2 **3 Dimensional Stereo Portable Phonograph with 3 Speaker Sound System Model 938**

New 3 Dimensional Stereo amplifier with three speaker systems that channel bass sound into central woofer and directs left and right channels into detachable wing enclosures. Automatic 4-speed record changer. Variable bass and treble control. Two-tone luggage case, scuff resistant.

3 **23" Console Television Model 1662**

"Full-Vue" rectangular, glare-free picture screen. Full-Power Transformer TV chassis. "Golden Touch" control panel. Dual-speaker static-free FM sound system. Wireless Remote Control. Full 282 square inches of viewable area.

4 **19 inch Portable Television Model 1678**

Full Power Transformer TV chassis. Front projected FM sound system. 19" "Full-Vue" rectangular screen. Telescopic antenna. Two-tone color combinations. Wireless Remote Control. One-knob tuning. 172 square inch viewable area.

5 **"Sleep-Saver" Clock Radio Model 919**

Push-button controls do everything. Wakes to music or alarm—snooze, awake intervals of 10, 30, 45 or 65 minutes. Robot appliance control.

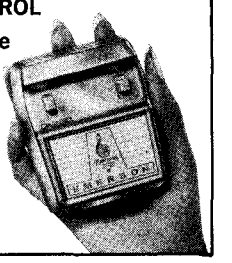
6 **911 "Eldorado" Transistor Pocket Radio**

9 transistors and 2 crystal diodes make this the world's most powerful pocket radio. Performs where others fail. Plays on flashlight batteries.

WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROL

No Walk • No Work • No Wire

Two simple buttons control all functions. Turns set on and off —mutes sound— changes channels— from anywhere in the room.



Emerson

America's Best Buy
Over 20,000,000 Satisfied Owners

680 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 100*) with orders to pass up prospects who were weak academically.

"It took Ben a little time," says the chancellor, "to learn that poor academic risks are poor football candidates. He has, however, learned this, and because he has, the faculty respects him."

On this subject Schwartzwalder says, "It is ridiculous to say football and academics can't live side by side. Football is a business for us"—the coaches—"but it's a game for the boys. No coaches preach academics more than we do."

Syracuse might have rocked along indefinitely at the sixteen-scholarship level except for the Ivy League's 1954 decision to move toward a complete round-robin schedule. This indicated that the Orange would have trouble continuing to book games with such Ivy schools as Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth and Brown, which had been Syracuse opponents for years. Other foes, such as Fordham, were giving up football. Clearly Syracuse faced a choice: either drop back to a minor schedule or set sail for the real big-time.

Schwartzwalder didn't hesitate. "I'd rather play the best and beat a few than play poor teams and beat them all," he says. "My only qualms were whether they were going to give us enough to work with."

As the schedule grew more difficult, Chancellor Tolley boosted football scholarships to twenty-two a year, and stipulated that three additional players could be awarded grants on an academic basis if they had B-minus averages or better.

This year Schwartzwalder has had his allotment increased to a straight twenty-five. This means that there now may be as many as 100 football-scholarship men in school at one time. Doctor Tolley says there will be no further increases.

The scholarships come to less than the maximum of tuition, books, room, board and fifteen dollars a month permitted by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Syracuse players work ten hours a week—although not in season—for their board. They obtain their books on loan.

Says Schwartzwalder, "The chancellor thinks the work requirement is a good thing because it keeps us from getting a bunch of spoiled brats. He has a point there, but there are still some good boys we miss because of it."

Schwartzwalder maintains exhaustive files on high-school stars in the Northeast. At a recent count there were 1100 names in his index. "We try to contact enough boys so the disappointments won't wreck us," he declares.

Schwartzwalder frequently writes off a blue-chip prospect after learning that some "glamour" school has the inside track. "In the eleven years I've been at Syracuse," he says, "we have never gotten a boy Yale really wanted." He further states that he has never landed a quarterback sought by as many as five schools; and in similar vein, "If you see us with a good boy, you know Army or Navy made a mistake."

On the other hand, some rival coaches will tell you that Syracuse frequently accepts prospects whose academic records wouldn't qualify them for admission to the Ivy type of school.

In any event, there is considerable evidence to support Schwartzwalder's contention that Syracuse comes up with a number of "sleepers." Only three starters on his 1959 team were widely sought as schoolboys. Captain Ger Schwedes had only one football scholarship offer—from Syracuse.

Schwartzwalder has an almost paternal relationship with players. Although frequently described as hard-bitten, an impression enhanced by his stern Prussian features and close-cropped gray hair, Ben is in many respects a softie. He thinks that if he has changed any over the years it is in the expansion of his "fellow feeling for the kids."

One time a reporter asked Schwartzwalder what Syracuse does in practice each day. In his reply Ben somehow skipped Thursday, and the reporter called the omission to his attention. "Thursday?" said Schwartzwalder puckishly. "Oh, that is levity day."

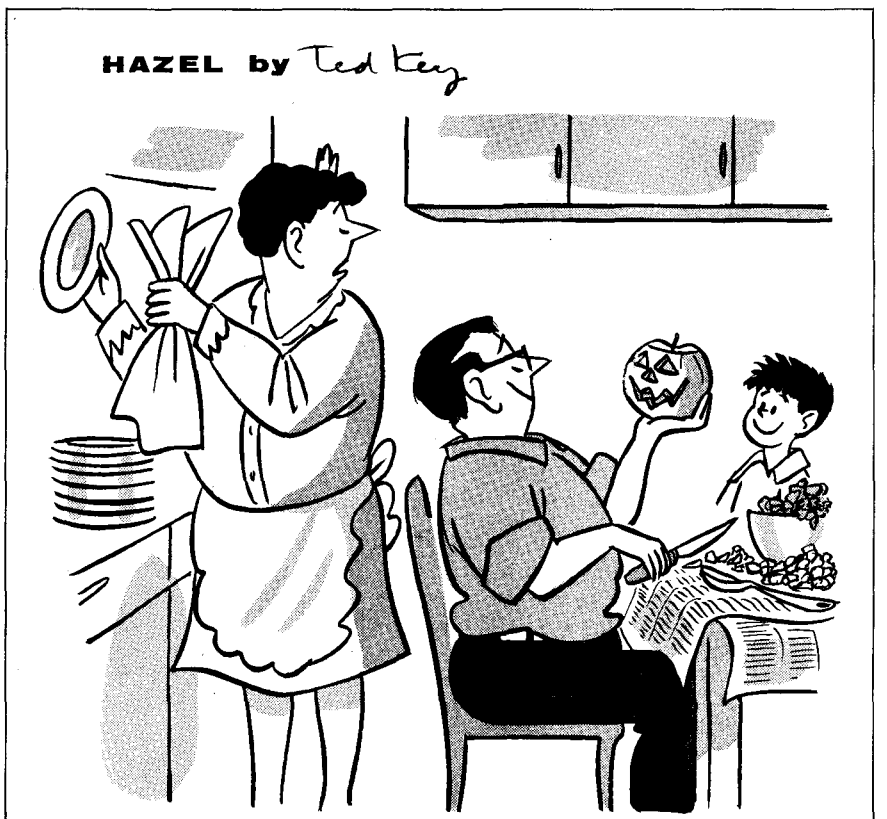
The next Thursday Ben was perplexed to find his squad whooping it up on the practice field. "Haven't you read the papers?" the players asked. "This is levity Thursday."

"They had me," says Schwartzwalder. "I had to go along with it."

Schwartzwalder wants the kind of boy who enjoys bumping heads with other people. He says, "We have a key question we ask prospects: 'How much do you like football?' If there is any hesitation he's not the boy we want."

On January 1, 1959, Syracuse made its third bowl appearance, this time in the Orange Bowl against Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma team. Although six years had passed since the Orange Bowl rout by Alabama, the memory of it was still painful. Oklahoma's speed, admittedly feared by Schwartzwalder, opened a 21–0 lead in the first three quarters. Thereafter, some observers thought Syracuse seemed more interested in holding the score down than in trying to pull out the game. Instead of opening up on offense, the Orangemen just ground out yardage on orthodox running plays. Final score: 21–6.

Criticism engulfed Schwartzwalder. Even the Syracuse press, traditionally kind to the Orangemen, cut loose. Alexander F. (Casey) Jones, executive editor of the *Herald-Journal*, wrote, "Oklahoma boys, under Coach Bud Wilkinson, have poise and confidence hammered into them as incessantly as football fundamentals. . . . Schwartzwalder had a pile



"Genius."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

of completely soaked crying towels. . . . Schwartzwalder may know more football than Wilkinson and Evashevski"—Forest Evashevski of Iowa—"put together, but on the mental-preparation-of-a-squad front they leave him in the starting gate."

Once a Syracuse regular brought to practice a star player from his own high school. The youngster watched in awe as the Orangemen smacked one another in blocking and tackling drills. Next day the Syracuse player said to Schwartzwalder, "Coach, I'm afraid we can't use my buddy on our team. He thinks we hit too hard."

Ben frequently pokes fun at his squads, but he never fails to praise their appetite for body contact. Of his 1958 team Schwartzwalder once said, "We have a bunch of walrus linemen who like to sit and be pleasant and eat. One good thing—they will hit. They may not outrun anyone, but if the other team is kind enough to get close to us, we'll tackle."

Under Ben Schwartzwalder, the Syracuse squads have been big and tough—and often slow. "We've had some linemen who were practically glued to the ground," says Schwartzwalder. Until 1959 Syracuse seldom had more than one outstanding back at a time. The Orange had a one-man gang on the 1954–56 squads, though, in the person of Jimmy Brown. With Brown leading the way, the 1956 team brought Syracuse its second bowl trip. Despite Jimmy's individual heroics, the Orangemen were edged out by Texas Christian, 28 to 27.

Ben says now that Syracuse's All-East quarterback, Chuck Zimmerman, who had been counted on to pass frequently, was knocked groggy early in the game and was ineffective thereafter. But he sums up, "After you lose a game, anything you say is crying. I don't resent the criticism. The writers write what they see."

Casey Jones is among those who think Schwartzwalder took a more positive pregame attitude last season, when Syracuse finally won a bowl game (against Texas). The critical article remained tacked on the dressing room wall all season, Jones says. He adds, "Ben was pretty sore about it for a long time."

Schwartzwalder denies that his attitude changed at the Cotton Bowl last January. "We had a better team," is his explanation "and newspaper talk was more positive. Why, before the game some writers made us out as cocky. Actually we had great respect for Texas."

Success poses some perils for Schwartzwalder. One question is whether Orange fans will become jaded. An old grad with a long memory about the losing years remarks, "We were amazed with the fans' nonchalance during the Holy Cross game"—won by Syracuse 42 to 6. "I felt like history was being made and expected the fans to go wild. But they took it as though it were expected."

Dave Palmeter, editor of the school's Daily Orange last year, comments, "The students were proud and interested in the team, but some of the older alums wouldn't think so. There was nothing like the parading through the streets and downtown theaters that took place when the 1956 Cotton Bowl bid was announced. Our senior class had seen two Lambert winners"—signifying the Eastern championship—"and three bowl teams in four years. Consequently the excitement just wasn't there."

There is even some campus resentment of the football team's success. Dick Allen, a 1960 graduate, explains it this way: "In the public's eye you can't have both good football and good academics. So some of us hedge instead of praising the football team as we might like to. The student body, by and large, is a serious group. We say we do have something other than football at Syracuse, and we don't like to be pointed out simply as being from that school with the good football team."

Allen concurs, though, with Chancellor Tolley's insistence that academic standards haven't been sacrificed on the football altar. Syracuse has been booming under Doctor Tolley. More new buildings have gone up since World War II than were erected in the previous seventy-five years. Postwar enrollment zoomed to 15,000 but, as soon as the G.I.'s left, Doctor Tolley brought the undergraduate total back to 7000, meanwhile enlarging graduate enrollment from 500 to almost 4000.

The chancellor says the school's football rise has had nothing to do with either the physical expansion or the increase in graduate study. However, Dean Eric Faigle of the College of Liberal Arts, who is also chairman of the athletic governing board, asks, "How else could a university get such nationwide publicity as we got last year out of those televised games with U.C.L.A. and Texas?"

Dean Faigle is solidly behind Schwartzwalder, and is always available to talk to football prospects looking over the school. "You've got to like Ben and what he stands for," says Dean Faigle.

Apparently Ben Schwartzwalder is happy at Syracuse. He has passed up at least two chances to move. In 1957 he dropped advanced negotiations with Southern California because Mrs. Schwartzwalder, like Ben a native of West Virginia, thought California seemed "such a long way off." Last winter he spurned a bid from the Boston Patriots of the new American Football League. The Boston offer reportedly would have doubled his Syracuse salary, which has never been announced, but is believed to be about $15,000. Schwartzwalder was given a new five-year contract by Syracuse last January.

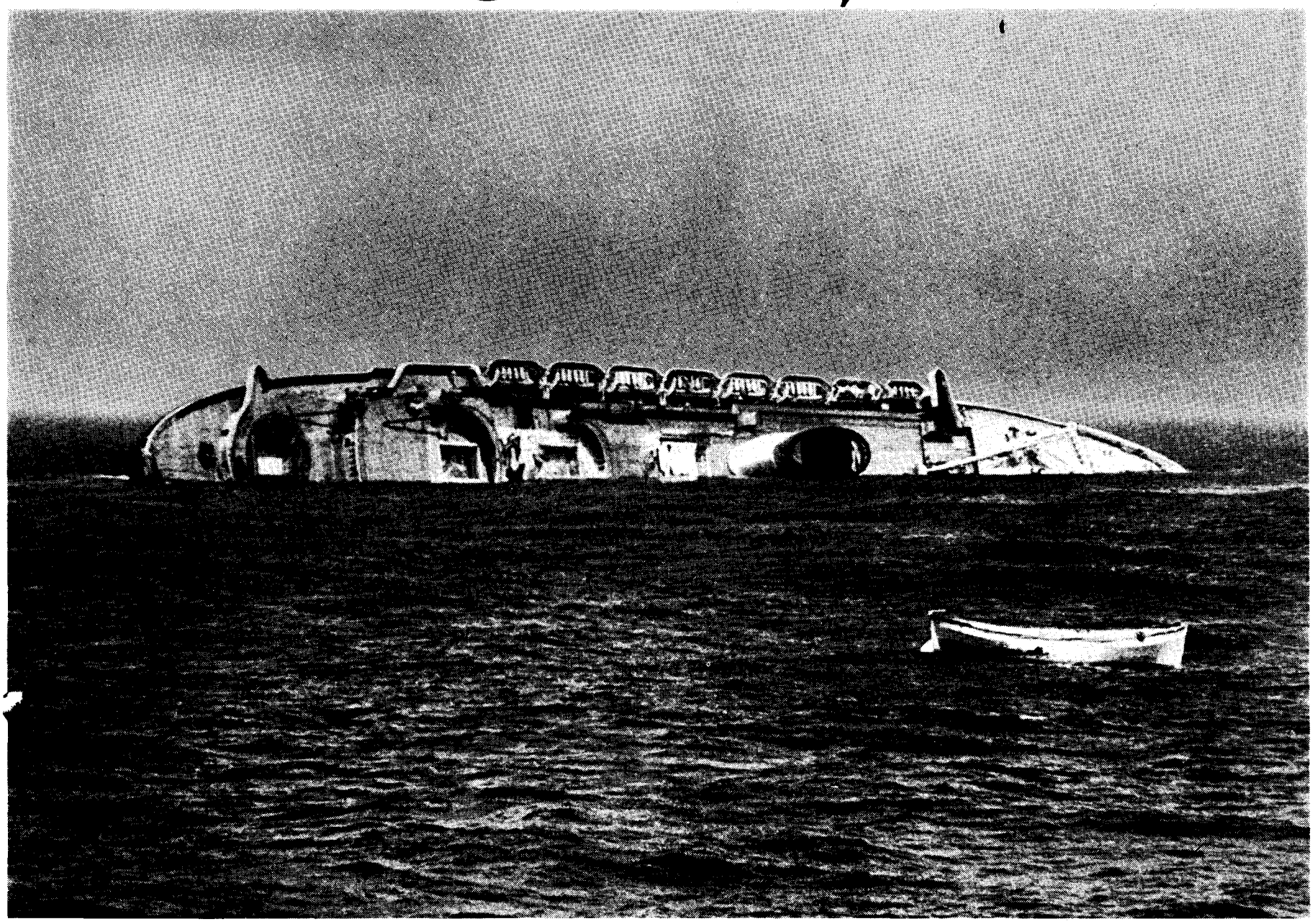
Not long ago Ben said, "Money is no obsession with me, although I like my family to have what it can. I have no ambition to do anything else but coach football, and I want to do that as long as I feel well."

A few moments later a Syracuse player walked into the football office. Schwartzwalder playfully grabbed the boy by a bicep. "You're soft," the coach said. "Old Ben hasn't worked out in years, but I believe I can still take you."

Obviously, Ben Schwartzwalder still feels very well indeed. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULY 25, 1956...



ROYAL-GLOBE IS THERE

At the bridge table, hearts are trump. On deck, a late stroller idly watches the shadows of couples waltz past the windows of the posh Belvedere Lounge. Suddenly, incredibly, the eerie lights of another ship loom bigger and bigger out of the North Atlantic fog. Seconds go by . . . and then the huge ice-breaker prow of the Stockholm inflicts a fatal 40-foot wound in the starboard quarter of the Andrea Doria.

Companies of the Royal-Globe Insurance Group bore a considerable share of the insured loss resulting from this peacetime disaster, one of the worst in modern maritime history.

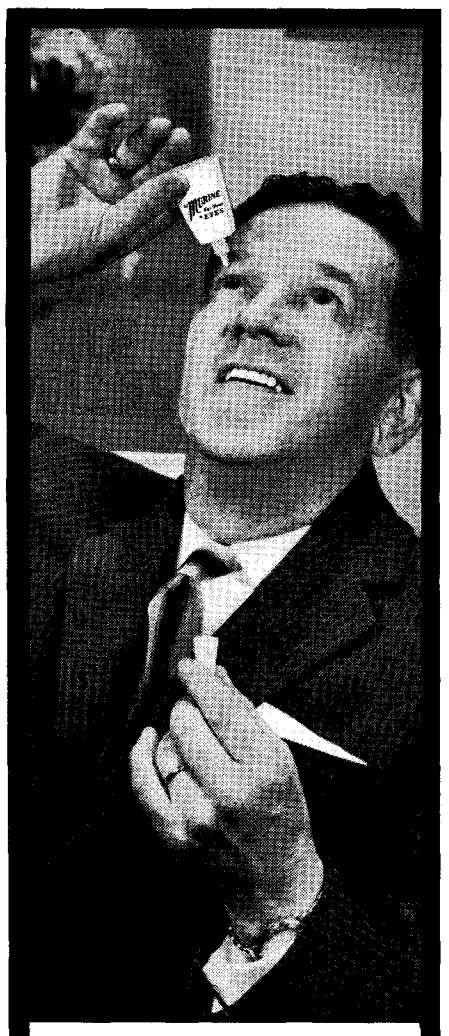
With an outstanding record dating back to 1845, Royal-Globe is today one of the largest and most respected insurance groups in the world. In the United States alone, Royal-Globe has 175 field offices and 18,000 agents, all eminently qualified to write insurance for every type of risk. *For intelligent protection, you would do well to see the independent agent who represents Royal-Globe.*

ROYAL-GLOBE INSURANCE GROUP

Casualty • Fire • Marine • Surety *150 William Street, New York 38, New York*

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD. • THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON & GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • ROYAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • GLOBE INDEMNITY COMPANY • QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
NEWARK INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN AND FOREIGN INSURANCE COMPANY • THE BRITISH & FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY LTD. • THAMES & MERSEY MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"How I use **Murine** to soothe my eyes and so **relax tension**"

EDDIE SHIPSTAD
Co-producer of Ice Follies

"After the bright lights and tension of a show, I find a couple of drops of Murine a welcome comfort to my eyes. And when my eyes feel rested, I seem to relax better all over." Try Eddie's trick. Keep Murine handy—at home, in your car. Then use Murine whenever you feel the need to soothe your eyes and so relax tension.

Murine is also available in the familiar glass bottle with separate eye dropper.

MURINE for your eyes*

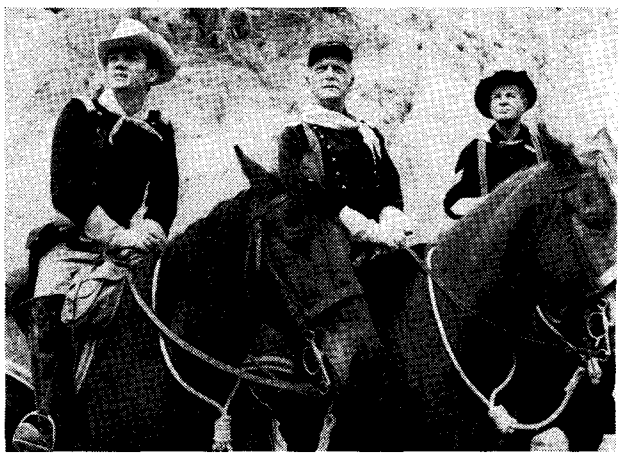
THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Keeping Posted

The Post on TV

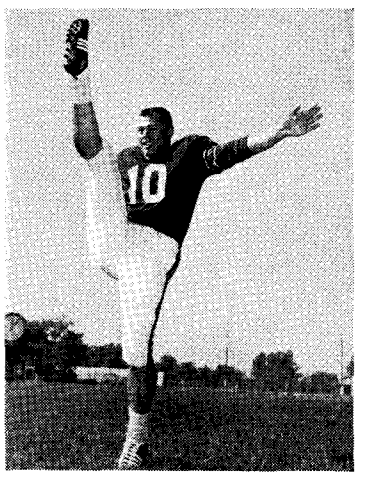
Below are two scenes from *Best of the Post*, a new, half-hour television series which is making its debut this fall. The series, several years in preparation, is being offered by the Independent Television Corporation in more than ninety cities, from KING-TV in Seattle-Tacoma to WTVT in Tampa-St. Petersburg. *Best of the Post* includes adaptations of stories by such distinguished authors as Pulitzer prize winners **MacKinlay Kantor, Stephen Vincent Benét** and **Conrad Richter.** We hope you will be able to see it in your community—and we hope you enjoy it.

Ingrid Goude and Peter Lorre in *The Baron Who Loved His Wife*, taken from a William C. White story *The Post* published in 1936.



Ben Cooper, Everett Sloane and Louis Jean Heydt in *Command*, from James Warner Bellah's 1959 serial, ORDEAL ON BLOOD RIVER.

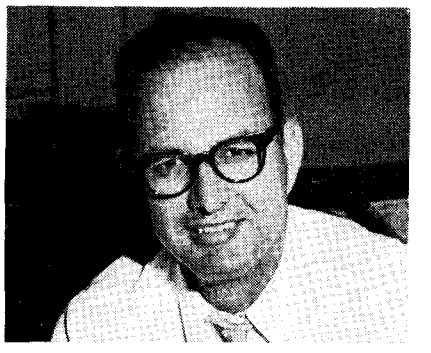
Quarterback



Nancy Burrage Owen, whose first *Post* story is SECOND-STRING STAR (page 28), happens to be an ardent fan of the hero of the piece—or rather of the real-life quarterback her hero was patterned after. He is Joe Crider (left), her son Bill's roommate at Colorado State University. Like his fictional counterpart, Joe had tough going last season (a knee injury) and he, too, is counting on a good-luck horseshoe to help him out this year. (The horseshoe seems to be working. In this fall's game against Brigham Young, Joe—who emphasizes he is only one member of "a great fighting team"—passed for the extra points that won the game for State, 8–7.) "Joe has had feelers from pro teams," says author Owen, "but tells me the odds against being a pro quarterback are terrific. Ha! I tell him. Wonder what the odds are against a middle-aged lady selling a football story to *The Post*?" Mrs. Owen and her husband, who live in Longmont, Colo., have another son, Tom, himself an aspiring author. About his mother's *Post* story the thirteen-year-old remarked, "Not bad. No love junk and a little action."

Coach

There is football fact as well as fiction in this week's issue—the article on Coach Ben Schwartzwalder of Syracuse, FOOTBALL'S ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR (page 30). The author, Syracuse alumnus **Mal Mallette** (right), was set for a career as southpaw pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1950 when his shoulder went awry. After two seasons with Montreal he turned journalist and is now managing editor of the Winston-Salem (N.C.) *Journal*. "I was very much impressed by Schwartzwalder's candor," Mallette reports. "Most coaches shy away from certain questions. Schwartzwalder never blinked." The Mallettes have three young sons, who whoop and holler in the back yard while daddy is trying to concentrate. "I'm nominating them for most voluble [*sic*] player awards," he says.



Bumper Crop of Books

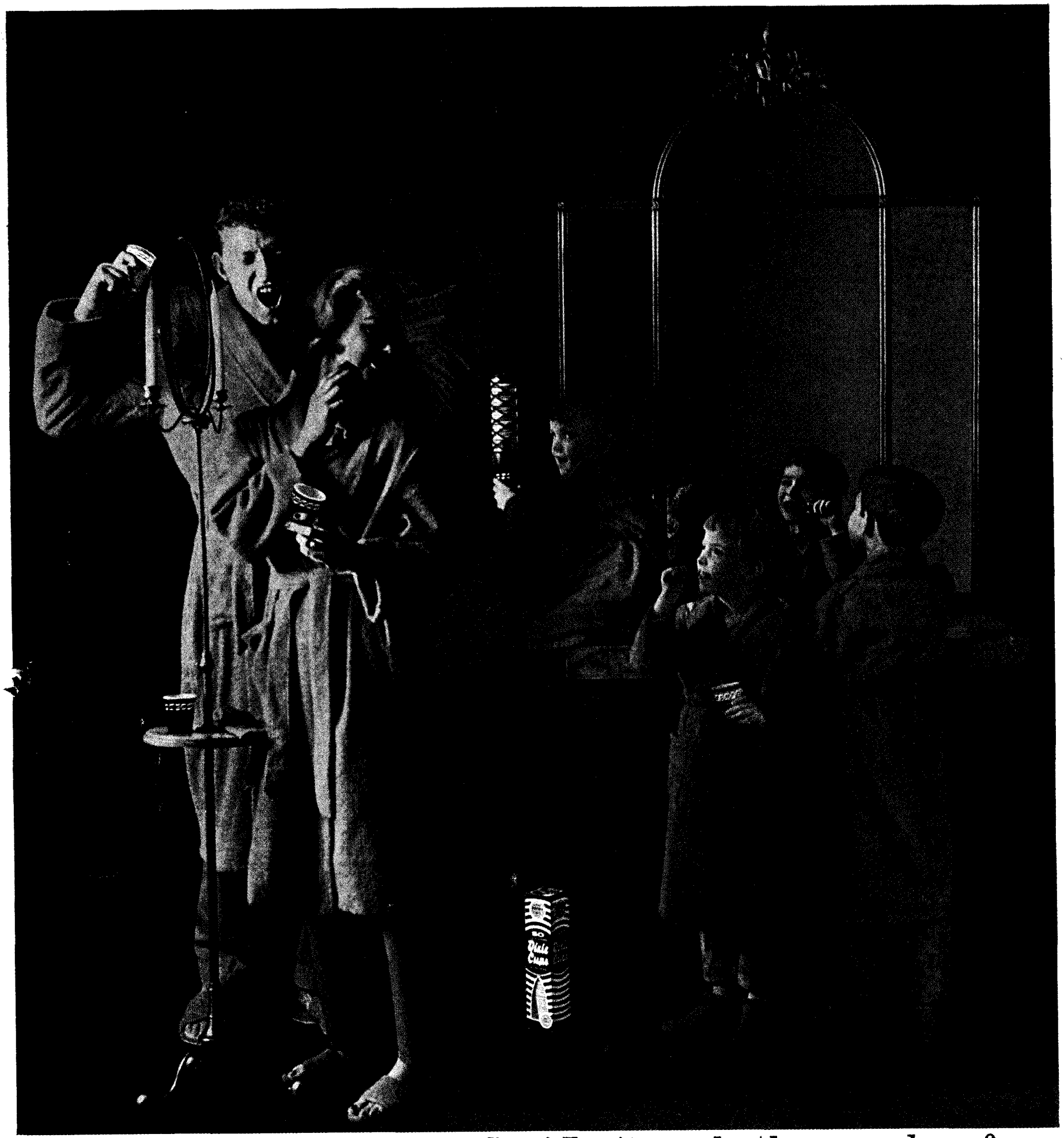
Many a *Post* feature goes on to become a book, and KEEPING POSTED is glad to spread the word. *Which Way To Mecca, Jack?*, out this week, grew from two *Post* articles by **William Peter Blatty,** namely I'M INVISIBLE TO ARABS (February 23, 1957) and THEY BELIEVED I WAS AN ARAB PRINCE (March 29, 1958). Blatty is an American of Arab parentage; his publishers, Bernard Geis Associates, subtitle his book, *From Brooklyn to Beirut: The Adventures of an American Sheik*. "If the articles made you wonder," says Blatty, "whether I was born mad or had madness thrust upon me, the book provides some answers."

MY JOURNEYS TOWARD THE STARS, the two-part series which rocket test pilot Scott Crossfield wrote with associate editor **Clay Blair Jr.,** is published this week by World as *Always Another Dawn*. **Clarence Budington Kelland**'s serial *The Monitor Affair* is now in the bookstores—a Dodd, Mead book—and so is *After Hours*, 180 *Post* cartoons on the general theme of "business and monkey business," picked by cartoon editor **Marione R. Nickles** for E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Literary Guild has announced that SOMETHING LIG[illegible], **Margery Sharp**'s serial concluding in this issue (page 38), is the Guild selection for March.

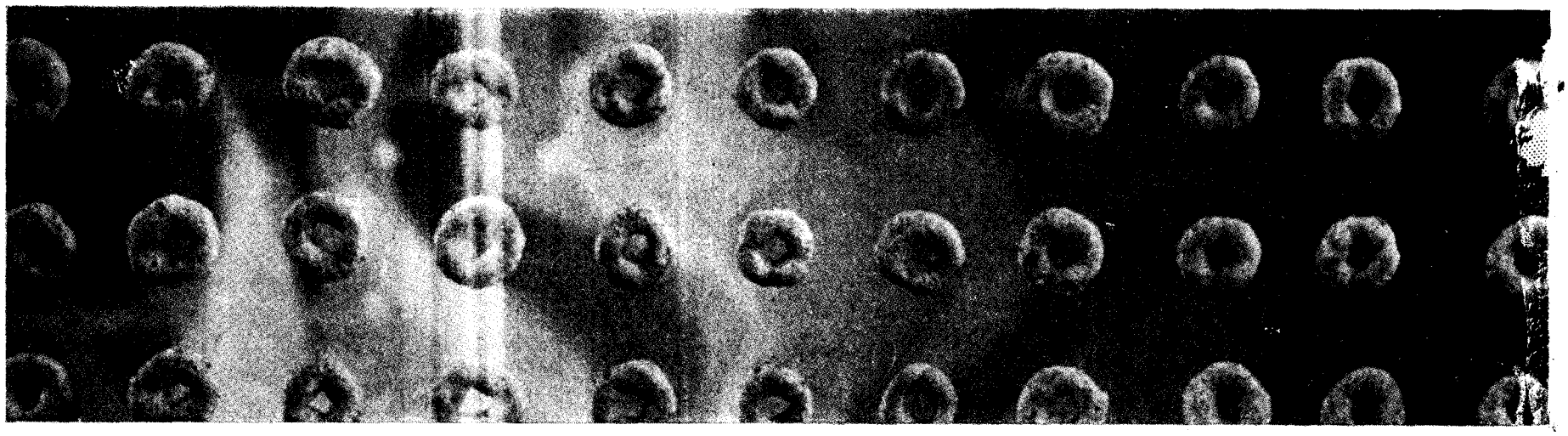
Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

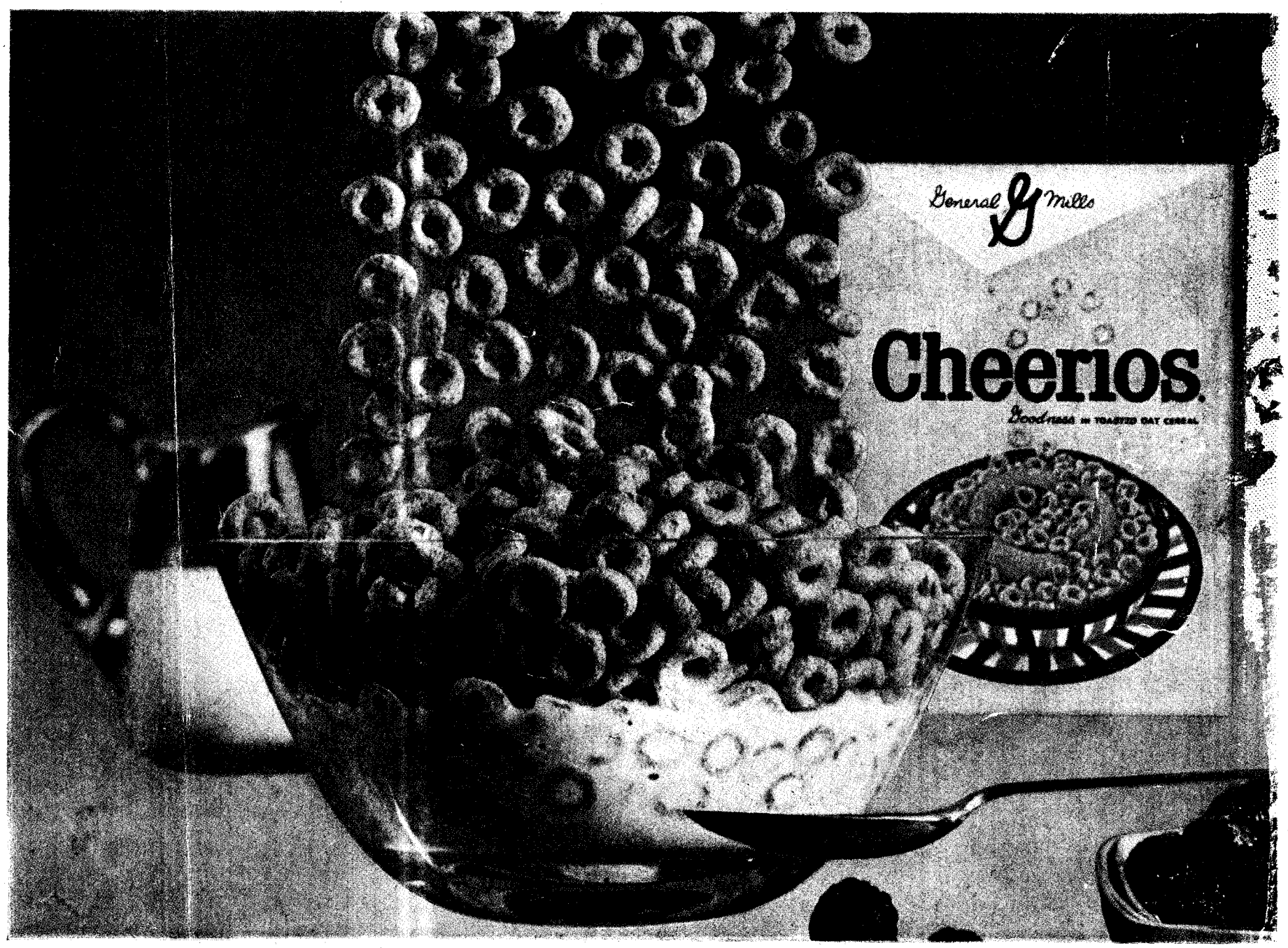


To each his own clean Dixie® Cup! Isn't one bathroom glass for a family carrying "togetherness" too far? Especially when it can spread the bug that could lay the whole gang low. Get a Dixie Cup Dispenser. See if your family doesn't have far fewer colds. Dixie Cups, Plates, Dispensers are products of American Can Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Cheerios' perfect shape for perfect toasting



gives them exciting toasted protein flavor!

Heating protein brings out the best in flavor. And Cheerios' oats, the cereal with the most protein, are shaped all round for perfect toasting, to bring out every bit of toasted oat goodness. That's why nothing beats Cheerios' unique *toasted protein flavor!*

THE BIG G STANDS FOR *Goodness* FROM *General Mills*

General Mills

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED